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BOSTON UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL

Dissertation

HENRY JAMES AND THE ART OF THE CRITIC

by

Lida Scovil Penfield

(A.B., Boston University, 1894; A.M., Boston University, 1896)

submitted in partial fulfilment of the

requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

1938

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Dissertation

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BY

John David Smith

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Art of the Critic

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Professor of English

HENRY JAMES AND THE ART OF THE CRITIC.

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HENRY JAMES AND THE ART OF THE CRITIC

III. Introduction

Henry James was distinguished as a writer and as a critic. As an artist he wrote fiction, plays, and literary criticism. As a critic he examined and judged the work of many other artists, among them actors, architects, painters, sculptors, and writers. Although his literary criticisms have been widely published in periodicals and in various volumes, they have never been gathered together in any such extensive collection as is the New York edition of his novels and tales. The purpose of this study is to find and assemble from the writings of Henry James his ideas about the nature and functions of literary criticism. These questions have shaped the course of the inquiry: 1) To what extent and with what results has Henry James practised the art of the critic? 2) What conditions contributed to the development of the critical sense of Henry James? 3) What has Henry James written about the art of the critic? 4) What theory of criticism did Henry James hold and follow? 5) Among critics where is the place of Henry James?

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IV. THE STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

A. The Extent of Henry James's Contribution to Criticism

The critical writings of Henry James (1843-1916) were produced during a period of more than half a century (1864 - 1916). Many appeared in leading periodicals both in the United States and in Europe. Others were written as contributions to books, and as prefaces or introductions to the works of others. From time to time those literary studies which he wished to preserve, necessarily limited in number, were gathered into volumes for publication. The titles of these collected critical essays were: French Poets and Novelists (1878), Hawthorne, in the English Men of Letters series (1879), Partial Portraits (1888), Picture and Text (1893), Essays in London and Elsewhere (1893), The Question of Our Speech (1905), Notes on Novelists with Some Other Notes (1914). Three other collections are, Views and Reviews (1908), selected and introduced by L. R. Phillips, Notes and Reviews (1921), with a preface by Pierre Chagnon la Rose, and The Art of the Novel: The Critical Prefaces (1934), with preface by R. P. Blackmur.

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travel, as well as in the biography of his friend, William Wetmore Story, and elsewhere, he discusses books, plays, or pictures, art and the artist. In his novels and stories the problems of the artistic life are often the theme of his acute psychological analysis. Such examples as the following express in fiction his sense of the challenge of the creative life: The Madonna of the Future (1873), Benvolio (1875), Roderick Hudson (1876), The Author of Beltraffio (1884), The Aspern Papers (1888), The Lesson of the Master (1888), The Tragic Muse (1890), The Real Thing (1893), Grevil Fane (1893), The Coxon Fund (1894), The Death of the Lion (1894), The Next Time (1895), The Figure in the Carpet (1896), The Tree of Knowledge (1900), the Broken Wings (1900), The Velvet Glove (1909), Mona Montravers (1909). Unquestionably there is a rich abundance of material upon which the student may draw in an examination of the critical mind of Henry James.

B. The Work of Other Investigators in the Field

Parallel with the unfailing stream of his productions ran the critical commentary of his contemporaries. Each new book, as it appeared, was the occasion for reviews, some of them friendly, some of them cool in tone; for, from the beginning of the career of Henry James to this day, men have differed in regard to their enjoyment of his writings. When the earliest of the volumes of critical essays, French Poets and

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Critics, was published, James Russell Lowell and Thomas Wentworth Higginson opened the controversy as to the value of his performance. Although it would be interesting to trace the course of these opposing currents of opinion, and to attempt to summarize the conclusions earlier expressed in regard to the various aspects of the work of Mr. James, it appears sufficient to the purpose of this study to limit my report to those later critics who, toward the end of his life and since his death, have sought to interpret his personality and the character of his performance. Among them, too, judges differ.

- 1) A valuable guide to an acquaintance with the whole field of James's published works is a Bibliography of the Writings of Henry James, prepared by Mr. L. R. Phillips in 1906, an enlarged and revised edition of which was published in 1930. This carefully-wrought piece of research has brought to light many forgotten examples of the critical studies by James, and indicates not only the range of his subject-matter but also the chronological sequence of his work. During the lifetime of Henry James, possibly the two most notable and influential studies of his creative and critical achievements, after the appearance (1907-1909) of the twenty-four-volume so-called definitive edition of his novels and tales, were made by the American critic, William Crary Brownell, and by the British critic, Ford Madox Hueffer.

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2) Mr. Brownell found (1909) "the quintessence of realism" in the work of Henry James, and declared that,

"....his critical faculty is eminently preponderanthe has essentially the critical temperament. He has never devoted himself very formally to criticism, never squared his elbows and settled down to the business of it. It has always been somewhat incidental and secondary with him. His essays have been limited to belles-lettres in range, and they have rarely been the rounded, complete, and final characterization of the subject from a central point of view....as [are] Arnold's.....And certainly they have been felicity itself; each a series of penetrating remarks....absolutely free from traditional or temperamental deflection, marked by a taste at once fastidiously academic, and at the same time sensitively impressionable. The two volumes French Poets and Novelists and Partial Portraits stand at the head of American literary criticism, and Essays in London and Elsewhere next them. The Life of Hawthorne is, as a piece of criticism, altogether unrivalled in the voluminous English Men of Letters series to which all the eminent English critics have contributed.

Again, in discriminating between types of critical approach, Mr. Brownell notes,

There are two sufficiently distinct varieties of the critical mind, the philosophic and the scientific. Mr. James's is of the latter..... His characteristic attitude is that of scrutiny. His inspiration is curiosity....All his subtlety.... is at the service of....that order of truth which is to be discovered rather than divined.

And generalizing about him affirms,
We have the paradox of an art attitude that is immaculate with a product that is ineffective.

6) This appears to be praise with reservations.

(1925) presents him as a frustrated neurasthenic, with a congenital nostalgia for Europe, able only, at best, to

in the work of Henry James, and declared that

... his critical faculty is eminently pragmatic. ... he has essentially the critical temperament. He has never favored himself, very largely to criticism, a very serious side and, while down to the business of it, it has always been somewhat inclined and secondary with him. The essay has been limited to better-felt, in range, and they have rarely been too numerous, condensed, and they characterized of the subject was a certain point of view, ... as far as ... and certainly they have been felt to be too a series of a particular manner, ... but they have been much local or temporary, felt to be marked by a lack of some fastidious academic, and at the same time sensitively impractical. The two volumes, Practical Philosophy and Practical Philosophy, stand as the best of American literary criticism, and Rogers in London and New York most of them. The Life of Emerson is, as a piece of criticism, a masterpiece, unrivaled in the volume of the best of letters, to which all the brilliant English critics have contributed.

Again, in his criticism between James and William

at once, Mr. Brownell notes,

There are two antithetical literary varieties of the critical mind, the philosophic and the poetic. The first is of the latter, ... the antithetical attitude is that of sympathy. The latter is characteristically ... All the antithetical ... is the attitude of ... the writer of truth, who is to be discovered, rather than defined.

and generalization about his writings.

We have the notion of an art attitude that is immediate with a product that is ineffective.

This appears to be a mistake with respect to

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- 3) Ford Madox Hueffer, on the other hand, announces absolutely that the theme of his Henry James: A Critical Study (1913) is, "Mr. James is the greatest of living authors". He characterizes him as

....an author who, more than anything else is an impressionist..... a philosophical anarchist.... the most American product that New England ever turned out,....the only unbiased, voluminous and truthful historian of our day.

- 4) Still another interpretation of James was discovered by Stuart Sherman, who for his On Contemporary Literature (1917), invented the term "aesthetic idealism" to indicate the essential elements of James's philosophy.

- 5) Discussing Henry James, in the Cambridge History of American Literature (1921), Joseph Warren Beach, in accord with Stuart Sherman, and in disagreement with Mr. Brownell's attribution to James of a wholly realistic habit of thought, held the opinion that there is

....something in James's estimate of spiritual values so fine, so indifferent to success or happiness, or merely practicalism, that suggests the transcendentalism of Emerson....the other...
wordliness of Hawthorne."

Dr. Beach also points out that,

....only a small part of his critical writing has appeared in book form; and it still remains for the curious to trace the development of his literary theory from the beginning.

- 6) Van Wyck Brooks, in The Pilgrimage of Henry James (1925) presents him as a frustrated neurasthenic, with a congenital nostalgia for Europe, able only, at last, to

...an author who, more than anything else, is an

...the most American product of the English and

...the only English, Voltaire and

...the only English of our day.

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- 7) A thoroughgoing and excellent discussion of Henry James's development as a critic, of the special character of his best work, of his ruling convictions about life and literature, arranged on a chronological basis, is to be found in Henry James's Criticism (1929) by Morris Roberts.
- 8) Cornelia Pulsifer Kelley has written a documented chronicle of the Early Development of Henry James (1930). Her study, sympathetic, intelligent and scholarly, begins with his childhood and carries the examination of his whole expanding life to the publication of The Portrait of a Lady (1881).
- 9) Probably the most masterly recent study of any phase of the criticism of Henry James is the essay of Richard P. Blackmur which introduces The Art of the Novel: The Critical Prefaces (1934). In it he analyzes and classifies the elements of composition and the principles of

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7) A thoroughgoing and excellent discussion of Henry James's development as a critic, of the special character of his best work, of his ruling convictions about life and literature, arranged on a chronological basis, is to be found in Henry James's Criticism (1939) by Morris Roberts.

8) Cornelia Pufister Kelley has written a documented chronicle of the Early Development of Henry James (1930). Her study, sympathetic, intelligent and scholarly, begins with his childhood and carries the examination of his whole expanding life to the publication of The Portrait of a Lady (1881).

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It is not because I have overlooked Pelham Edgar, or Rebecca West, or Leon Edel, or Stephen Spender, or Joseph Conrad, or Edmund Gosse, or Logan Pearsall Smith, or Brander Matthews, or Ezra Pound, or others, that their contributions to the appreciation of Henry James here remain unmentioned: rather, because the critics I have chosen seem to me adequately representative of those who have reported on his theory, and practice of criticism.

C. Justification for a New Study of the Criticism of Henry James

- 1) My first reason for making a new study of the criticism of Henry James is, the indication of a continued and present interest in his works, shown in current periodicals and in new books.
- 2) The second reason is, the publication of fresh material; notably, facts about family influence upon Henry James's criticism and his own response to it,

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3) The third reason is, the eminence of Henry James as a critic, the evidence that he was highly conscious of the process, purpose, and function of criticism as he practiced it, render valuable his ideas on the fundamentals of that art.

4) The fourth reason is, the importance of Henry James entitles his critical theories to consideration in the new series of studies in literary criticism for Boston University.

5) The fifth reason is, the plan and scope of this study differs from the other studies previously made of James and his views on the art of the critic.

(1) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 49.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 55.

(3) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 264.

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V. DISCUSSION: HENRY JAMES AND THE ART OF THE CRITIC

A. The Influences that Shaped the Critical Sense of Henry James

1. The expanding nation and the rise of critical realism in America

To Henry James, as he looked back over his life, the Civil War seemed a landmark, a turning point, personal as well as national. "I passed my younger time," he writes, "till within a year or two of the civil war with an absolute vagueness of impression as to how the political life of the country was carried on. The field was strictly covered by three classes, the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster." (1) John Brown's raid came in the year that Henry was seventeen years old. "Its sharp reverberation among us," confesses he, "I count as the first reminder that reached me of our living... in a political order." (2) Two of his brothers enlisted and served in the northern army, one of them with Col. Shaw; but Henry was prevented by an injury from taking his place with them, and brooded over his incapacity until he determined to make what he could do count for something, and set himself to be a writer. (3) The close of the war found him already hard at work learning the exacting art to which he gave his life.

(1) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 49.

(2) Ibid., p. 56.

(3) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 344.

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He, together with all the generation of those who came to manhood with the close of the war, shared the hopes and disappointments of that era so marked by expansion and speculation. The period of reconstruction, the prostration of the South, the rapid industrial advance in the North, the multiplication of the means of production and communication through the utilization of electricity, the building of trans-continental railways, the swift growth of cities in the valley of the Mississippi and beyond the Rockies, the rising tide of immigration, were all part of a great movement that altered permanently the life and outlook of men. America began to learn to do things on a large scale. Business grew rich by appropriating vast natural resources. Education, inspired in a measure by Matthew Arnold, planned through more schools to provide culture for the children of democracy. Art, instructed by France, turned to realism. (1)

In the break with the past men questioned old traditions and revolted against outworn conventions: the disillusioned began to look upon the American scene with eyes that sought for reality. The press gave space to these fresh ideas. New journals and magazines were founded, in which, as circulation grew, departments of literature and art demanded more and more young writers for more and more readers. In The Gilded

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Age (1873) Mark Twain exposed some of the follies and frauds of the period. (1) Fifty years later Henry James, in a letter written during the first year of the World War for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of The Nation, thus characterized the preceding the decades as the Age of Mistake:

That scene, that time, those conditions....are not a dream that we drug ourselves to enjoy, but a chapter, and the most copious, of experience, experience attested by documents that would fill the vastest of treasure houses. These things compose the record of the general life of civilization for almost the whole period during which men of my generation were to know it....I measure the spread as that of half a century....only with the air turning more and more to the golden as space recedes, turning to the clearness of all the sovereign exemptions, the serenity of all the fond assurances, that were to keep on and on, seeing themselves so little menaced but so admirably crowned. This we now perceive to have been so much their mistake that as other periods of history have incurred, to our convenience, some distinctive and descriptive name, so it can only rest with us to write down the fifty years I speak of, in the very largest letters, as the Age of the Mistake...To look at it in the light of its good faith is to measure the depth of its delusion, not to say the height of its fatuity.(2)

2. The James family.

A goodly heritage fell to the lot of Henry James. He was born into a brilliant family, endowed with intelligence and wealth, so that the amenities rather than the hardships of life were his portion. His grandfather, William James, came

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from Ireland not long after the close of the Revolution and established himself as a merchant in Albany, New York. He was a vigorous and able person. He had three partners, three wives, and fourteen children. He helped Eliphalet Nott develop Union College in the neighboring city of Schenectady; became the owner, at one time, of the salt works in Syracuse, New York; was in every way a leading citizen; amassed a fortune of three millions, and bequeathed it to his children.(1)

Henry James, the elder, was the son of William of Albany. As a boy he had been the pupil of Joseph Henry, the scientist, then a young teacher in the Albany Academy, a famous school for boys. A student at Union College, and later at the Princeton Theological Seminary, he thought to enter the Presbyterian ministry. But he found himself in time out of sympathy with the teachings of the church in which he had been with some strictness brought up, and promptly, as he was wont to do, acting upon his conviction that there was nothing in common between him and Presbyterianism, withdrew from Princeton. After his marriage with the daughter of a mercantile family in New York City, he removed to that city and established his home there. A radical in thought, a theologian, the friend of Emerson and Carlyle, he was a gifted man of dynamic personality. He cherished freedom, eschewed as deadening to originality and clarity of thought all institutional control,

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brought up his children independently of affiliation with any church, frequently changed the school they attended, and deprecated the conventional college education. Himself a brilliant lecturer and writer, eminently controversial, in his own home he daily challenged the thought and expression of his children. His son wrote of him,

In that mixture of him of faith and humour, criticism and conviction, that mark of a love of his kind which fed on discriminations and was never so moved to a certain extravagance as by an exhibited vagueness in respect to these, dwelt largely the original charm, the peculiarly social and living challenge of.... his talk and temper. (1)

An illuminating glimpse of the qualities that endeared him to his friends comes from Emerson, who wrote of him in his journal, April, 1850.

Henry James was a true comfort....wise, polished, with heroic manners and a serenity like the sun. (2)

His children felt that "the combination in him of his different vivacities, his living interest in his philosophy, and his living superior to all greed of authority, all over-reaching as over-emphasizing 'success',....gave his character a magnanimity by which it was impossible to us not to profit in all sorts of responsive and in fact quite luxurious ways. It was a luxury to have all the benefits of his intellectual and spiritual, his religious, his philosophic and his social passion without ever feeling the pressure of it to our direct

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The five children of the family were, in order of age, William, Henry, Garth Wilkinson, Alice, and Robertson. In early years the two elder brothers and the two younger brothers were usually paired off together in school. Alice, the only daughter, was "an invalid during the greater part of her lifePhysical pain,....a conflict between bodily infirmity and high spirits were her portion. Her courage took the form of tender irony in which she both renounced life and kept her warmth and sympathy." (3)

Of the whole group Henry wrote,

We were to my sense, the blest group of us, such a company of characters and such a picture of differences, and withal so fused and united and interlocked that each of us....pleads for preservation and....I think I shall be ashamed to find any element altogether negligible. (4)

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 156.

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Chief in the family circle, after his parents, for the younger Henry James was his elder brother, William, of whom he declared himself,

Scarce able to convey how prevailingly, and almost exclusively during years and years, the field was animated and the adventure conditioned for me by my brother's nearness and that play of genius in him of which I never had a doubt from the beginning. (1)

William was all that was wonderful in the eyes of Henry.

Whatever he played with or worked at entered at once into his intelligence, his talk, his humour,....Occasions waited on him, had always done so, to my view. (2)

Between them there was a great difference of temperament constantly evident, but their devotion to each other was never broken. Although in childhood they were "never in the same school room, in the same game, scarce even in step together or in the same place at the same time," (3) through the years they were unfailingly attached to each other. The full rich letters they exchanged throughout their lives testify to the lively interest each felt for the other.

As a child Henry was sensitive, more shy and apparently less vigorous than his brothers were. What he seems to have enjoyed best was to watch what others were doing:

There was the very pattern and measure of all he was to demand: just to be somewhere....and somehow receive an impression or an accession, feel a relation or a vibration. He was to go without

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(3) Ibid., p. 9.

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many things, ever so many....as all persons do in whom contemplation takes the place of actionin New York....and then in London, in Paris, in Geneva, wherever it might be, he was to enjoy more than anything the so far from showy practice of wondering, dawdling, and gaping; he was really, I think, much to profit by it. (1)

He had what he called "a visiting mind" and gives entertaining glimpses of himself walking alone along the streets of New York, enthralled by the sights, visiting Barnum's Great American Museum and the early performances of the stage version of Uncle Tom's Cabin. (2) He liked to read, perhaps too much. He and William both liked to write, especially plays to be acted in the attic of their home, but William was the one who took the star parts and distinguished himself in the leading comic roles. (3) (4)

3. Experiences that shaped the thought of Henry James In A Small Boy and Others and Notes of a Son and Brother are delightfully recorded the memories of that household where "laughter was an important element in the family life" (5); where they "breathed....in an air in which waste... couldn't and didn't live, so certain were aberrations and discussions, adventures and alarms....a figuration of each involved issue and item before the foot-lights of a familiar idealism, the most socialized and ironised, the most amusedly

- (1) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 25.
- (2) Ibid., p. 154.
- (3) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 175.
- (4) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 253.
- (5) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 173.

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generalised that could possibly be. (1) In these volumes Henry James recalls the incidents, the experiences, the influences, that shaped his growing perceptions, that quickened his imagination.

Among the ornaments of their house was a statue of a bacchante, which from the chance comment of a visitor, overheard by the child, made, it seemed to him, his "horizon flush again with the faint dawn of conscious appreciation, or, in other words, of the critical spirit, while two or three of the more restrictive friends of the house find our marble lady very 'Cold' for a Bacchante." (2)

Appreciation of the drama began with the experience of witnessing two different productions of Uncle Tom's Cabin, followed by a spirited discussion among the group of lads who had gone to the two plays together; was for "one small spectator at least an initiation. He got his first glimpse of that possibility of a 'free play of mind' over a subject which was to throw him with force at a later stage of culture into the critical arms of Matthew Arnold. So he is....interested in seeing the matter as a progress in which the first step was taken, before that crude scenic appeal, by his wondering, among his companions, where the absurd, the absurd for them, ended and the fun, real fun, which was the gravity, the tragedy, the drollery, the beauty, the thing itself, briefly,

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 111.

(2) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 270.

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might be....held to begin."....This was a brave beginning for a consciousness that was to be nothing if not mixed and a curiosity that was to be nothing if not restless." (1)

At this time of his boyhood the pictures in the British Punch over which he pored with endless delight, gave him acquaintance with England and London where as a baby he had lived for a few months with his travelling parents. "England and London were at that time words of multifarious suggestion to this small American child. He liked much more to think of the British Empire than to indulge in the sports natural to his tender age, and many of his hours were spent in making mental pictures of the society of which the recurrent woodcuts offered him specimens and revelations." (2) So that when at last the family did visit London, he felt not strange but quite at home among the streets and parks already familiar to him through the drawings of Leech.

William and Henry were in and out of many private schools and under the instruction of various tutors (1852-1855) in New York City.

We were day boys, William and I, at dispensaries of learning the number and succession of which today excite my wonder. We couldn't have changed oftener....if our presence had been inveterately objected to, and yet I enjoy an inward certainty that my brother being vividly bright and I quite bleakly innocuous, the reproach was not brought home to us. (3)

- (1) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 163-164.
- (2) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 327-337.
- (3) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 16.

might be...held to begin."...This was a brave beginning for a consciousness that was to be nothing if not mixed and a curious-

ity that was to be nothing if not restless." (1)

At this time of his boyhood the pictures in the Brit-

ish Punch over which he gazed with endless delight, gave him

acquaintance with England and London where as a baby he had

lived for a few months with his travelling parents. "England

and London were at that time words of multiform suggestion

to this small American child. He liked much more to think of

the British Empire than to indulge in the sports natural to his

tender age, and many of his hours were spent in making mental

pictures of the society of which the recurrent woodcuts offered

him specimens and revelations." (2) So that when at last the

family did visit London, he felt not strange but quite at home

among the streets and parks already familiar to him through

the drawings of Leech.

William and Henry were in and out of many private

schools and under the instruction of various tutors (1852-1855)

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We were day boys, William and I, at day-schools of learning the number and succession of which today excite my wonder. We couldn't have changed often...if our presence had been interestingly objected to, and yet I enjoy an inward certainty that my brother being vividly bright and I quite blankly innocent, the reproach was not brought home to us. (3)

- (1) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 153-164.
- (2) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 327-337.
- (3) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 16.

Henry's memories of these schools seem to have held little satisfaction for him, though he feels indebted to one of his classmates for the sense of widening horizons. "Louis de Coppet, naturally French,....pressed home to me that sense of Europe to which I feel that my very earliest consciousness waked." (1) One other strong phrase about school, "the dreadful blight of arithmetic," shows how he re-acted to one of the fundamentals of mental discipline.

Religious education, so far as these children had any, consisted wholly in a loose yet enlightening impression of their father's philosophic passion, which was theologic. "It would not have been possible for us," writes Henry, "to breathe more the air of that reference to an order of goodness and power greater than this world can show which we understand as the religious spirit." (2)

Our father caring for our spiritual decency unspeakably more than anything else that might be ours would have seemed to regard this cultivation of it as profession and career enough for us. (3)

"Human fellowship" was the expression oftenest on his lips and pen. (4)

The moral of all of which was that we need never fear to be good enough if we were only social enough; a splendid meaning being attached to the latter term. (5)

- (1) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 32.
- (2) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 163-170.
- (3) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 219.
- (4) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 166.
- (5) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 216.

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- (3) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 219.
- (4) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 166.
- (5) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 216.

Our young liberty in respect to church-going was absolute and we might range at will, through the great city, from one place of worship, and one form of faith to another, or might on occasion ignore them all equally, which was what we mainly did. (1)

It was colder than any criticism to hear our father reply to queries as to where they might claim to belong to a church that we could plead nothing less than the whole privilege of Christendom....no communion, Catholic, Jew, Swedenborgian, from which we need find ourselves excluded. (2)

There was not an item of devotional practice that we had been allowed so much as to divine. (3)

I knew nothing of the clerical race....until late in my teens I found them portrayed in George Eliot. (4)

I should have been thankful for a state of faith, a conviction of the Divine, an interpretation of the universe....which would have supplied more features or appearances....I found the sphere of our nobly supposititious habitation too imperceptibly peopled. (5)

In 1855 Henry James, the father, carried in to effect a plan he had had for some time in mind for the education of his children in Europe. In a letter to Emerson he explains the reasons why he was moved so to do, as follows:

.....and so looking upon our four stout boys, who have no playroom indoors, and import shocking bad manners from the street, with much pity we gravely ponder whether it would not be better to go abroad for a few years with them, allowing them to absorb French and German and get a better sensuous education than they are likely to get here. (6)

(1) Henry James, A Small Boy and Others, p. 232.

(2) Ibid., p. 234.

(3) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 168.

(4) Ibid., p. 170.

(5) Ibid., p. 169.

(6) Quoted by Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 59.

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- (2) Ibid., p. 234.
- (3) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 168.
- (4) Ibid., p. 170.
- (5) Ibid., p. 169.
- (6) Quoted by Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 59.

For the next five years the James family lived abroad. The children were placed in school wherever the family settled, in England, in France, in Switzerland and in Germany. These schools, like those in New York, were of many sorts, but in them Henry received all the instruction that he was to have before entering the Harvard Law School. He learned to speak and write French with an exceptional excellence. He came to know the London of his childish imaginings, as well as Paris, Geneva, and Bonn. Of his school experiences in Geneva he recounts that,

I so feared and abhorred Mathematics that the simplest arithmetical operation had always found and kept me helpless and blank. Mathematics unmitigated were at Institution Rochette the air we breathed.

Before long his "deeply hushed failure" led to a change that brought much pleasanter connections and courses:

I joined William, after what had seemed to me an eternity of woe, at the Academy, where I followed, for too short a time but with a comparative recovery of confidence, such literary courses as I might. I puzzle it out that my parents thought in concern that I read too many novels, or at least read too attentively. (1)

From a letter written by the elder Henry James to his mother from Boulogne, when the son under discussion was fourteen, one finds the father recognising that,

Harry is not so fond of study, proper so called, as of reading. He is a devourer of libraries and an immense number of novels and dramas. He has considerable talent as a writer, but I am at a loss to know whether he will ever accomplish much.

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(2) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 184.

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(2) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 184.

To certain of his teachers in the French schools he attended Henry junior considered himself indebted for

Intimations of the interesting, that is revelations of the aesthetic, the historic, the critical, the mystery and charm of things that added to my small loose handful of the seeds of culture. (1)

One of his tutors, "good M. Ansiot," gave him "a working sense of the vieux temps," of those writers of France who flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and those who laid the foundations of realism in fiction. (2) His most interesting classmate of his French school days was the young Coquelin, whom afterward he was to know as the famous actor.

It was in the picture galleries of the Louvre that Henry James felt himself, "most happily cross the bridge over to Style, constituted by the wondrous Galerie d'Appollon.... where I inhaled little by little a sense of glory, not only beauty and art and supreme design, but history and fame and power, the world, in fine, raised to the richest and noblest expression." (3)

The James family returned to the United States in 1860 and took up their residence in Newport, Rhode Island. Here both William and Henry began to study painting with William Morris Hunt. William was more successful than was his younger brother, but Henry considered that contact with his gifted teacher gave him much:

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(2) Ibid., p. 416.

(3) Ibid., p. 346.

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I then felt the man the great mystery could mark with its stamp, when wishing the mark unmistakable, teach just in himself the most and best about any art that I should come to find benignantly concerned with me, for moments however smilingly scant. (1)

The influence of painting upon the imagination of Henry is repeatedly shown in his stories of painters, in his sense of the likeness between criticism and portraiture, and in his studies of travel. At Newport, it seemed to him, that opportunities were of the richest.

If culture, as I hold, is a matter of attitude quite as much as of opportunity, and of the form and substance of the vessel carried to the fountain no less than of the water supply itself, there couldn't have been better conditions for its operating drop by drop. (2)

John Lafarge was a student with the two brothers in the studio of William Hunt. His charming personality and wide reading made him a delightfully stimulating companion.

He revealed to us Browning's Men and Women - most of all he revealed to us Balzac in Eugénie Grandet. He started me on Merrimée's La Venus d'Ille, so that I translated and tried to sell it for publication. (3)

To these days belong too "the fairly golden glow of romance investing the perusal of the Revue des Deux Mondes." (4)

From the study of art in Newport Henry James turned, for reasons that now appear vague, to the study of law, entering, in 1862, the Harvard Law School. Though he made no great advance in that profession, he did find at this time the work

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 83.

(2) Ibid., p. 88.

(3) Ibid., p. 93.

(4) Ibid., p. 74.

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he wished to follow for the rest of his life. He had lodgings alone in an old house in Winthrop Square, Cambridge, with an outlook to the Brookline hills. There instead of studying Blackstone he began to write:

The muse of course the muse of prose fiction - never for the briefest hour in my case the presumable, not to say the presuming, the much-taken-for-granted muse of rhyme, with whom I had never had....the least flirtation. (1)

The question of how people looked, and of how their look counted for a thousand relations, had risen before me too early and kept me company too long for me not to have a fight over it, from the very shame of appearing at all likely to give it up, had some fleeting delusion led me to cast a slur upon it.....It would do, I was already sure, half the work of carrying me through life....It worked for appreciationnot one of the uses of which as an act of intelligence had, all round finer connections; and on the day, in short, when one would cease to live in large measure by his eyes (with the imagination of course all the while waiting on this) one would have taken the longest step towards not living at all." (2)

While he was so diligently practicing prose fiction, he was also making acquaintance with the great French critic Sainte-Beuve, whose writings he found much more absorbing than any of the law books in the college library.

That the Causeries du Lundi, wholly fresh then to my grateful lips, should so have overflowed for me was certainly no marvel....that prime acquaintance absolutely having, by my measure, to form a really sacred date in the development of any historic or aesthetic consciousness worth mentioning. (3)

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 342.

(2) Ibid., p. 349.

(3) Ibid., p. 344.

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(3) *Ibid.*, p. 344.

4. The choice of writing for a profession.

His father made no objection to the direction Henry's choice of work had taken. His chief admonition, it appears, was a warning as to the limitations of such a career.

When I began to "write" it was breathed upon me with the finest bewildering eloquence.... that this too was narrowing. (1)

Mr. James had earlier noted Henry's aptitude for writing, so that it could have been neither a surprise or a disappointment to him when his son left the law for literature. Indeed, Henry comments:

What was marked in our father's prime uneasiness in presence of any particular form of success we might, according to our lights as then glimmering propose to invoke was that it bravely....dispensed with any suggestion of an alternative. What we were to do instead was just to be something unconnected with specific doing. (2)

Early in 1864 the James family migrated to Boston, where they lived in Ashburton Place, now long since vanished to make way for the extended grounds of the state house. It was in this year that Henry James first had the satisfaction of appearing in print. Having written a review of Nassau W. Senior's Essays in Fiction, he carried the paper to Charles Eliot Norton, who had recently taken the editorship of the North American Review. He not only received the young man cordially, but published the article in the next number of the Review and invited him to prepare other contributions. (3)

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(2) Ibid., p. 50.

(3) Ibid., p. 405.

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The titles of these successive critical reviews of fiction for the year following were: "Azarian by Harriet E. Prescott," "Lindisfarne Chase: A Novel, by T. Adolphus Trollope," "Emily Chester: A Novel, by Mrs. A. M. C. Seemuller," "Essays in Criticism, by Matthew Arnold," "Moods, by Louisa M. Alcott," "The Gayworthys: A Story of Threads and Thrums," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

The gracious friend who thus opportunely opened to Henry James the place he coveted for his writing was a man of distinctive quality and influence.

Charles Eliot Norton stood out....with a greater salience, granting his background,....than I have ever known a human figure stand out with from any:it was a lesson in all the civilities....What it all came back to was....the application of such an ideal and such a genius could find agents expressive and proportionate. (1)

James Russell Lowell, James T. Field, Charles Eliot Norton, E. L. Godkin, and William Dean Howells were friendly associates. To Henry the New England men of letters were masters and colleagues. (2) From them came his speedy introduction to the leading periodicals. When in 1865 Edward Lawrence Godkin organised and took the editorship of The Nation he offered to Henry James his second opportunity to write literary criticisms:

Having commenced critic under Charles Norton's weighty protection, I was to find myself invited to the higher glory....of aiding to launch, though on the obscurer side of the enterprise, a weekly

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 258.

(2) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 245.

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journal....which in the summer of '65, and under the highest auspices, was soon to enjoy a fortune and achieve an authority and dignity of which neither newspaper nor critical review among us had hitherto so much as hinted the possibilityThe New York Nation. (1)

With Mr. Godkin James was to enjoy one of the longest and happiest friendships of his life.

Another fruitful friendship begun at this period was with William Dean Howells, recently come east to be editor of the Atlantic Monthly. A few months after the Howells family settled in Cambridge, the James family removed from Boston to Cambridge, thus providing opportunity for frequent intercourse, so that Henry easily and often found his way to the home of Howells. In recalling these days after the death of Henry James, Howells wrote:

All I can say is that we seemed presently to be always meeting, at his father's house and at mine....in the kind Cambridge streets.....We seem to have been presently always together, and always talking of methods of fiction, whether we walked the streets by day or night, or we sat together reading our stuff to each other; his stuff which we both hoped might make itself into matter for the Atlantic Monthly, then mostly left to my editing by my senior editor, Mr. Fields....

I am distinctly aware of a walk late in the night up and down North Avenue, and of his devoting to our joint scrutiny the character of the remote branches of his family in the interests of art....

We were of like Latin sympathies, he was inveterately and intensely French....from his life and school in France throughout boyhood.(2)

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 425.

(2) Wm. Dean Howells, Life in Letters, "The American James," Vol. 2, p. 397.

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 428.
 (2) Wm. Dean Howells, Life in Letters, "The American James," Vol. 2, p. 387.

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Existence for Henry James "from the spring of '64 to the autumn of '66 moves as through an apartment hung with garlands and lights." (1) It might well seem so; before he was twenty-three his work had been accepted, both criticism and fiction, in the leading periodicals of the day.

In his recently published The Thought and Character of William James Ralph Barton Perry has given a most interesting account, with excerpts from family letters previously unpublished, showing how concerned the James family were with all that was being published of Henry's writings. His father is sometimes quoted, but oftener it seems to have been William James who wrote to praise or to deprecate the practices and views of his younger brother. William was travelling abroad in the earlier years of Henry's success. From Teplitz, in 1868, he writes regarding the story "Poor Richard" which had been appearing in the Atlantic Monthly,

I found it good beyond my expectation, and the way of telling excellent....hardly a trace of that too diffuse explanation of the successive psychological steps which I remember attacking you for when you read it to me. (2)

Frequently William commends to Henry's attention a book that he has enjoyed, as in this bit of advice written from Divonne, in the next year,

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 402.

(2) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 261.

Existence for Henry James "from the spring of '84 to the autumn

of '86 moves as through an apartment hung with garlands and lights." (1) It might well seem so; before he was twenty-three his work had been accepted, both criticism and fiction, in the leading periodicals of the day.

In his recently published The Thought and Character of

William James Ralph Barton Perry has given a most interesting account, with excerpts from family letters previously unpublished, showing how concerned the James family were with all that was being published of Henry's writings. His father is sometimes quoted, but often it seems to have been William James who wrote to praise or to deprecate the practices and views of his younger brother. William was travelling abroad in the earlier years of Henry's success. From Teflis, in 1888, he writes regarding the story "Poor Richard" which had been appearing in the Atlantic Monthly.

I found it good beyond my expectation, and the way of telling excellent....hardly a trace of that too diffuse explanation of the successive psychological steps which I remember attacking you for when you read it to me. (2)

Frequently William comments to Henry's attention a book that he has enjoyed, as in this bit of advice written from Divonne, in the next year,

(1) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 402.
(2) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 261.

I am struck....with the hopelessness of us English ever competing with the French in matters of form of finite taste of any sort.Mérimée....is a big man; but the things which have given me the most pleasure have been some sketches of travel by Th.Gautier. That this creature, with no more soul than a healthy poodle dog, no philosophy, no morality, no information....should give one a finer enjoyment than his betters in all these respects by mere force of good-nature, clear eyesight and felicity of phrase. His style seems to me perfect, and I should think it would pay you to study it with love principally in the most trivial of these collections of notes of travel. (1)

Among the books that Henry was reviewing for The Nation were many of French publication. In 1873 the North American Review published his study of Gautier, to whom William had, as we have seen, directed his attention. At the time the article appeared Henry was travelling in Italy. From Perugia, under the date of May 19, 1873, Henry thus replies to brotherly suggestions:

Looking over your letter I perceived your adjuration to prepare articles on the French.... George Sand, Balzac, etc. I may come to it some day, but there are various things I want to do first. Just at present I shall write a few more notes of travel, for two reasons: first, that a few more joined with those already published will make a decent little volume; and second, that now or never (I think) is my time. This keen love and observation is ebbing away from me as I grow older, and I doubt whether a year or two hence I shall have it in me to describe houses and mountains, or even cathedrals and pictures. I don't know whether I shall do anything better, but I shall have been spoiled for this. The real natural time....if I could, would have been when I was abroad before.

(1) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 385.

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(1) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 385.

Mysterious and uncontrollable (even to oneself) is the growth of one's mind. Little by little, I trust, my abilities will catch up with my ambitions. (1)

The plea to postpone criticism for the sake of gathering a store of impressions before time should render him less impressionable may perhaps have been in part due to his great delight in getting his fill of "sensuous" reactions to Italy. The little book of travel sketches appeared in 1875, with the title Transatlantic Sketches. In spite of his protest that he must record impressions as completely as possible before it was too late, between 1873 and 1877 Henry wrote a series of eight critical studies of French men of letters for The Galaxy, a New York periodical, the rival of the Atlantic Monthly. Adding to these the paper on Gautier and one on Ivan Turgénieff, which had also appeared in the North American Review, and one upon Mérimée's Letters, taken from the Independent, to which he was also a contributor, Henry James put forth, in 1878, his first volume of critical studies, French Poets and Novelists.

When this book came out Henry James was already established in residence abroad. His decision to make his home in Europe was the result of serious debate. William Dean Howells was of the opinion that,

The cause of James's going to live abroad was that he was a sick man who was less a sufferer in Europe than in America....The climate was kinder to him than ours, and the life was kinder than that in his native land. (2)

(1) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 345.

(2) William Dean Howells, Life in Letters, Vol. 2, p. 395.

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 (2) William Dean Howells, Life in Letters, Vol. 2, p. 295.

A passage from a letter from William James shows how sympathetically he weighed for his brother the pros and cons of the plan:

This is your dilemma: the congeniality of Europe, on the one hand, plus the difficulty of making an entire living out of original writing and its abnormality as a matter of mental hygiene....on the other hand, the dreariness of American conditions of life plus a mechanical routine occupation possibly to be obtained....mixed up with the writing into which you distil your essence. If you come, your worst year will be the first. (1)

James went abroad with the intention of living in Paris. For a year he experimented with French life, and made many interesting connections, among them was an acquaintance with Ivan Turgénieff, the Russian novelist. But a year was long enough to convince him that he would be more content elsewhere. He announced thus to his family his reason for change and his new plan:

My last layer of resistance to a long-encroaching weariness and satiety with the French mind and its utterance has fallen from me like a garment, I have done with 'em forever, and am turning English all over. (2)

So to England he went. The Charles Nortons were settled in London with the happiest of social contacts. They welcomed their young compatriot and shared with him all the agreeable associations they were enjoying, "a perfect fairy tale of privilege" as Henry described it to his family. (3) It was

(1) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 356.

(2) Ibid., p. 352.

(3) Henry James, Notes of a Son and Brother, p. 470.

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- (1) Ralph Barton Perry, The Thought and Character of William James, p. 356.
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the London of George Eliot, John Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, William Morris, Charles Darwin, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. George du Maurier had taken his place on the staff of Punch. Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were both acting, but had not yet begun their famous association. Burne-Jones was a rising young artist. Henry James was soon a guest of many a distinguished host and hostess. Early in 1877 he wrote to William,

"I am more and more content to have come to London." (1)

For forty years broken only by rare visits to his family in Cambridge he was to continue in England, and although at the end of his life, under the emotional stress of the World War he gave up his citizenship in the United States to become a subject of King George V, his life-long friend William Dean Howells felt that "James was American to his heart's core." (2)

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5. Critics whose skill pleased him as he began to write for publication

Two studies written during the years of his apprenticeship are of especial interest to one examining the influences that shaped the critical sense of Henry James. The first of these, a review of Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism, appeared in the North American Review for July, 1865. The second appearing in the Nation for October 12 of the same year, reviewed Nouvelles Études sur la Littérature Contemporaine by Edmond Schéerer, under the title "A French Critic". In both of these papers he shows that he is a serious student of critical method, that he read widely, and that his preference is for the work of the French critics.

His acquaintance with Matthew Arnold was through his friend, Mr. James T. Field, editor and publisher:

.....I can still recover the rapture with which, then suffering under the effects of a bad accident, I lay all day on a sofa in Ashburton Place and was somehow transported, as in a shining, silvery dream, to London, to Oxford, to the French Academy, to Languedoc, to Brittany, to ancient Greece; all under the fingered spell of the little, loose, smutty London sheets. /of Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism being then set up for its Boston edition./ (1)

Mr. Arnold's style is....fascinating....it indicates a mind both susceptible and healthy.... it represents a spirit both sensitive and generous ...and sympathetic. It exhibits a decided French influence. (2)

- (1) Henry James, "Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields", Atlantic Monthly, July, 1915, p. 21-23.
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He has these qualities of a good critic.... the science and logic. The best critic is probably he who leaves his feelings out of account, and relies upon reason for success. His sentiment has given him his greatest charm and his greatest worth....in his delicate perceptions. (1)

He finds in Arnold's studies,

"the quality of distinction" - that quality which at last corrects the world's blunders and fixes the world's ideals, which procures that the popular poet shall not pass for a Pindar, the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet. (1)

And thus he sums up Arnold's views on criticism:

Criticism has no concern with the practical; its function is simply to get at the best thought which is current,....to see things in themselves as they are, to be disinterested.(1)

He quotes from an English review the definition of the word Philistine,...."It applies to the fat-headed respectable public in general."

The limitations of English criticism and the value of Mr. Arnold's works are scrutinized:

It has long seemed to us that, as a nation, the English are singularly incapable of large, of high, or general views....their views are almost exclusively practical, and it is in the nature of practical views to be narrow. (1)

The direct results of Mr. Arnold's reformed criticism will be to furnish that English mind with a larger stock of ideas than it has enjoyed under the time-honored regime of Whig and Tory, High Church and Low Church organs. (1)

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He affirms confidently in regard to criticism,
 Its business is to make truth generally accessible
to exalt....the importance of the intellectual.
 Its business is to urge the claims of all things
 to be understood. (1)

He indicates his view of the trend in those days of
 American criticism:

The tendencies of our civilization are not
 such as foster a preponderance of morbid specu-
 lation....Our national genius inclines yearly
 more and more to resolve itself into a vast
 machine for sifting, in all things the wheat
 from the chaff. (1)

In conclusion, he points out the best in Arnold's
 way of writing, and interprets the spirit of the age, with more
 than a hint of sympathy with the realists:

Mr. Arnold's supreme virtue is that he speaks
 all things seriously,..../in poems and essays/
 he is profoundly conscious of his time....It
 gives....a peculiar character of melancholy
 which arises from the spectacle of the old-
 fashioned instinct of enthusiasm in conflict
 (or at all events in contact) with the modern
 desire to be fair,....the melancholy of an age
 which not only has lost its naiveté, but which
 knows it has lost it. (1)

The review of Edmond Schéerer's volume of studies in
 contemporary literature, dealing not only with Schéerer but also
 with Sainte-Beuve, with Taine, with Arnold, and with Goethe,
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(1) Henry James, "Mr. Arnold's Essays in Criticism," North
American Review, July, 1885.

No serious mind ever contradicts itself....There are in the tyranny of circumstances and the inherent inflexibility of ideas a hundred obstacles to the complete expression of feelings. These feelings, which constitute a man's real substance, his inclinations, his affections, his aspirations, never change. The nearest approach they make to it is to develop by strictly logical process. In default of doctrines in a work....there is....a certain irrepressible moral substance. This moral substance in his own work Mr. Schérer declares to be the love of liberty....the author is a liberal....The age... presents no finer spectacle than that of a mind liberal after this fashion: not from a brutal impatience of order, but from experience, from reflection, seriously, intelligently, having known, relished and appropriated the many virtues of conservatism, a mind inquisitive of truth and of knowledge, accessible on all sides, unprejudiced, desirous above all things to examine directly, fearless of reputed errors, but merciless to error when proved, tolerant of dissent, respectful of sincerity, content neither to reason on matters of feeling nor to sentimentalize on matters of reason, equitable, dispassionate, sympathetic. M.Schérer is the embodiment of Mr. Arnold's ideal critic. (1)

Of all men who deal with ideas, the critic is essentially the least independent; it behooves him, therefore, to claim the utmost possible incidental or extrinsic freedom. His subject and his standpoint are limited beforehand. He is in the nature of his function opposed to his author, and his position, therefore, depends upon that which his author has taken. (1)

But as a critic....must have....a unit of sincerity and consistency, he finds it in his conscience.... it is from his moral sense, and we may add, from their religious convictions, that writers like Schérer derive that steadfast and delicate spiritual force which animates, coordinates and harmonizes the mass of brief opinions, of undeveloped assertions, of conjectures, of fancies, of sentiments, which are the substance of this work. (1)

(1) Henry James, "A French Critic", The Nation, October 12, 1865

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There are degrees in criticism. Goethe is greathe starts with general principles. Sainte-Beuve is small /in that he starts with/ particular principles, observed facts, and reported results. (1)

A critic is a compromise between a philosopher and a historian. (1)

M. Sainte-Beuve may, on the whole, be called the first of living critics....He is a philosopher in so far as that he deals with ideas. But he is not a philosopher in so far as that he works with no supreme object. There results from his work no deliberate theory of life, of nature, of the universe. (1)

If M. Saine-Beuve has earned the highest place, M. Schérer has claim to the next....For ourselves we prefer M. Schérer....because his morality is positive without being obtrusive; and because, besides the distinction of beauty and ugliness, the aesthetic distinction of right and wrong, there constantly occurs in his pages the moral distinction between good and evil; because, in short, we salute in this fact that wisdom which, after having made the journey round the whole sphere of knowledge, returns at last with a melancholy joy to morality. (1)

M. Taine is not pre-eminently a critic. He is alternately a philosopher and a historian. (1)

Schérer is more analytic than Taine....Therefore, we place him higher. (1)

With these characterizations of Sainte-Beuve there belongs another passage, written not long afterward, illustrating the source of his appeal for the young critic:

What we most enjoy in the writings of M. Sainte-Beuve is their numerous literary merits.... A writer and a psychologist - an empiric, if you will, in each case, but a most successful one.... these seem to us the terms which best describe M. Sainte-Beuve.

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He is a little of a poet, a little of a moralist, a little of a historian, a little of a philosopher, a little of a romancer. But successively, with patience and care, you detect each of these characters in its littleness....you detect the wonderful man in flagrant default of imagination, of depth of sagacity, of constructive skill, and you feel that he is reduced to logical proportions. At the same time you feel that there is another element of his mind which looks small from no point of view, but which remains immeasurable, original, and delightful. This is his passion for literature.... in which we include his insatiable curiosity and his eternal gift of expression - his style. (1)

Through the formative years of his life, by his natural endowment, by the circumstances of his unusual education, and by the fortunate relations he enjoyed with influential literary people, there was much to foster in Henry James the critical sense. The shy sensitive boy early became an eager observer. The lad who was shifted from school to school, developing with small sense of institutional control, became strongly individualistic. The impressionable youth transplanted into European culture became cosmopolitan. The young man who had not the skill to be a painter, nor the wish to be a lawyer, nor the physical vigor to be a soldier, had the gift of writing and a delight in books that irresistibly summoned him to devote his life to letters.

(1) Henry James, The Nation, June 4, 1868, Vol. 6, No. 153, p. 454.

(2) George Painton, Ed., The Art of Authorship, p. 202.

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(1) Henry James, The Nation, June 4, 1888, Vol. 6, No. 153,
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6. Taste shaped the trend of his critical writings

Having examined the influences that affected his youthful development and determined him to write, one is ready to ask, on what especial qualities in himself did Henry James depend for strengthening his mastery of his chosen art. Once, in response to a request that he would outline the way in which he had achieved his notable style, so that young people who were struggling to learn how to write well might have the advantage of his rule for work, James sent this reply:

The question of literary form interests me indeed, but I am afraid I can give no more coherent or cogent account of any little success I may have achieved in the cultivating of it than simply in saying that I have always been fond of it. If I manage to write with any clearness or concision or grace, it is simply because I have always tried. It isn't easy, and one must always try; for the traps that newspaper scribbling, and every other vulgarity, set for us today are innumerable. It is an advantage when the sense of certain differences wakes early. I had that good fortune, which, however, made me compose with mortal slowness at first. But it gave birth to the idea and the ideal of Form, and that is a godsend even if one slowly arrives at it. A simple style is really a complicated thing and, in the way of an effort, an evolution. I am afraid mine, if I have one, is simply taste and patience. (1)

Taste and patience, interest and effort, a cultivated taste and a long untiring patience seemed to him the foundation of all his performance. The sense of certain differences, the power to discriminate, to compare, to distinguish, to discern, to differentiate - all these depend upon taste, all these slowly

(1) George Bainton, Ed., The Art of Authorship, p. 208.

8. Taste shaped the trend of his critical writing.

Having examined the influences that affected his youthful development and determined him to write, one is ready to ask, on what essential qualities in himself did Henry James depend for strengthening his mastery of his chosen art. Once, in response to a request that he would outline the way in which he had achieved his notable style, so that young people who were struggling to learn how to write well might have the advantage of his rule for work, James sent this reply:

The question of literary form interests me indeed, but I am afraid I can give no more coherent or cogent account of any little success I may have achieved in the cultivation of it than simply in saying that I have always been fond of it. If I manage to write with any clearness or conviction or grace, it is simply because I have always tried. It isn't easy, and one must always try; for the traps that newspaper scribbles, and every other vulgarity, set for us today are innumerable. It is an advantage when the sense of certain differences wakes early. I had that good fortune, which, however, made me compose with mortal slowness at first. But it gave birth to the idea and the ideal of form, and that is a godsend even if one slowly arrives at it. A simple style is really a complicated thing and, in the way of an effort, an evolution. I am afraid mine, if I have one, is simply taste and patience. (1)

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(1) George Batton, Ed., The Art of Authorship, p. 208.

grow by the exercise of taste, by the habit of noting and choosing in accordance with the developing sense of differences. Henry James did not think of taste as mere personal preference. To him taste was the flower of civilization. It was a matter of slow rich accretions.

It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition, and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste. (1)

Taste is the result of culture, and culture is the heir of all the ages. A man of taste acquaints himself with the great art of the past as well as with the art of his own day. Henry James found himself drawn, in the works of others, especially toward the arts of painting, literature, and the drama. In a study of them also he sought for the ideal and idea of Form, which were to serve him as he wrote, both in expressing his appreciation of the work of other artists and in creating the scenes and characters of his own stories.

When in his later years he was asked to prepare the definitive edition of his novels and tales, selecting those that he deemed most worthy to represent his contribution to literature, he put into the great task all the accumulation of his experience, all the abundance of his maturity. The critical prefaces are the mellow fruit of the developed taste and masterly patience of a remarkable man.

(1) Henry James, The American Scene, p. 169, 1907.

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B. Examples of Illustrations of Critical Methods and Opinions,
Selected from the Writings of Henry James.

As in the examination of the art of a sculptor or a painter one needs, for a full understanding of his work, familiarity with the type of his productions and the range of his interests as exhibited, if not in all his creations, at least in several characteristic examples embodying his ideas and revealing his skill; so likewise one needs, in considering the art of a critic, illustrations of the way in which the critic presents to the reader his point of view, his opinions, his reasons, and his conclusions, that is to say his interpretation of the work of art he has chosen to discuss. The following pages will be given to passages taken from reviews of books and studies of personalities written by Henry James, from the first of his criticisms in the North American Review in 1864, to what probably was the last of his appreciations to receive his personal revision before his death in 1916. The subjects include books written by authors of England, of France, of Germany, of Italy, and of the United States. The excerpts are arranged in chronological order, that there may be opportunity to observe something of his development in matters of method, style, and form. Although these illustrations by no means exhaust the interesting material to be found in the critical writings of Henry James, they seemed to me well worth including in this study. Preceding each example will be found a note indicating the reason for its inclusion in the text.

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Essays on Fiction. By Nassau W. Senior

Nassau W. Senior (1790-1864), whose book the youthful Henry James analyzed for the North American Review, was in his day a man of not a little distinction. He was an English political economist and critic. At Oxford he held the chair of political economy, and served as a commissioner of education. That the man who had been the private pupil of Richard Whately, afterward archbishop of Dublin, should be found superficial and a half-critic, even though admittedly he was a thoughtful novel reader, by the fledgling critic must have entertained Charles Eliot Norton. Three things are here expressed that were to remain accepted principles with Henry James through his life: first, a novel needs to be amusing - though his definition of amusing was to be a far different interpretation from that given to the term by the Wizard of the North; second, the imaginative faculty is a precious possession; third, a real critic is serious. This paper has been reprinted in Notes and Reviews (1921) with the title "Fiction and Sir Walter Scott".

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Essays on Fiction. By Nassau W. Senior

He /Senior7 is superficial without being lively. He is evidently a good novel reader....He reads thoughtfully.

There are some busy men who have read more romances and verses than twenty idle women....It is only because they are hard-working men that they can do these things....For our own part, we should like nothing better than to write stories for weary lawyers and schoolmasters. Idle people are satisfied with the great romance of doing nothing. But busy people come fresh to their idleness. The imaginative faculty,.... has been gasping for breath,....under....pressure of reason, when its possessor is once ensconced under the evening lamp, and draws a long breath in the fields of fiction.

The novelist says...."just as the habitually busy man is the best novel-reader....so the best novelist is the busy man....my work is my salvation."

Our original proposition: The judgments of intelligent half-critics....like Mr. Senior, are very pleasant to serious critics....they remind you of a great deal that you have forgotten.

Scott....the great master's charm....We are inclined to believe that this charm is proof against time....Sir Walter was the inventor of a new style....Richardson, Fielding, Smollett,....moralists, to instruct. Waverly was the first novel that was self-forgetful. It proposed simply to amuse the reader as an old English ballad amused him. It undertook to prove nothing but facts. It was the novel irresponsible. Scott's....rich and vivid imagination....men and women, for almost the first time out of poetry, were presented in their habits as they lived.

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Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels.

From the German of Goethe by Thomas Carlyle.

Thomas Carlyle's translation of Goethe's story was first published in 1824. Henry James reviewed a later edition for the North American Review.

If one may judge by the rarity of its appearance among the published opinions of Henry James, German literature held a small place in his thoughts. He seems not to have found German writers interesting. Goethe he did esteem as a critic, as a poet, and as a creator of unforgettable characters. The slow-moving romance, ponderous with the purpose of edification, seemed to James suffused with the quality of justice, rather than illuminated with humor, dominated by a love for the real, the expression of an extraordinary intelligence. One notes the protest, mild but definite, against the indifference shown to form and selective taste, as well as the comment upon the shabby society from association with which Wilhelm Meister was to absorb culture. The concluding paragraph balances with skill the alternatives of opinion regarding the book, but one is aware that the young person who thus writes entertains no sense of an accepted philosophy gained through a perusal of Wilhelm Meister.

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Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels, from the
German of Goethe by Thomas Carlyle.

To read Wilhelm Meister for the first time is an enviable and almost unique sensation. Few other books....so steadily and gradually dawn upon the intelligence. In few other works is so profound a meaning enveloped in so common a form.... Whatever may be the lesson which Goethe proposes to teach us, however profound or however sublime, his means invariably remain homely and prosaic. In no book is the intention of elegance, the principle of selection less apparent. He introduces us to the shabbiest company, in order to enrich us with knowledge; he leads us to the fairest goal by the longest and roughest roads....unless seriously read, the book would be inexpressibly dull. It was written, not to entertain, but to edify....It exhibits, indeed, a sublime indifference to the reader.

Of plot there is in this book properly none....It contains, however, a central figure, that of a hero. By him, through him, the tale is unfolded. It consists of the various adventures of a burgher youth, who sets out on his journey through life in quest, to speak generally, of happiness - that happiness which, as he is never weary of repeating, can be found only in the subject's perfect harmony with himself. This is certainly a noble idea; whatever pernicious conclusions may be begotten upon it, let us freely admit that at the outset, in its virginity, it is beautiful. Meister concurs that he can best satisfy his nature by connecting himself with the theatre, the home, as he believes, potentially at least, of all noble aims and lessons. The history of this connection, which is given at great length, is to our mind the most interesting part of the whole work. If Goethe is great as a critic, he is at least equally great as a poet; and if Wilhelm Meister contains pages of disquisition which cannot be too deeply studied, it likewise contains men and women who cannot be forgotten. Meister's companions bear no comparison with the ingenious puppets produced by the great turning-lathe of our modern fancy.

There is the same difference between these and the figures of last month's successful novel, as there is between a portrait by Velasquez and a photograph by Brady. Goethe's persons are not life-like - they are life itself.

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The women in Wilhelm Meister are, to our mind, truer even than the men....is there in the whole range of fiction a more natural representation of a light-hearted coquette than that of the actress Philina? Aurelia....the irretrievable sentimentalist? The practical, sensible, reasonable Theresa?

Wilhelm's purpose being exclusively one of self-culture, he is an untiring observer.

The bearing of William Meister is eminently practical. It might be almost called a treatise on moral economy,....a work intended to show how the experience of life may least be wasted, and best be turned to account. This fact gives it seriousness which is almost sublime. To Goethe nothing was vague, nothing empty, nothing trivial, - we had almost said, nothing false....The author's calmness....seems nearly identical with the extraordinary activity of his mind, as they must both indeed have been....the result of a deep sense of intellectual power. It is hard to say which is the truer, that his mind is without haste or without rest. In these pages....there is not a ray of humor, and hardly a flash of wit; or, of they exist, they are lost in the luminous atmosphere of justice which fills the book. These things imply some degree of passion; and Goethe's plan was non flere, non indignari, sed intelligere.

What strikes us as....his dominant quality? His love of the real.

We would....explicitly recommend its perusal to all such persons, especially young persons, as feel that it behooves them to attach a meaning to life. Even if it settles nothing in their minds, it will be a most valuable experience to have read it. It is worth reading, if only to differ with it. If it is a priceless book to love, it is almost as important a one to hate; and whether there is more in it of truth or of error, it is at all events great....it is the product of a great mind. There are scores of good books written every day; but this one is a specimen of the grand manner.

An unsigned review: North American Review, July, 1865
p. 281-285.

Drum Taps. By Walt Whitman

However differently Henry James may have come in later life to estimate the poetry of Walt Whitman, this is the reaction of his youth: distaste, positive and trenchant.

Drum Taps was published in 1865, and contains poems dealing with the experiences of the Civil War. Although Henry James arraigns Whitman for the want of intellectual qualities, it is not hard to see that the offense against conservative taste is the greater affront to the reviewer. Inelegance, lack of art, rudeness, wanton eccentricities, these are unpardonable derelictions from civilization; that civilization, devoted to refinement, as James felt, or perhaps wished to believe emerging from the ordeal of war, in democratic, liberty-loving America. Although today for some readers James's criticism might seem quite to miss the mark, in the time when it was written it probably voiced the opinion of many of the readers of the Nation. Mr. LeRoy Phillips has included this paper in Views and Reviews.

It is not enough to be rude, lugubrious, and grim. You must also be serious. You must forget yourself in your ideas. Your personal qualities...the vigor of your temperament, the manly independence of your nature, the tenderness of your heart....these facts are important. You must be possessed and you must strive to possess your possession. If in your striving you break into divine eloquence, then you are a poet. If the idea which possesses you is the idea of your country's greatness, then you are a national poet; and not otherwise."

An unsigned review, The Nation, November 16, 1865.

Drum Taps. By Walt Whitman.

It has been a melancholy task to read this book; and it is a still more melancholy one to write about it....It exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by a prolonged muscular strain into poetry....

....This volume is an offence against art. It is not enough to be grim and rough and careless; common sense is also necessary, for it is by common sense that we are judged. There exists in even the commonest minds, in literary matters, a certain precise instinct of conservatism, which is very shrewd in detecting wanton eccentricities....Mr. Whitman's attitude/ pretends to gratify the feelings while it outrages the taste. He counts out the intellect.

[The intellect might thus address Whitman/ "What the human heart desires above all is sincerity, and you do not appear to me sincere. For a lover you talk entirely too much about yourself....

We look in vain, however, through your book for a single idea. We find a medley of extravagances and common pleas. We find art, measure, grace, sense, sneered at on every page, and nothing positive given us in their stead. To be positive requires reason, labor, and art; and art requires reason, above all things, a suppression of one's self to an idea. This will never do for you, whose plan is to adapt the scheme of the universe to your own limitations.

This democratic, liberty-loving, American populace, this stern and war-tried people is a great civiliser. It is devoted to refinement....To sing aright our battles and our glories it is not enough to have served in a hospital,....to be aggressively careless, inelegant, and ignorant, and to be constantly preoccupied with yourself. It is not enough to be rude, lugubrious, and grim. You must also be serious. You must forget yourself in your ideas. Your personal qualities....the vigor of your temperament, the manly independence of your nature, the tenderness of your heart....these facts are impertinent. You must be possessed and you must strive to possess your possession. If in your striving you break into divine eloquence, then you are a poet. If the idea which possesses you is the idea of your country's greatness, then you are a national poet; and not otherwise."

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Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens.

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This book review appeared in the Nation some few months after its founding, with Henry James as one of the staff.

Our Mutual Friend was then current literature, and Charles Dickens was extremely popular in America. Notwithstanding the high favor in which he was held, Henry James speaks out loud and clear, not only upon the gifts of Dickens, but also upon his defects. According to James, Dickens had failed to be a great novelist because he was nothing of a philosopher. To be possessed of a philosophy is imperative for a great novelist. Moral purpose is another sign of the great novelist. The young James is reluctant to be reconciled to the commonplace, even by Dickens.

The study was reprinted in 1908 as "The Limitations of Dickens" in Views and Reviews.

Humanity...is in what men have in common, and not what they have in distinction....But a community of eccentricities is impossible. Rules alone are consistent with each other; exceptions are inconsistent. Society is maintained by natural sense and natural feelings. We cannot conceive a society in which these principles are not in some manner represented. Where in these pages are the depositories of that intelligence without which the movement of life would cease? Who represents nature?

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens.

Our Mutual Friend is, to our perception, the poorest of Mr. Dickens' work....Bleak House was forced; Little Dorrit was laboured; the present work is dug out as with a spade and pickaxe....

The conduct of the story betrays a long-practised hand.Seldom, we reflected, had we read a book so intensely written, so little seen, known, or felt. In all Mr. Dickens' work the fantastic has been his great resource....But the fantastic, when the fancy is dead, is a very poor business.... It is [the movement of his fancy here] the letter of his old humour without the spirit....every character here is a mere bundle of eccentricities animated by no principle of nature at all.

[Jennie Wren] Like all Mr. Dickens' pathetic characters, she is a little monster; she is deformed, unhealthy, unnatural; she belongs to the troop of hunchbacks, imbeciles, and precocious children who have carried on the sentimental business in all Mr. Dickens' novels, the little Nells, the Smikes, the Paul Dombey.

Mr. Dickens goes as far out of the way for his wicked people as he does for his good ones....But was there ever such wickedness as that of the Lammles and Mr. Fledgby? Not that people have not been as mischievous as they; but was anyone ever mischievous in that singular fashion? Did a couple of elegant swindlers ever take such particular pains to be aggressively inhuman?

Humanity....is in what men have in common, and not what they have in distinction....But a community of eccentrics is impossible. Rules alone are consistent with each other; exceptions are inconsistent. Society is maintained by natural sense and natural feelings. We cannot conceive a society in which these principles are not in some manner represented. Where in these pages are the depositaries of that intelligence without which the movement of life would cease? Who represents nature?

An Unsigned review. The Nation. December 21, 1865.

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The Works of Dickens.

We are convinced that it is one of the chief conditions of his genius not to see beneath the surface of things....He has created nothing but figures. He has added nothing to our understanding of human character. He is master of but two alternatives: he reconciles us to what is commonplace, and he reconciles us to what is odd. The value of the former service is questionable; and the manner in which Mr. Dickens performs it conveys a certain impression of charlatanism. The value of the latter service is incontestable and here Mr. Dickens is an honest, and admirable artist.

But what are the conditions of the truly great novelist? For him there are no alternatives; for him there are no oddities; for him there is nothing outside of humanity. He cannot shirk it; it imposes itself upon him. For him alone, therefore, there is a true and a false; for him alone it is possible to be right, because it is possible to be wrong. Mr. Dickens is a great observer and a great humorist, but he is nothing of a philosopher....A novelist very soon has need of a little philosophy....But when he comes to tell the story of a passion like that of Headstone and Wrayburn he becomes a moralist as well as an artist. He must know man as well as men, and to know man is to be a philosopher.

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This study was reprinted in Notes and Reviews.

61.

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The Works of Epictetus.

Revising a translation made earlier, Thomas Wentworth Higginson edited a fresh edition of the works of the Stoic philosopher, Epictetus. Upon its publication in 1866 Henry James was deputed to review the book for the North American Review. He has given a clear and cogent analysis of the teachings of Epictetus, an appraisal of their value for modern times, and a characterization of "this free-thinking, plain-spoken old man, a slave and a cripple" that affords an early example of the skill with which Henry James could feel and depict a personality. This is an interesting and unique example of the discussion by James of a subject drawn from ancient literature. One point worth notice is the generalization that most men of a deep moral sense are not at all inquisitive. Curiosity, we shall see, is to Henry James an important attribute of the critic, of the effective observer. Are philosophers, then, who are curious about the phenomena of the external world, and concerned with a theory of nature, of being, or of the Universe, men who lack a deep moral sense? Or perhaps philosophers are really different from most men and therefore are not to be included in the generalization about "most men"? Henry James would seem to leave one in doubt. This study was reprinted in Notes and Reviews.

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Revising a translation made earlier, Thomas Wentworth Higginson edited a fresh edition of the works of the Stoic philosopher, Epictetus. Upon its publication in 1888 Henry James was deputed to review the book for the North American Review. He has given a clear and cogent analysis of the

teachings of Epictetus, an appraisal of their value for modern times, and a characterization of "this free-thinking, plain-spoken old man, a slave and a cripple" that affords an early example of the skill with which Henry James could feel and depict a personality. This is an interesting and unique example of the discussion by James of a subject drawn from ancient literature. One point worth notice is the generaliza-

tion that most men of a deep moral sense are not at all inquisitive. Curiously, we shall see, as to Henry James an important attribute of the critic, of the effective observer, are philosophers, then, who are curious about the phenomena of the external world, and concerned with a theory of nature, of being, or of the Universe, men who lack a deep moral sense? Or perhaps philosophers are really different from most men and therefore are not to be included in the generalization about "most men"? Henry James would seem to leave one in doubt.

This study was reprinted in Notes and Reviews.

The Works of Epictetus, edited by T. W. Higginson.

The Stoicism of Epictetus is in its uncompromising sternness, its harshness, its one-sidedness, its lack of imagination, a thoroughly Roman principle. It rests upon common sense. Common sense....has often undertaken the solution of complex philosophical problems; but it has solved them only by cutting the knot.

Stoicism, then, is essentially unphilosophic. It simplifies human troubles by ignoring half of them. It is a wilful blindness, a constant begging of the question. It fosters apathy and paralyzes the sensibilities. It is through our sensibilities that we suffer; but it is through them, too, that we enjoy; and when, by apractical annihilation of the body, the soul is rendered inaccessible to pain, it is likewise rendered both inaccessible and incompetent to real pleasure....to pleasure of action; for the source of half its impressions, the medium of its constant expression, the condition of human reciprocity, has been destroyed. If the world, taken at a given moment, were destined to maintain all its doctrines unchanged forevermore, then the doctrine in question would be the best theory of life within human attainment. But as to the modern mind, there is always a possible future in which to lodge the fulfilment of impossible ideals; for, besides our principle of Christian faith, there exists for the things of this world a kindred principle of Christian hope,....Stoicism seems, at the present day, to imply an utter social immobility....the grand defect of the system is that it discourages all responsibility to anything but one's own soul.

There are moments when he talks very much as a modern Christian would talk....Epictetus praises God because he is a reasonable being; but what he calls reason we should, in many cases, call faith.

The piety of Epictetus was a religious instinct as pure as the devotion of a Christian saint; that is, it did for him the most that religion can do for any man - it enabled him to live hopefully in the midst of a miserable world. It enabled him to do so, indeed, only through the exercise of a force of will of which few Christian saints have probably felt the need; for they have rested their hopes on a definite assurance.

To the vivacity, the consistency, the intensity of belief, the uncompromising frankness of speech....we cannot pay too large a tribute of respect. He must have been a wholesome spectacle in that diseased age, this free-thinking, plain-spoken old man, a slave and a cripple, sturdily scornful of

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idleness, luxury, timidity, false philosophy, and all pride of power and place, and sternly reverent of purity, temperance, and piety....one of the few upright figures in the general decline.

He is a merciless critic of all theorists, logicians and rhetoricians.....All of whom fail to take the very highest ground in regard to the duties of man, and who teach the conscience to satisfy itself with a form of words. He himself has no need of theories; his five senses teach him all he wants to know. Like most men of a deep moral sense, he is not at all inquisitive; he feels very little curiosity concerning the phenomena of the external world. From beginning to end of his Discourses, there is no hint of a theory of nature, of being or of the Universe. He is ready to take all these things as they come - as the works of the gods - but they are no concern of his. His business is with human nature, with the elevation of human character to the divine ideal.

The great value of these Discourses....is not their philosophy....for in strictness they have none, but in the reflection they offer of their author's character. Intellectually he was no genius....very slightly intellectual; he was without curiosity, without science, without imagination - the element which lends so great a charm to the writings of that other Stoic, Marcus Aurelius. He was simply a moralist; he had a genius for virtue. He was intensely a man among men, an untiring observer and a good deal of a satirist. It was by the life of his style that he acted upon his immediate disciples; and by the same virtue....that he will act upon the readers of today.

....A literal Stoicism our present social conditions render, to say the least, difficult. For the majority of mankind society is tender rather than harsh. We have no longer to hold out our necks to unjust persecutors, to bow our heads to gratuitous insults, to wrap our human nakedness in our simple virtue. This is not an heroic age, and it becomes daily more difficult to be gracefully proud. The good a man does the world depends as much on the way the world takes him as on the way he offers himself. Let us take Epictetus as we take all things in these critical days, eclectically. Let us take what suits us and leave what does not suit us. There is no doubt but we shall find much to our purpose: for we still suffer, and as long as we suffer we must act a part.

This is good Stoicism; and to bear it well in mind is neither more or less, for us moderns, than to apply Epictetus.

An unsigned review: North American Review, April, 1866.

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Italian Journeys. By William Dean Howells.

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Howells took his place as one of the most charming of American writers and most satisfactory of American travellers. He is assuredly not of those who journey over Ben to Boreas only to cry out that all is barren. Thanks to the keenness of his observation and the vivacity of his sympathies, he treads afresh the most

When William Dean Howells came with his wife to Boston to be associate editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Charles Eliot Norton, so Miss Howells told me, personally undertook to find in Cambridge a house that would be pleasant for them to occupy, so glad was he to have near him the author of Venetian Life and Italian Journeys. The review that James wrote of the latter volume was among the early courtesies that began the long friendship between him and Howells. His appreciation of Howells, his enthusiasm for Italy, his comparison of Howells with Hawthorne, and the brief concluding catalogue of those qualities that make literature a delightful element in life reveal as much about the critic as they do about the author of Italian Journeys. There appears to have been no reprint of this review.

These "Italian Journeys" are a record of some dozen excursions made to various parts of the peninsula during a long residence in Venice...so long as that deeply interesting country continues to stand in its actual relation, aesthetically and intellectually, to the rest of civilization the topic will not grow threadbare. There befell a happy moment in history when Italy got the start of the rest of Christendom; and the ground gained, during that splendid advance, the other

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Under favor of his work on Venetian Life, Mr. Howells took his place as one of the most charming of American writers and most satisfactory of American travellers. He is assuredly not of those who journey from Dan to Beersheba only to cry out that all is barren. Thanks to the keenness of his observation and the vivacity of his sympathies, he treads afresh the most frequently trodden routes, without on the one hand growing cynical over his little or his great disappointments, or in taking refuge on the other in the well-known alternative of the Baron Munchausen. Mr. Howells has an eye for the small things of nature, or art, and of human life, which enables him to extract sweetness and profit from adventures the most prosaic, and which prove him a very worthy successor of the author of the "Sentimental Journey". Mr. Howells takes things as he finds them and as history has made them....he takes them as a man of the world, who is not a little a moralist, - a gentle moralist, a good deal a humorist, and most of all a poet; and he leaves them - he leaves them as the man of real literary power and the delicate artist alone knows how to leave them, with new memories mingling, for our common delight with the old memories that are the accumulation of ages, and with a fresh touch of color modestly gleaming amid the masses of local and historical color. It is for this solid literary merit that Mr. Howell's writing is valuable....and the more valuable that it is so rarely found in books of travel in our own tongue.... This charm of style Mr. Howells' two books on Italy possess in perfection: they belong to literature and to the center and core of it,...the region where men think and feel, and one may say almost breathe, in good prose, and where the classics stand on guard.

Mr. Howells is not an economist, a statistician, a historian, or a propagandist in any interest; he is simply an observer, responsible only to a kindly heart, a lively fancy, and a healthy conscience....He must have felt the importance of making his book....a work of generous and unalloyed entertainment.

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nations have never been able to recover. We go to Italy to gaze upon certain of the highest achievements of human power - achievements, moreover, which, from their visible and tangible nature, are particularly well adapted to represent to the imagination the maximum of man's creative force. So wide is the interval between the great Italian monuments of art and the works of the colder genius of the neighboring nations, that we find ourselves willing to look upon the former as the ideal and the perfection of human effort, and to invest the country of their birth with a sort of half-sacred character. This is indeed but half the story. Through the more recent past of Italy there gleams the stupendous image of a remoter past, behind the splendid efflorescence of the Renaissance we detect the fulness of a prime which, for human effort and human will, is to the greatest aesthetic explosion of the sixteenth century very much what the latter is to the present time. And then beside the glories of Italy, we think of her sufferings; and besides the master-works of art we think of the favors of Nature; and along with these profane matters, we think of the Church,.... until, betwixt admiration and longing and pity and reverence, it is little wonder that we are charmed and touched beyond healing....

He relates what he saw with his own eyes, and what he thereupon felt and fancied; and his work has thus a thoroughly personal flavor.... Things slight and simple and impermanent all put on a hasty comeliness at the approach of his pen.

Mr. Howells is in short, a descriptive writer in a sense and with a perfection that, in our view, can be claimed for no other American writer except Hawthorne. Hawthorne, indeed, was perfection, but he was only half descriptive. He kept an eye on an unseen world, and his points of contact with this actual sphere were few and slight. One feels through all his descriptions.... we speak especially of his book on England,.... that he was not a man of the world,.... of this world which we after all love so much better than any other. But Hawthorne cannot be disposed of in a paragraph and we confine ourselves to our author. Mr. Howells is the master of certain refinements of style, of certain exquisite intentions (intentions in which humor generally plays a large part), such as are but little practised in these days of crude and precipitate writing....

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literature a delightful element in life.....taste and culture and imagination and the incapacity to be common.

By Andrew Archibald Paton.

During the year 1874 Henry James was from Europe contributing to several magazines his impressions of travel through Italy, the Netherlands, and England. In September the Nation printed his review of a study of Henry Bayle, or Stendhal, made by Andrew Archibald Paton. Bayle was interesting to James because he was a critic and because he wrote novels notable for their acute psychological presentation of character. The succinctness with which James analyzes the qualities of Bayle is close to epigrammatic. Such concision was often a trait of his expression in his younger years. The paper has not been reprinted. An arresting phrase is that of the development of the science of taste indicating that James apparently at that time accepted as possible a system of scientifically established principles of appreciation. This view had been enthusiastically maintained by Taine in the introductory chapter to A History of English Literature translated from the French by Van Laun and reviewed by James in a signed review which was printed in the Atlantic Monthly for April, 1872.

An Unsigned review: The North American Review, January, 1868, p. 336-339.

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Henry Beyle, A Critical and Biographical Study.

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Beyle was the most French of Frenchmen, but he spent half his life in Italy, lauding the Italians and denouncing his countrymen.

Stendhal as an art critic is inveterately beside the mark, and it is striking evidence of the development of the science of taste within the last forty years that his extreme "sensibility" as he would call it, and his excellent opportunities to study, he should seem to us nowadays to belong to so false a school.

He was a strange mixture of genius and pretension. He practiced contempt on a wholesale, a really grotesque scale.

His notion was that passion,...the power to surrender one's self sincerely and consistently to the feeling of the hour, was the finest thing in the world.

We enjoy his clear vision of the mechanism of character. He was an entertaining mixture of sentiment and cynicism..... It seems to him that one may lead a perfectly scandalous life and sit up half the night reading Dante in a pure glow of rapture.

Something neither serious nor solemn.....a kind of painful tension of feeling.....

This bespeaks the restlessness of a superior mind.

We recommend his books to persons of "sensibility" whose moral convictions have somewhat solidified.

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Théophile Gautier

Before the publication of French Poets and Novelists (1878) Henry James had written at least three reviews concerning Gautier. "Théâtre de Théophile Gautier" appeared in the North American Review, April, 1873. "A Winter in Russia by Théophile Gautier" appeared in the October issue of the same Review in the succeeding year. "Théophile Gautier, Souvenirs Intimes. Par Ernest Feydeau" appeared in the Nation, November 12, also in 1874. Passages from these papers are combined, as illustrations of variations on the same theme. The first of the studies, the only one to be reprinted, that of 1873, was included in French Poets and Novelists with the title I have used as inclusive of the subject James dealt with. a rare power to perceive beauty, the mastery of a perfect style, a command of an exquisitely rich and picturesque vocabulary, these qualities made Gautier exceptionally interesting to Henry James, even as his brother William had anticipated. The comment upon Gautier's "consistent levity" and the re-appearance (first made in William's letter already quoted) of the comparison with the poodle are both entertaining. One is sensible of the satisfaction James evidently experienced in examining the work of one whom he deemed an artist.

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Théophile Gautier was blessed with a perception of material beauty so intense and comprehensive that he was unable to write five lines without creating a lovely mirage or ministering in some odd fashion to the delight of the eyes. Art was his divinity, and he worshipped her by example as well as by dogma. He forged himself, at the outset of his career, a perfect style and his lavish application of it has always reminded us of the conduct of the heroes of old-fashioned romances, who pay their debt by breaking off a bit of their gold chain....

For many minds - minds of an ascetic or utilitarian temper - he will always have a limited interest. In his own way, Gautier was simply perfect....He had an extraordinary intellectual simplicity.

The late M. Feydeau - In Souvenirs Intimes - talks of him as a great thinker and a profound scholar....such indiscreet adulation will provoke a smile in those who have breathed the atmosphere so unweighted with a moral purpose, so unstirred by the breath of a reflection, which prevades equally our author's most ardent verse and most deliberate prose.

Gautier's simplicity is his alpha and his omega....He never judged morality; he knew no more about it than a Fiji-Islander about coal smoke. His sole mission in the world was to make pictures....Nature had furnished him with an unequalled apparatus for aesthetic perception and verbal portraiture and she had attempted in the intellectual line, to do nothing else. To preserve the balance she....had given him an imperturbable moral amenity....We do not really react upon natural impressions and assert our independence, until these impressions have been absorbed into our moral life....and become a mysterious part of moral passion. Poor Gautier seems to stand forever in the chill external air which blows over the surface of things; above his brilliant horizon there peeped no friendly refuge of truth purely intellectual, where he could rake over the embers of philosophy, and rest his tired eyes among the shadows of the unembodied.

He could never treat himself to that supreme luxury of the artist - the leisure to do a certain fine thing to please himself....His vivid images, his charming fancies, his wealth of color and metaphor and perception, his polished perfection and unerring felicity of style, through all of which, as we read, there seems to circulate such a current of joyous spontaneity and leisurely appreciation, were to the writer's own sense all mere daily drudgery, paid for by the line....the

(2) An unsigned review: The Nation, Nov. 12, 1874, p. 321-323.

Theophile Gautier, Souvenirs Intimes. Par Ernest Feytaud.

Theophile Gautier was blessed with a perception of material beauty so intense and comprehensive that he was unable to write five lines without creating a lovely image or ministering in some odd fashion to the delight of the eyes. Art was his divinity, and he worshipped her by example as well as by dogma. He forged himself, at the outset of his career, a perfect style and his lavish application of it has always remained one of the conquests of the heroes of old-fashioned romances, who pay their debt by breaking off a bit of their gold chain....

For many minds - minds of an aesthetic or utilitarian temper - he will always have a limited interest. In his own way, Gautier was simply perfect.... He had an extraordinary intellectual simplicity.

The late M. Feytaud - in Souvenirs Intimes - talks of him as a great thinker and a profound scholar.... Such indifference as a great thinker will provoke a smile in those who have breathed the atmosphere so unswayed with a moral purpose, so unshaken by the breath of a reflection, which prevails equally on author's most ardent verse and most delicate prose.

Gautier's simplicity is his alpha and his omega.... He never judged morality; he knew no more about it than a Fifth-Lander about coal smoke. His sole mission in the world was to make pictures.... Nature had furnished him with an unequalled apparatus for aesthetic perception and verbal portraiture and she had attempted in the intellectual line, to do nothing else. To preserve the balance she.... had given him an imperishable moral amenity.... We do not really react upon natural impressions and assert our independence, until these impressions have been absorbed into our moral life.... and become a mysterious part of moral passion. Poor Gautier seems to stand forever in the chill external air which blows over the surface of things; above his brilliant horizon there passed no friendly refuge of truth purely intellectual, where he could take over the embers of philosophy, and rest his tired eyes among the shadows of the unembodied.

He could never treat himself to that supreme luxury of the artist - the leisure to do a certain thing to please himself.... His vivid images, his charming fancies, his wealth of color and metaphor and perception, his polished perfection and unerring felicity of style, through all of which, as we read, there seems to circulate such a current of joyous spontaneity and leisurely appreciation, were to the writer's own sense all mere daily drudgery, paid for by the line.... the

goaded effort of a mind haunted by visions of hungry mouths and unpaid bills....The conjunction of Gautier's hurried, over-worked, oppressed manner of life with the indescribably exquisite chiselled quality....of his prose is one of the interesting facts of literature. (1)

A Winter in Russia, by Théophile Gautier.

He is what the French call a fantaisiste, and his fantasies are four-fifths verbal to one-fifth intellectual. Half the charm....is the mere flutter and curl of his phrase, as he unreels it in long bright-colored ribands....Moreover, Gautier chooses his words with extraordinary fineness of instinct, and in his pictures every hair stroke counts.

Gautier was so true an artist that everything he wrote has a singular unity.

The book is a verbal symphony on the theme frost. He travels....that is he looks and enjoys. He was an admirable descriptive poet....his powers of reflection were about equivalent to those of an intelligent poodle. (2)

Théophile Gautier.

"Descriptive" writing, to our English taste, suggests nothing very enticing....a respectable sort of padding, at best, but a few degrees removed in ponderosity from downright moralizing....There is no better proof of Gautier's talent than that he should have triumphantly reformed this venerable abuse andmade one of the heaviest kinds of writing one of the lightest....the image, the object, the scene, stands arrested by his phrase with the wholesome glow of truth overtaken. Gautier's native gift of expression was extremely rich, and he cultivated and polished it with a diligence that may serve to give the needed balance of gravity to his literary character. He enriched his picturesque vocabulary from the most recondite sources; it has a most robust comprehensiveness. His favorite reading was the dictionary; he loved words for themselves....for their look, their aroma, their color, their fantastic intimations....He had an almost Rabelaisian relish for enumerations, lists and catalogues....a sort of grotesque delight in quantity....these are not the tokens of a man of thought. In

(1) An unsigned review: North American Review, October, 1874, p. 416-423.

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the line of moral expression his phrase would have halted sadly; and when he emits a reflection, he is a very Philistine of Philistines. He was a sort of light-handed Rabelais whomhe resembled in that exuberance of temperament which his countrymen are fond of calling peculiarly "Gaulois".

With faith of any sort Gautier strikes us as slenderly furnished. Even his aesthetic principles are held with a good-humoured laxity.

He was sensuously a conservative; although, after all, as an observer and describer, he was the frankest of democratsGautier's best verse is neither sentimental, narrative nor even lyrical. It is always pictorial and plastic....a matter of images, "effects" and colour.

He was incapable of blasphemy because he was incapable of respect. He is compounded of consistent levity. Infinite.... are the combinations of our faculties. Some of us are awkward writers and yearning moralists; others are masters of a perfect style which has never reflected a spiritual spark. He could look every day at a group of beggars sunning themselves on the Spanish Steps at Rome, against their golden wall of mouldering travertine, and see nothing but the fine brownness of their rags and their flesh-tints....see it and enjoy it forever, without an hour's disenchantment, without a chance of one of those irresistible revulsions of mood in which the "mellowest" rags are but filth, and filth is poverty, and poverty a haunting shadow, and picturesque squalor a mockery. His unfaltering robustness of vision - of appetite, one may say - made him not only strong but enviable. (1)

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Alfred de Musset.

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Henry James gave this study of de Musset first place in French Poets and Novelists. It had appeared previously in The Galaxy for June, 1877, and is a review of Biographie de Alfred de Musset, par Paul de Musset. In addition to comment upon the life of de Musset, James discusses the writings of the poet; this part is particularly interesting because there are few among the criticisms of James that deal with poetry. He contrasts the lack of vigor and curiosity de Musset shows with the resilient qualities of Shelley. In the power to express passion with a warmth of immediacy that ignores reflection James finds that de Musset is like Byron. In the quality of his fancy de Musset, in his dramas, reminds James of Shakespeare. His analysis of the elements that enter into lyric poetry is clearly expressed. The term genius seems to be used with three different meanings. "His own peculiar genius" apparently indicates the individual endowment. A somewhat different meaning, more generalized, is evidently the meaning used in, "There is in most poetry a great deal of....genius." The third use is in the phrases "de Musset's lyric genius"..."A dramatic genius" which suggests that a man may possess several kinds of genius. James does not, however, ascribe genius to the gifted person who must do as he pleases, and then write when the fancy takes him.

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Alfred de Musset.

De Musset did nothing in the sterner sense of the word. It is annoying to think that Alfred de Musset should have been meagerly contemplative. This is a weakness that tells against him more than the weakness of what would be called his excesses. From the viewpoint of his own peculiar genius it was a good fortune for him to be susceptible and tender, sensitive and passionate. The trouble was not that he was all this, but that he was lax and soft, that he had too little energy and curiosity. Shelley was at least equally tremulous and sensitive.... equally a victim of his impressions and an echo of his temperament. But even Musset's fondest readers must feel that Shelley had within him a firm, divinely,....tempered spring, against which his spirit might rebound indefinitely.

The cénacle was all for Spain, for local colour, for serenades, and daggers, and Gothic arches. It was nothing if not audacious (it was in the van of the Romantic movement), and it was partial to what is called in France the "humoristic" as well as the ferociously sentimental.

Passion with a poet, even when it is most genuine, is very much an affair of the imagination and the personal temperamentand the susceptibilities of this young man were already exquisitely active.

His business was to talk about love....and he would have been quite at a loss to understand why he should have blustered or stammered in preluding so beautiful a theme.

The great event of his life....was his journey to Italy with George Sand.

..../[There was] a sort of colossal indecency in the publicity given to the affair....Either it was a very serious affair for the remarkable couple who undertook it, or....else it was a piece of levity and conscious self-display,....

But Musset, like all poets, was essentially a creature of impressions; as with all poets, his sentimental faculty needed constantly to renew itself....After the catastrophe at times his imagination saved him, distinctly from permanent depression; and on a different line, this same imagination helped him into dissipation.

He was unable to force himself; he belonged to the race of gifted people who must do as they please. He must write when the fancy took him.

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De Musset did nothing in the sterner sense of the word. It is annoying to think that Alfred de Musset should have been merely contemplative. This is a weakness that tells against him more than the weakness of what would be called his excesses. From the viewpoint of his own peculiar genius it was a good fortune for him to be susceptible and tender, sensitive and passionate. The trouble was not that he was all this, but that he was lax and soft, that he had too little energy and curiosity. Shelley was at least equally tremulous and sensitive... equally a victim of his impressions and an echo of his temperament. But even Musset's fondest readers must feel that Shelley had within him a firm, divinely... tempered spring, against which his spirit might rebound indefinitely.

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He was unable to force himself; he belonged to the race of gifted people who must do as they please. He must write when the fancy took him.

He was beyond question one of the first poets of our day.. ...if the poetic force is measured by the quality of the inspiration....by its purity...."intensity", and closely personal savour. He was a thoroughly personal poet....Alfred de Musset's place is surely very high. He was not the poet of nature, of the universe, of reflection, of morality, of history; he was the poet simply of a certain order of personal emotion, and his charm is in the frankness and freedom, the grace and harmony with which he expresses these emotions. The affairs of the heart, these were his province....Half the beauty of his writing is its simple suggestiveness of youthfulness.

If the presumption is against the dignity of deeply lyric utterance, poor de Musset....is a mere grotesque sound of lamentation.

He has a quality equally rare in literature and in life. He has passion. There is in most poetry a great deal of reflection, of wisdom, of grace, or art, of genius; but (especially in English poetry) there is little of this peculiar property of Musset's. When it occurs we feel it to be extremely valuable it touches us beyond anything else. It was the great gift of Byron, the quality by which he will live in spite of those weaknesses and imperfections, which may be pointed out by the dozen.....Musset resembles Byron in the fact that the beauty of his verse is somehow identical with the feeling of the writerwith his immediate sensible warmth....and not dependent on that reflective stage into which, to produce its great effects, most English poetic expressions instantly passes, and which seems to chill even while it nobly beautifies.

Since his death a new school of poets has sprung up....of which, indeed, his contemporary, Théophile Gautier, may be regarded as founder. These gentlemen have taught French poetry a multitude of paces of which so sober-footed a damsel was scarcely to have been supposed capable....They have sounded the depths of versification, and beside their refined, consummate facture Musset's simple devices and good-natured prosody seem to belong to a primitive stage of art. It is the difference between a clever performer on a tight rope and a gentleman strolling along on a soft turf with his hands in his pockets.

If people care supremely for form, Musset will not half satisfy them.

It is in his grace that we must look for his style.

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So far in relation to Musset's lyric genius....He had beside a dramatic genius of the highest beauty.

In his dramas as in his verses this weakness is that his is amateurish; they lack construction....

He made no concessions to contemporary "realism".

The great charm is de Musset's dramatic world itself, the atmosphere in which his figures move, the element they breathe.

....in the quality of his fancy Musset reminds us of Shakespeare. His little dramas go forward in the country of "As You Like It" and "Winter's Tale". His fancy loves to play with human life, and in the tiny mirror that it holds up we find something of the depth and mystery of the object.

We cannot help but feel that he is an example of the wasteful way in which nature and history sometimes work - of the cruel indifference to our personal standards of economy - of the vast amount of material they take to produce a little result....all this was necessary in order that we should have the two or three little volumes into which his best could be compressed. It takes certainly a great deal of life to make a little art! In this case, however, we must remember, that little is exquisite.

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Henry James, French Poets and Novelists, "Alfred de Musset", 1878, p. 5-38.

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Honoré de Balzac.

Balzac was to furnish to Henry James the theme for a number of critical studies. The one from which the following passages have been selected was printed in the Galaxy December, 1875, and in French Poets and Novelists. Comte, Thackeray, George Eliot, George Sand, Ivan Turgénieff, and Dickens are compared with the great French novelist and used to define and illustrate his gifts and his limitations. The difference between French imagination and the English, between French irony and English, between French temperament and English conscience, is a source of much interest to James, and is a matter upon which he frequently dilates. Balzac suggests a fresh interpretation of genius: the full use of a man's power to produce makes him to that degree a genius. Fallacies of form and style, of taste and art, - another brief catalogue of indispensables, - these characterized the work of Balzac, and yet, though he lacked that other precious quality of charm, he must, James declares, be granted a great artist of prodigious power.

The moral, the intellectual atmosphere of his genius is extraordinarily gross and turbid... When we approach Thackeray and George Eliot, George Sand, and Turgénieff, it is into the conscience and the mind that we enter, and we think of these writers primarily as great consciences and great minds. When

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Balzac

Balzac's "Comédie Humaine" is on the imaginative line very much what Comte's "Positive Philosophy" is on the scientific. These great enterprises are equally characteristic of the French passion for completeness, for symmetry, for making a system as neat as an epigram - of its intolerance of the indefinite, the unformulated. The French mind likes better to squeeze things into a formula that mutilates them, if need be, to have them in the frigid vague. The farther limit of its powers or arrangements....is the limit of the knowable.

He would be an incautious spirit who should propose here-upon to decide whether the French imagination or the English is the more potent. The one sees a vast number of obstacles and the other a vast number of remedies....the one beholds a great many shadows and the other a great many lights.

In addition to possessing an immense knowledge of his field he [Balzac] was conscious that he needed a philosophy - a system of opinions.

Balzac is....an elaborate conservative....a Tory of the deepest dye.

There are two writers in Balzac....the spontaneous one and the reflective one....the former of which is much more delightful, while the latter is the more extraordinary.

His sincere, personal beliefs may be reduced to a very compact formula; he believed that it was possible to write magnificent novels, and that he was the man to do it. He believed, otherwise stated, that human life was infinitely dramatic and picturesque and that he possessed an incomparable analytic perception of the fact.

If being a man of genius means being identical with one's productive faculty, never was there such a genius as Balzac's.

Like all persons who have looked a great deal at human life, he had been greatly struck with most people's selfishness, and this quality seemed to him the most general in mankind.

The moral, the intellectual atmosphere of his genius is extraordinarily gross and turbid....When we approach Thackeray and George Eliot, George Sand, and Turgénieff, it is into the conscience and the mind that we enter, and we think of these writers primarily as great consciences and great minds. When

we approach Balzac we seem to enter into a great temperament.... a prodigious nature....His robust imagination seems a sort of physical faculty and impresses us more with its sensible mass and quantity than with its lightness or fineness.

If he had been asked what was, for human purposes, the faculty he valued most highly, he would have said the power of dissimulation. He regards it as the sign of all superior people....Duplicity is more picturesque than honesty. In place of a moral judgment of conduct,....Balzac usually gives us an aesthetic judgment.

Portraiture of people is Balzac's strongest gift.

Dickens often sets a figure before us with extraordinary vividness but the outline is fantastic and arbitrary; we but half believe in it.

[Turgénieff] with the Russian novelist the person represented is equally definite....and the author's perceptions of idiosyncracies is sometimes even more subtle.

But behind Balzac's figures we feel a certain heroic pressure that drives them home to our credence,...a contagious illusion on the author's own part....

Portraits shape themselves under his pen as if in obedience to an irresistible force....The fertility of his imagination in this respect was something marvelous.

There is almost always to us English readers something cruel and wounding in French irony....something almost sanguinary in French caricature. To be ridiculous is made to appear like a crime and to deprive the unhappy victim of any right that an accute observer is bound to respect.

The Dodson Family in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" are apparently a scantily mitigated mixture of the ridiculous and the disagreeable....the picture [of them] is not invidious. Balzac is always invidious. He grudges and hates and despises.

Balzac's figures are better than the use he makes of themof all the great novelists he is the weakest in talk.

It is hard to think of a virtue or vice to which he has not given eminent embodiment.

The subject, in other words, is always solid and interesting through his innumerable fallacies of form and style, of taste and art, that is always valuable.

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Balzac's superior handling of women seems to us both a truth and a fallacy.

He takes the old-fashioned view....woman is the female of the man and in all respects his subordinate; she is pretty and ugly, virtuous and vicious, stupid and cunning,...The metier de femme may be summed up in the art of titillating in one way or another the senses of man....[the idea that] women in good and in evil act almost exclusively from personal motives. Men do so often, the romancer says, women always do.

He is one of the finest of artists and one of the coarsest.

Balzac's style would demand a chapter apart. It is the least simple style, probably, that ever was written; it bristles it cracks, it swells and swaggers: but it is a perfect expression of the man's genius....in so far as his method was an instinct and in theory he had the aid of an immense force of conviction....He has against him that he lacks that slight but needful thing - charm. To feel how much he lacked it you must read his prefaces with their vanity, avidity, and garrulity, their gross revelation of his processes, of his squabbles with his publishers, their culinary atmosphere. But our last word about him is that he had incomparable power.

Henry James, French Poets and Novelists, 1878, p. 102-150.

82.
Balzac's superior handling of women seems to us both a truth and a fallacy.

He takes the old-fashioned view.... woman is the female of the man and in all respects his subordinate; she is pretty and ugly, virtuous and vicious, stupid and cunning.... The gender difference may be summed up in the act of titillation in one way or another the senses of man.... The idea that women in need and in evil act almost exclusively from personal motives. Men do so often, the romancer says, women always do.

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Of the seven studies Henry James made of George Sand three were reprinted in Notes on Novelists (1914). Three were not reprinted. The one used here was included in French Poets and Novelists (1878). The interesting features of this paper comprise, first his measuring George Sand's authoritative revelation of passion in her fiction with the less ardent treatment bestowed upon matters of the heart by the English novelists. Second is the analysis of the genius of George Sand: in her genius has both quality, characterized as feminine, and quantity, denominated masculine. The difference between the feminine attributes and the masculine ones is a matter of distinction which James finds full of suggestion to the critic psychologically inclined. One other point of note is his sense of the similarity between the writing of the novelist and the painting of Turner.

Madame Sand's plan was to be open to all experience, all emotions, all convictions: only to keep the welfare of the human race, and especially of its number members well in mind, and to trust that one's moral and intellectual life would take a form profitable to the same.

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George Sand.

M. Taine the apostle of the "milieu" and the "moment"justly remarked that George Sand is an exceptionally good case for the study of the pedigree of a genius....for ascertaining the part of prior generations in forming one of those minds that shed back upon them the light of glory. What renders Madame Sand so available an example of heredity is the fact that the process went on very publicly.

This making acquaintance with life at first hand is, roughly speaking, the great thing that, as a woman, Madame Sand achieved; and she was predestined to achieve it.

What was feminine in her was the quality of her genius; the quantity of it - its force and mass and energy - was masculine, and masculine were her temperament and character.

George Sand's superiority (to other young women) was that she looked at life from a high point of view, and that she had extraordinary talent....She found that she could write, and she took up her pen never to lay it down....From the beginning she had a great style. In "Valentine" there is proof of the highest literary instinct - an art of composition, a propriety and harmony of diction, such as belong only to the masters.

It is George Sand's merit that she has given us ideas upon them, the ardent forces of the heart, that she has enlarged the novel reader's conception of them and proved herself in all that relates to them as authority....From this standpoint, Miss Austen, Walter Scott, and Dickens will appear to have omitted the erotic sentiment altogether, and George Eliot will seem to have treated it with singular austerity. Strangely loveless seen in this light, are those large, comprehensive fictions "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda". They seem to foreign readers, probably, like vast cold, commodious, respectable rooms, through whose window panes one sees a snow-covered landscape, and across whose acres of sober-hued carpet one looks in vain for a fireplace or a fire.

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Madame Sand's plan was to be open to all experience, all emotions, all conviction; only to keep the welfare of the human race, and especially of its humbler members well in mind, and to trust that one's moral and intellectual life would take a form profitable to the same.

Her romances are excellent reading for once, but they lack that quality which makes things classical - makes them impose themselves. It has been said that what makes a book classic is its style. We should modify this and instead of style say form. Madame Sand's novels have plenty of style, but they have no form. Balzac's have not a shred of style, but they have a great deal of form. Posterity doubtless will make a selection from each list, but the few volumes of Balzac it preserves will remain with it longer....than those which it borrows from his great contemporary.

George Sand invites reperusal less than any mind of equal eminence. Is this because, after all, she was a woman, and the laxity of the feminine intellect could not fail to claim its part in her?

She poured her material into the crucible of art, and the artist's material is of necessity in a large measure his experience. Madame Sand never described the actual; this was often her artistic weakness, and as she has the reproach she should also have the credit.

In saying that George Sand lacks truth the critic more particularly means that she lacks exactitude - lacks the method of truth....we should say of her not that she knew human nature, but that she felt it....She was contemplative but she was not, in the deepest sense, observant. She was a very high order of sentimentalist, but she was not a moralist. She perceived a thousand things, but she rarely in strictness judged; so that although her books have a great deal of wisdom, they have not what is called weight....

If Turner had written his landscapes instead of painted them he might have written as George Sand has done.

George Sand's optimism, her idealism, are very beautiful, and the source of that impression of largeness, luminosity and liberality which she makes upon us. But we suspect that something even better in a novelist is that tender appreciation of actuality which makes even the application of a single coat of rose-color seem an act of violence.

Henry James, French Poets and Novelists, "George Sand", 1878, p. 190-236.

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Sainte-Beuve.

The work of the French critic, Sainte-Beuve, strongly influenced the earlier writing of Henry James. Indeed, some of his best critical essays, those of the eighties and early nineties, gathered into Partial Portraits and Essays in London and Elsewhere, show to what excellent advantage he had studied and adapted to his own use the method and principles of his chosen master. Of the four studies of Sainte-Beuve made by James, this, the latest, printed first in the North American Review, January, 1880, was an examination of the recently published Correspondance de Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, and reprinted with revisions by James, in American Literary Criticism (1904). Here again appears the contrast between feminine and masculine elements found in the same person, more comprehensively analysed than they were in the study of George Sand. It must be admitted that not a few from both categories of qualities are those that described the gifts of Henry James himself. The definition of critic comes close to the practice of James. The idea that a man's style is the complete expression of his personality is one of the fundamentals of James's principles. One is struck by the stressed value of impression for the critic. James too valued his impressions.

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Sainte-Beuve.

In Sainte-Beuve the whole man was in the special work.... he was all a writer, a critic, an appreciator. He was literary in every pulsation of his being, and he expressed himself totally in his literary activity....He lost no time, and he never wasted any. He was not even married; his literary consciousness was never complicated with the sense of an unliterary function. His mind was never diverted or distracted from its natural exercise....that of looking in literature for illustrations of life, and of looking in life for aids to literature....his work offers a singularly complete image of his character, his tastes, his temper, his idiosyncracies....His literary career was an intensely laborious one - his time, attention and interest, his imagination and sympathy were unceasingly mortgaged.

He had,.....two passions which are commonly assumed to exclude each other the passion for scholarship and the passion for life....putting aside the poets and novelists, the purely imaginative and inventive authors, he is the writer who has imported into literature the largest element of life. No scholar was ever so much an observer, or a moralist, a psychologist; and no observer, surely was ever so much of a scholar. He valued life and literature equally for the light they threw upon each other; to his mind one implied the other; he was unable to conceive of them apart. Someone said of him that he had the organization of a nervous woman and the powers of acquisition of a Benedictine. Sainte-Beuve had nerves assuredly; there is something feminine in his tact, his penetration, his subtilty, and pliability, his rapidity of transition, his magical divinations, his sympathies and antipathies, his marvelous art of insinuation, of expressing himself by fine touches and of adding touch to touch. But all this side of the feminine genius in Sainte-Beuve was reinforced by faculties of quite another order....faculties of the masculine stamp....the completeness, the solid ~~sense~~ sense, the constant reason, the moderation, the copious knowledge, the passion for exactitude and for general considerations....He had ended by becoming master of a style of which the polished complexity was a complete expression of his nature....a style which always reminds one of some precious stone that has been filed into a hundred facets by the skill of a consummate lapidary....The very pivot of Sainte-Beuve's intellectual existence was what he would have called the liberty of appreciation....his great

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qualities - his intense interest in the truth of any matter, his desire to arrive at the most just and comprehensive perception of it, his delight in the labor involved in such attempts, and his exquisite skill in presenting the results of such labor.... these things have never been impugned.... Like everyone else he had the defects of his qualities. He had a very large dose of what the French call "malice" - an element which was the counterpart of his subtilty, his feminine fineness of perception... the grain of corrosive censure with the little parcel of amenities. In feats of this kind Sainte-Beuve was really quite wonderful; he strikes the reader as more than feminine - as positively feline.... He had the feline agility and pliance; nothing was more natural than that he should have had the feline claw.

A critic, in his conception, was not the narrow law-giver or the rigid censor that he is often assumed to be; he was the student, the inquirer, the observer, the interpreter, the active, indefatigable commentator, whose constant aim was to arrive at justness of characterization. Sainte-Beuve's own faculty of characterization was of the rarest and most remarkable; he held it himself in the highest esteem; he valued immensely his impression.

His method was to "hit it" - to "say it", as he says - to express it, to put his fingers on the point; his philosophy was to accept and make the best of truths thus discriminated.

It was, in fact, Sainte-Beuve's "very nature" to trust his impressions and to abide by what he considered his last analysis of a matter. He knew with what extreme intelligence he had regarded the point.... he knew the light, the taste, the zeal, the experience he had brought to bear upon it.

When it is a case of giving advice, of praising or of blaming, of replying to a question or an appeal, there is something delightful in our impression of Sainte-Beuve's competence. He always knows so well the weak point, always touches in passing upon the remedy.

[conclusion] If it is a question of taking Sainte-Beuve or leaving him - of giving him our adherence or withholding it.... I take him definitely, and on the added evidence of these letters, as the very genius of observation, discretion and taste.

Review of Correspondance of C. A. Sainte-Beuve, North American Review, Jan. 1880.

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The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.

Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson were friends of the elder Henry James, so that his son was well able to characterize, from familiar acquaintance, both the Scotch philosopher and the Sage of Concord. Carlyle died in 1881, and Emerson in the following year. Their correspondence of a long lifetime was put into the hands of Charles Eliot Norton to edit. The volume appeared in 1883. The personal association as well as the literary import of the book for Henry James make his review of it notable. The Century Magazine printed the study in the issue for June, 1883.

The analysis of these two remarkable men by means of comparison and of contrast is masterly. If the passages quoted seem to deal rather more fully with Carlyle than with Emerson, the whole essay is by no means partial in its presentation. A fine "portrait" of Emerson was written by James in 1887, on the publication of A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson by James Elliot Cabot. "Emerson" holds first place in Partial Portraits.

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Emerson was the voice of New England in those days, and New England has changed not a little.

Transcendentalism has come and gone, and the abolition of slavery, and the novelty of the Unitarian creed, and the revelation of Goethe, and the doctrine of a vegetable diet, and a great many other reforms then deemed urgent.

Originality, nature, humor, imagination, freedom, the disposition to talk, the play of mood, the touch of confidence these qualities of which the letters are full will with the aid of an inimitable use of language - a style which glances at nothing that it does not render grotesque - preserve their life for readers even further removed from the occasion than ourselves.

With several qualities in common, Carlyle and Emerson diverged in their total expression with a completeness which is full of suggestion as to their differences of circumstance, race, association, temper. Both were men of the poetic quality, men of imagination, both were Puritans; both of them looked instinctively at the world, at life, as a great total, full of far-reaching relations; both of them set above everything else the importance of conduct and of what Carlyle called veracity and Emerson called harmony with the universe. Both of them had the desire, the passion, for something better,....the reforming spirit, an interest in the destiny of mankind. But their variations of feelings were of the widest, and the temperament of the one was absolutely opposed to the temperament of the other. Both were men of the greatest purity and, in the usual sense, simplicity of life, each had a high ideal, each kept himself unspotted from the world. Their correspondence is to an extraordinary degree the record, on either side of a career with which nothing base, nothing interested, no worldly avidity, no vulgar vanity or personal error, was ever mingled - a career of public distinction and private honor, but with these things what disparities of tone, of manner, of inspiration!

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The American public has little more to learn in regard to the extreme amenity of Emerson, his eminently gentle spirit, his almost touching tolerance, his deference toward every sort

of human manifestation; but many of his letters remind us afresh of his singular modesty of attitude and of his extreme consideration for that blundering human family whom he believed to be in want of light. His optimism makes us wonder at times where he discovered the errors that it would seem well to set right, and what there was in his view of the world on which the spirit of criticism could feed. He had a high and noble conception of good, without having, as it would appear, a definite conception of evil. Carlyle, on the other hand, who has fearfully little amenity (save in his direct relation to Emerson, where he is admirable) has a vivid conception of evil without a corresponding conception of good....Emerson by tradition and temperament was as deeply rooted a Puritan as Carlyle, but he was a Puritan refined and sublimated and a certain delicacy, a certain good taste would have prevented him from desiring (for the amelioration of mankind) so crude an occurrence as a return of the regiments of Oliver....Of "Current contempt" Carlyle had more than enough. If it is humorous and half-compassionate in his moments of comparative tolerance, it is savage in his melancholy ones and in either case, it is full of the entertainment that comes from great expression....Carlyle's pessimism was not only deep, but loud; not of the serene, but of the irritable sort. It is one of the strangest things to find such an appreciation of silence in a mind that in itself was, before all things, expressive. Carlyle's expression was never more rich than when he declared that things were immeasurable, unutterable, not to be formulated....But his irritation communed happily for fifty years with Emerson's serenity, and the fact is very honorable to both....

[Emerson's] His letters are especially interesting for the impressions they give us of what we may call the thinness of the New England atmosphere in those days - the thinness, and it must be added, the purity. An almost touching lightness, sparseness, transparency marked the social scenery in those days; and this impression, in Emerson's pages, is the greater by contrast with the echoes of the dense, warm life of London that are transmitted by his correspondent.

The great Scotchman thought all talk the jabbering of apes whereas Emerson, who was the perfection of a listener, stood always in a posture of hopeful expectancy and regarded each delivery of a personal view as a new fact, to be estimated on its merits. In a genuine democracy all things are democratic; and this spirit of general deference, on the part of a beautiful poet who might have availed himself of the poetic license to be fastidious, was the natural product of a society in which it was held that everyone was equal to everyone else. It was as natural on the other side that Carlyle's philosophy should

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The great Scotchman thought all talk the fabricating of ideas
whereas Emerson, who was the perfection of a listener, stood
always in a posture of hopeful expectancy and regarded each
delivery of a personal view as a new fact, to be estimated on
its merits. In a genuine democracy all things are democratic;
and this spirit of general deference, on the part of a beauti-
ful poet who might have availed himself of the poetic license
to be fastidious, was the natural product of a society in which
it was held that everyone was equal to everyone else. It was
as natural on the other side that Carlyle's philosophy should

have aristocratic premises, and that he should call aloud for that imperial master, of the necessity for whom the New England mind was so serenely unconscious....

There is always something high and pure in Emerson's speech, however, and it has often a perfect propriety....seeming, in answer to Carlyle's extravagances, the note of reason and justice.

If the main interest of these letters is, as I have said, their illustration of the character of the writers, the effect of Carlyle's portion of them is to deepen our sense, already sufficiently lively, of his enormous incongruities. Considerably sad, as he would have said himself, is the picture they present of a man of genius....He was born out of humor with life; he came into the world with an insurmountable prejudice; and to be genial and gracious naturally seemed of small importance in the face of the eternal veracities....veracities of such a grim and implacable sort. The strangest thing....was his magnificent humor. His humor was in truth not of comic but of tragic intention, and not so much a flame as an all-enveloping smoke. His treatment of all things is the humorous - unfortunately in too many cases the ill-humorous.

Pessimism, cynicism, usually imply a certain amount of indifference and resignation; but in Carlyle these forces were nothing if not querulous and vocal. It must be remembered that he had an imagination which made acquiescence difficult....an imagination haunted with theological and apocalyptic visions.... Both the moral and the physical world were full of pictures for him and it would seem to be by his great pictorial energy that he will live.

His doctrine reduced to the fewest words, is that life is very serious and that everyone should do his work honestly. That is the gist of the matter; all the rest is magnificent vocalization.

His extemporized, empirical style, however, it seems to us, the very substance of his thought. If the merit of a style lies in complete correspondence with the feeling of the writer, Carlyle's is one of the best. It is not defensible, but it is, victorious: and if it is neither homogeneous, nor, at times, coherent, it bristles with all manner of felicities. It is true, nevertheless, that he had invented a manner, and that his manner had swallowed him up. To look at realities, and not at imitations is what he constantly and sternly enjoins; but all the while he gives us the sense that it is not at things themselves,

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Ivan Turgenev.

but straight into the abysmal manner of his own that he is looking.

Ivan Turgenev, the great Russian novelist, died at Bougival, near Paris, in September, 1883. In January, 1884, The Atlantic Monthly printed the tribute to him written by Henry James. It is a fine example of appreciation that takes the subject of it vividly real as a personality. When Henry James went abroad to live and settled in Paris, he counted it one of the privileges of his life that there he met and knew the Russian writer. The manuscripts of the two novels left unfinished by Henry James at his death show that it was his habit to prepare a long preliminary sketch of the characters and scenes he intended to develop into a novel, very like the method he described as the one that Turgenev used. It was considered that James by a series of engaging reviews introduced to American readers the novels and tales of Turgenev. The first of these was contributed to the North American Review for April, 1874, and later included in French Poets and Novelists. The personal note, the glimpse of Flaubert's smoke-bedimmed, bare little salon filled with aesthetic radicals settling down for all matters of art, and the successfully communicated sense of a great man make the study quoted exceptionally effective.

Henry James, "The Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson", the Century, June, 1883, p. 265-268.

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Ivan Turgénieff.

....It has been my wish to devote to his delightful memory a few pages written under the impression of contact and intercourse....

His genius for us is the Slav genius; his voice the voice of those vaguely-imagined multitudes whom we think of more and more today as waiting their turn, in the arena of civilization in the grey expanses of the North. There is much in his writings to encourage this view, and it is certain that he interpreted with wonderful vividness the temperament of his fellow-countrymen. Cosmopolite that he had become by force of circumstances, his roots had never been loosened in his native soil. The ignorance with regard to Russia and the Russians which he found in abundance in the rest of Europe....had indeed the effect to a certain degree to throw him back upon the deep feelings which so many of his companions were unable to share with him, the memories of his early years, the sense of wide Russian horizons, the joy and pride in his mother-tongue.

....He was the richest, the most delightful of talkers, and his face, his person, his temper, the thoroughness with which he had been equipped for human intercourse, make in the memory of his friends an image which is completed, but not thrown into the shade, by his literary distinction.

....He was so simple, so natural, so modest, so destitute of personal pretension and of what is called the consciousness of powers, that one almost doubted at moments whether he was a man of genius after all. Everything good and fruitful lay near to him; he was interested in everything; and he was absolutely without that eagerness of self-reference which sometimes accompanies great, and even small, reputations. He had not a particle of vanity; nothing whatever of the air of having a part to play or a reputation to keep up.

....Our Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, moralistic, conventional standards were far away from him, and he judged things with a freedom and spontaneity in which I found perpetual refreshment. His sense of beauty, his love of truth and right, were the foundation of his nature; but half the charm of conversation with him was that one breathed in an air in which cant phrases and arbitrary measurements simply sounded ridiculous.

....His was not, I should say, predominantly, or even in a high degree, the artistic nature, though it was....deeply the poetic.

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....It was on these Sundays in Flaubert's little salon, which, at the top of a house at the end of Faubourg Saint-Honoré, looked rather bare and provisional, that, in the company of the other familiars of the spot, more than one of whom have commemorated these occasions, Turgénieff's beautiful faculty of talk showed at its best. He was easy, natural, abundant, more than I can describe, and everything that he said was touched with the exquisite quality of his imagination. What was discussed in that little smoke-clouded room was chiefly questions of taste, questions of art and form; and the speakers for the most part, were in aesthetic matters, radicals of the deepest dye. It would have been late in the day to propose among them any discussion of the relation of art to morality, any question of the degree in which a novel might or might not concern itself with the teaching of a lesson. They had settled these preliminaries long ago, and it would have been primitive and incongruous to recur to them. The conviction that held them together was the conviction that art and morality are two perfectly different things, and that the former has no more to do with the latter than it has with astronomy or embryology.

....What he thought of the relation of art to life his stories, after all show better than anything else. The immense variety of life was ever present to his mind.

....He was a beautiful intellect, of course, but above all he was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep, soft, lovable spirit, in which one felt all the tender parts of genius, with his immense, fair Russian physique, was one of the most attractive things conceivable.

....Nothing that Turgénieff had to say could be more interesting than his talk about his own work, his manner of writing. What I have heard him tell of these things was worthy of the beautiful results he produced; of the deep purpose pervading them all, to show us life itself. The germ of a story with him was never an affair of plot....that was the last thing he thought of: it was the presentation of certain persons. The first form in which a tale appeared to him was as the figure of an individual, or a combination of individuals, whom he wished to see in action being sure that such people must do something very special and interesting. They stood before him definite, vivid, and he wished to show as much as possible of their nature. The first thing he did was to make clear to himself what he did know, to begin with; and to this end he wrote out a sort of biography of each of his characters, and everything that they had done and that had happened to them up to the opening of the story....With this material in hand he was able to proceed; the story all lay in the question, What

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shall I make them do? He always made them do things that showed them completely; but, as he said, the defect of his manner and the reproach that was made him was his want of "architecture"....in other words, of composition. The great thing, of course, is to have architecture as well a precious material, as Walter Scott had them, as Balzac had them.

....He wrote fictions and dramas, but the great drama of his life was the struggle for a better state of things in Russia. In this drama he played a distinguished part.

....He was the most generous, the most tender, the most delightful of men; his large nature overflowed with the love of justice: but he also was of the stuff of which glories are made.

Storpes's translation, The Old Bachelor by de Maupassant, and one for LetTERS from America by Rupert Brooke. The figure of the young Kipling looking down upon the human scene from the window frame of his distinctive personality, the enumeration of his exceptional endowments, the indicated freshness of his material, are all skillfully introduced. That "low company", when handled by Howells or Kipling, may be masterly is something of a concession from the critic who is disposed to draw from fiction the omitted quality of the civilized, and to deprecate the primitive. The discussion of the use of the episode, rather than the plot, in Kipling's stories, - the episode which is the specimen, the illustration the "case" - reminds the reader that the "case" was the type of short story that James himself had already found rewarding to work with.

Henry James, Partial Portraits, "Ivan Turgénieff", 1884, p. 291-323.

Rudyard Kipling.

For a new edition of Mine Own People and Soldiers Three made not long after Rudyard Kipling came to the United States, Henry James wrote, in 1891, the introduction, which has been many times reprinted as an introduction to the work of Kipling. To show kindness to younger writers was characteristic of James. He wrote another such introduction for Jonathan Sturges's translation, The Odd Number by de Maupassant, and one for Letters from America by Rupert Brooke. The figure of the young Kipling looking down upon the human scene from the window frame of his distinctive personality, the enumeration of his exceptional endowments, the indicated freshness of his material, are all skillfully introduced. That "low company", when handled by Howells or Kipling, may be masterly is something of a concession from the critic who is disposed to miss from fiction the omitted quality of the civilized, and to deprecate the primitive. The discussion of the use of the episode, rather than the plot, in Kipling's stories, - the episode which is the specimen, the illustration the "case" - reminds the reader that the "case" was the type of short story that James himself had already found rewarding to work with.

Rudyard Kipling

He [Kipling] has the great merit of being a compact and convenient illustration of the surest source of interest in any painter of life....that of having an identity as marked as a window frame.

He is one of the illustrations....that help to clear up the vexed question in the novel or the tale of kinds, camps, schools, distinctions, the right way and the wrong way; so.... positively does he contribute to the showing that there are just as many kinds, as many ways, as many forms, and degrees of the "right" as there are personal points of view. It is the blessing of the art he practices that it is made up of experience conditioned, infinitely, in this personal way....the sum of the feeling of life as reproduced by innumerable natures; natures that feel through all their differences, testify through their diversities. These differences, which make the identity, are of the individual; they form the channel by which life flows through him, and how much he is able to give us of life....in other words, how much he appeals to us....depends on whether they form it solidly.

His extreme youth is indeed what I may call his window-bar....the support on which he somewhat rowdily leans while he looks down at the human scene with his pipe in his teeth; just as his other conditions....are his prodigious facility....his stiff selection; his unabashed temperament, his flexible talent, his smoking-room manner, his familiar friendship with India, his delight in battle, his "cheek" about women....and indeed about men and everything; his determination not to be duped, his "imperial" fibre, his love of the inside view, the private soldier and the primitive man. I must add further to this list of attractions the remarkable way in which he makes us aware that he has been put up to the whole thing directly by life (miraculously in his teens), and not by the communications of others. (He has too the freshness residing in the temper of the artist.)

There is really only one strain that is absent from it - the voice, as it were, of the civilized man; in whom I also include the civilized woman [the complicated soul].

Meanwhile we have Mulvaney, and Mulvaney is after all tolerably complicated....Hasn't he, for that matter the tongue of a hoarse siren, and hasn't he also mysteries and infinitudes almost Carlyle's?....He is a piece of portraiture of the largest, vividest kind, growing and growing on the painter's hands without ever outgrowing them....the truly appreciative should

....have no quarrel with the primitive element in Mr. Kipling's subject-matter, or with what, for want of a better name, I may call his love of low life. /Like Mr. Howells' masterly handling of some of the clumsiest, crudest, most human things in life.⁷

Nothing is more refreshing than this active, disinterested sense of the real.

/The "Courting of Dinah Shadd" a masterpiece⁷ the talent that produces such a tale is a talent eminently in harmony with the short story, and the short story is, on our side of the channel, and of the Atlantic, a mine which will take a great deal of working. Admirable is the clearness with which Mr. Kipling perceives this....perceives what innumerable chances it gives, chances at touching life in a thousand different places, taking it up in innumerable pieces each a specimen and an illustration. In a word, he appreciates the episode, and there are signs to show that this shrewdness will, in general, have long innings. It will find the detachable, compressible "case" an admirable, flexible form; the cultivation of which may well add to the mistrust already entertained by Mr. Kipling, if his manner does not betray him, for what is clumsy and tasteless in the time-honored practice of the "plot". It will fortify him in the convictions that the vivid picture has a greater communicative value than the Chinese puzzle. There is little enough "plot" in such a perfect little piece of hard representation as "The End of the Passage", to cite again only the most salient of twenty examples.

Henry James was established in residence there and their association was renewed and extended during the five years Lowell represented his country at the Court of Saint James. A few years later when Mr. Lowell died, Henry James wrote for the Atlantic Monthly, January, 1892, his personal impression of the gifted and gracious man whose friendship he had valued. It was included in Essays in London. The opening passage is especially fine. In studies like this of Lowell, like that of Byron, like the one of Thackeray, or that of Robert Brooke, in which Henry James, Critical Introduction to Rudyard Kipling's Mine Own People and Soldiers Three, p. VII-XXVI (1891).

exceptional man uniquely individual, that his powers of analysis and appreciation are at their highest excellence.

James Russell Lowell.

"I may mention as my earliest impression of him J.R.L.⁷ the charm that certain of his Harvard lectures - on English literature, on Old French - had for a very immature person who was supposed to be pursuing, in one of the schools, a very different branch of knowledge, but who on dusky winter afternoons escaped with irresponsible zeal into the glow of Mr. Lowell's learned lamplight," writes Henry James of his friend. When James began to contribute to the North American Review Lowell was of the editorial staff and kind to the new-comer. In the winter of 1872-73 Lowell and James were both in Paris, often seeing each other. The following winter they were in Florence enjoying Italy. When in 1880 Mr. Lowell, as foreign minister from the United States, was transferred from Spain to England, Henry James was established in residence there and their association was renewed and extended during the five years Lowell represented his country at the Court of Saint James. A few years later when Mr. Lowell died, Henry James wrote for the Atlantic Monthly, January, 1892, his personal impression of the gifted and gracious man whose friendship he had valued. It was included in Essays in London. The opening passage is especially fine. In studies like this of Lowell, like that of Emerson, like the one of Turgénieff, or that of Rupert Brooke, in which James sets down the qualities and deeds that have rendered an exceptional man uniquely individual, that his powers of analysis and appreciation are at their highest excellence.

James Russell Lowell

After a man's long work is over and the sound of his voice is still, those in whose regard he has held a high place find his image strangely simplified and summarized. The hand of death in passing over it, has smoothed the folds, made it more typical and general. The figure retained by the memory is compressed and intensified; accidents have dropped away from it and shades have ceased to count; it stands, sharply, for a few estimated and cherished things, rather than nebulously for a swarm of possibilities. We cut the silhouette in a word, out of the confusion of life, we save and fix the outline, and it is with his eye on this profiled distinction that the critic speaks. It is his function to speak with assurance when once his impression has become final; and it is in noting this circumstance that I perceive how slenderly prompted I am to deliver myself on such an occasion as a critic. It is not that due conviction is absent; it is only that the function is a cold one. It is not that the final impression is dim; it is only that it is made on a softer side of the spirit than the critical sense. The process is more mystical, the deposited image is insistently personal, the generalizing principle is that of loyalty. I can therefore not pretend to write of James Russell Lowell in the tone of detachment and classification; I can only offer a few anticipatory touches for a portrait that asks for a steadier hand.

It was in looking at him as a man of letters that one drew closest to him....He carried style....the style of literatureinto regions in which we rarely look for it: into politics, civic dinners and ponderous anniversaries, into letters and notes and telegrams, into every turn of the hour - absolutely into conversation, where indeed it freely disguised itself as intensely colloquial wit.

If he was American enough in Europe, in America he was abundantly European....He was redolent, intellectually speaking, of Italy and Spain; he had lived in long intimacy with Dante and Cervantes and Calderon; he embodied....the happy intellectual fortune....independent years in a full library, years of acquisition without haste and without rest, a robust love of study which went sociably arm in arm with a robust love of life. This love of life was so strong in him that he could lose himself in little diversions as well as in big books. He was fond of everything human and natural, everything that had color and character, and no gayety, no sense of comedy, was ever more easily kindled by contact. When he was not surrounded by great pleasures he could find his account in small ones, and no situation, could be dull for a man in whom all reflection all reaction, was witty.

Few things were really so droll as he could make them, and not a great many perhaps are so absolute. The solution of the problem of life lay for him in action, in conduct, in decency; his imagination lighted up to him but scantily the region of analysis and apology. Like all interesting literary figures he is full of tacit as well as of uttered reference to the conditions that engendered him: he really testifies as much as Hawthorne to the New England spirit, though in a totally different tone....If Hawthorne expressed the mysticism and the gloom of the transplanted Puritan, his passive and haunted side, Lowell saw him in the familiar daylight of practice and prosperity and good health....If Hawthorne fairly cherished the idea of evil in man, Lowell's vision of "sin" was operative mainly for a single purpose - that of putting in motion the civic lash.

The thing he loved most in the world after his country was the English tongue, of which he was an infallible master, and his devotion to which was, in fact, a sort of agent in his patriotism.

When a man loves words singly he is apt not to care for them in order, just as a very great painter may be quite indifferent to the chemical composition of his colors. But Mr. Lowell was both chemist and artist; the only wonder was that with so many theories about language he should have had so much lucidity left for practice. He used it both as an antiquarian and as a lover of life, and was a capital instance of the possible harmony between imagination and knowledge - a living proof that the letter does not necessarily kill.

In turning over Mr. Lowell's critical pages I seem to hear the door close softly behind me and to find in the shaded lamp-light the conditions most in harmony with the sentient soul of man. I see an apartment brown and book-lined, which is the place in the world most convertible into other places. The turning of the leaves, the crackling of the fire, are the only things that break its stillness - the stillness in which mild miracles are wrought. These are the miracles of evocation, of resurrection, of transmission, of insight, of poetry. It may be a little room, but it is a great space; it may be a deep solitude, but is a mighty concert. In this critical chamber of Mr. Lowell's there is a charm, to my sense, in knowing what is outside of the closed door,....it intensifies both the isolation and the experience. The big new Western order is outside, and yet within all seems as immemorial as Persia. It is like a little lighted cabin, full of the ingenuities of home, in the gray of a great ocean. Such ingenuities of home are what represent in Mr. Lowell's case the conservatism of the author. His home was the past that dipped below the verge....it was there that his taste was at ease.

Yet even remembrance and regret, in such a case, have a certain free relief, for our final thought of James Russell Lowell is that what he consistently lived for remains of him. There is nothing ineffectual in his name and fame - they stand for large and delightful things. He is one of the happy figures of literature. He had his trammels and his sorrows, but he drank deep of the tonic draught, and he will long count as an erect fighting figure on the side of optimism and beauty. He was strong without narrowness, he was wise without bitterness and glad without fatuity. That appears for the most part the temper of those who speak from the quiet English heart, the steady pulses of which were the sufficient rhythm of his eloquence. This source of influence will surely not forfeit its long credit in the world so long as we continue occasionally to know it by what is so rich in performance and so stainless in character.

how does a classic develop? why, especially in view of all it lacks, is the Vicar of Wakefield a classic? The inquiry involves, not alone the question of the book, but also the qualities and character of Goldsmith, of whose experience James shows a sympathetic understanding. The increasing use of metaphor, the idea that the fusion of tone and charm of diction may produce style, and the appearance of the term "class" apparently as appropriate to criticism as to fiction, are characteristic of the critical studies of James at the turn of the century.

Henry James, Essays in London, p. 44-80, 1893.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

The Century Company of New York put out a series called the Century Classics. Among these was (1900) The Vicar of Wakefield: A Tale, by Oliver Goldsmith, for which Henry James wrote the introduction. The major part of the study deals with the questions, what is essential to a classic? how does a classic develop? why, especially in view of all it lacks, is the Vicar of Wakefield a classic? The inquiry involves, not alone the question of the book, but also the qualities and character of Goldsmith, of whose experience James shows a sympathetic understanding. The increasing use of metaphor, the idea that the fusion of tone and charm of diction may produce style, and the appearance of the term "case" apparently as appropriate to criticism as to fiction, are characteristic of the critical studies of James at the turn of the century.

Add to these the few comparatively sharp little lights in the image of Mrs. Priarose, and what we have to fall back upon is mere loveliness.

As the story, as we say nowadays, I am so unconscious of anything vivid in the several figures that I can only be astonished at the claim for difference and contrast in Olivia and Sophia. His pathos and his tragedy fall, throughout, much below his humor, and the second half of the tale, dropping altogether becomes almost infantine in its awkwardness, its funny coincidences, and big stitches of white thread.

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith

A literary production may have its luck as well as its merit, and an author his star as well as his genius.

The thing has succeeded by its incomparable amenity.... It has operated here....almost singly....to produce a classic.

And we say much in recognizing that under its charm we really resist the irritation of having to define that character. It makes us wonder once more what a classic consists of, and offers us abundant occasion for a study of the question, which it presents in conditions singularly simple and undisturbed.

What we most seem to gather, in the light of this truth, is that if a book have amenity it may, at a stretch, have scarcely anything else. It would not be difficult, on some such ground, I think, to go into the question of how little else, really, "The Vicar" has. I have felt its natural note, on this renewal, as much as ever, but, one by one and page after page, I have missed other matters. Nothing, perhaps, could be, critically, more interesting than to see them successively go and still leave the soft residuum that keeps the world green. It brings us back, of course, to the old, old miracle of style and puts us in danger again of relapsing again into the new, new heresy that style is everything; only to wake up....with the shock of the sense....that a priori such a doctrine is fatal....And yet as our masterpiece stands, we feel that, on other counts, it is really the infancy of art. A mature reader may well be stupefied at some of the claims that have been made for it in respect to skill of portraiture and liveliness of presentation.

The first hundred pages....contain nearly all of the happiest strokes - and these....the felicities that have become familiar and famous....[if reckoned up] they would be found to consist of no great number.

Add to these the few comparatively sharp little lights in the image of Mrs. Primrose, and what we have to fall back upon is mere lovability.

As the story, as we say nowadays, I am so unconscious of anything vivid in the several figures that I can only be astonished at the claim for difference and contrast in Olivia and Sophia. His pathos and his tragedy fall, throughout, much below his humor, and the second half of the tale, dropping altogether becomes almost infantine in its awkwardness, its funny coincidences, and big stitches of white thread.

"The Vicar" throws itself upon our sensibility, with a slenderness of means....that suggests some angular, archaic nudity.

This faintness, like the faded tone of an old sampler, an old spinet, the ink of an old letter, is of the positive essence of the charm and spell.

It is the spoiled child of our literature. We cling to it as to our most precious example that we, too, in prose have achieved the last amiability. Thus it is that the book converts everything it contains into a happy case of exemption and fascination - a case of imperturbable and inscrutable classicism. It is a question of tone. The tone is exquisite, and that's the end of it....

If the tone is the great thing, this comes, doubtless, to saying that the Vicar himself is, and that the book has flourished through having so much of him.

....These two things, the frankness of his Goldsmith's sweetness, and the beautiful ease of his speech, melt together....to form his style. I am afraid I cannot go further than this in the way of speculation as to how a classic is grown. In the open air is perhaps the most we can say.

Goldsmith's style is the flower of what I have called his amenity, and his amenity the making of that, independent of almost everything, by which "The Vicar" has triumphed.

There was scarce a difficulty, a disappointment, an humiliation, or a bitterness of which he had not intimate and repeated knowledge; and yet the heavy heart that went through all this overflows in the little book as optimism of the purest water....as good humor, as good taste and as a drollery that, after all, has oftener its point than its innocence.... Never was such a revenge against the superior and the patronizing. The spirit still speaks to us of all that was taken to produce it, all the privation, pain and abasement, all the ugliness of circumstance and air; so we....treat it as a rare, fine flower that has sprouted in rough hard soil.

The Vicar of Wakefield by Oliver Goldsmith with an introduction by Henry James, p.XII-XX, 1900.

Gabriele D'Annunzio.

Henry James in a critical study reviewed several of the novels of Gabriele D'Annunzio for the Quarterly Review in April, 1904. The Italian writer is presented as a "case" for a critic, a specimen of the aesthetic consciousness that demands beauty at any price, a rare imagination, an artistic intelligence concentrated upon the life of the senses. That critic alone, James thinks, is fair to an author who grants him his subject. The difference in race is suggested as a clue to the English view of man in action among men as opposed to the Italian interest in man as withdrawn from society and wholly absorbed in the passion of love. The fault with D'Annunzio seems to lie, according to James, in a fundamental lack of taste; a want of sympathy, an indifference to human suffering, and a failure to conceive his characters as influenced through experience. Here the question of style is the question of taste.

Already the author's three sharpest signs are unmistakable. First, his rare notation of states of excited sensibility. Second, his splendid visual sense. Third, his ample and exquisite style.

It is for two things that his faculty is admirable; one of them his making us feel...the charm that appeals to him. The other is the whole category of the phenomena of passion.

Gabriele D'Annunzio.

Many of us were witnesses, a certain number of years since to a season and a society that found themselves roused to the conception of the aesthetic law of life; this happy thought was surrounded and manipulated by as many different kinds of in-expertness as probably ever huddled together on a single pretext. The spectacle was strange, and finally was wearisome, for the simple reason that the principle and question....which we may conveniently speak of as that of beauty at any price.... was never felt to fall into its place as really adopted and efficient.

One authentic, one masterful specimen would have done wonders for us, would....have assuaged our curiosity.

Signor D'Annunzio may at last strike us as supremely formed to gratify this curiosity

He throws a straighter and more inevitable light on the aesthetic consciousness than has, to my sense, in our time, reached it from any other quarter.

Beauty at any price is an old story to him; art and form and style as the aim of the superior life are a matter of course....thanks to these transmitted and implanted instincts and appetitudes, his individual development begins where the struggle of the mere earnest questioner ends.

No mistake was possible from the first as to his being of the literary camp....a new form of perceptive and expressive energy; the question was settled by the intensity and variety, to say nothing of the precocity of his early production.

He defined himself betimes....a rare imagination, a poetic an artistic intelligence of extraordinary range and fineness concentrated almost wholly on the life of the senses.

The only ideas he urges upon us are the erotic and the plastic.

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of them his making us feel....the charm that appeals to him.
The other is the whole category of the phenomena of passion.

But we of course never play the fair critical game with an author, never get into relation with him at all, unless we grant him his postulates. His subject is what is given him....given him by influences, by a process with which we have nothing to do; since what art, what revelation, can ever really make such a mystery, such a passage in the private life of the intellect, adequately traceable for us? If there is nothing in him that effectually induces us to make the postulate, he is then empty for us altogether, and the sooner we have done with him the better; little as the truly curious critic enjoys, as a general thing, being seen publicly to throw up the sponge.

As opposed to the Italian It may, doubtless, be conceded that our English-speaking failure of insistence of inquiry, of penetration in certain erotomaniac directions springs partly from our deeprooted habit of dealing with man, dramatically, on his social and gregarious side, as a being the variety of whose intercourse with his fellows, whatever forms his fellows may take, is positively half his interesting motion. We fear to isolate him, for we remember that, as we see and know him, he scarce understands himself save in action, action which inevitably mixes him with his kind.

Il Fuoco

Its defeat is, verily, that it has no moral sense proportionate to the truth, the constant high style of the general picture; and this fact makes the whole thing appear given us, simply because it has happened - because it was material that the author has become possessed of and not because, in its almost journalistic "actuality" it has any large meaning. We get the impression of a direct transfer, a lift bodily, of something seen and known, something not really produced by the chemical process of art, the crucible or retort from which things emerge for a new function.

The Virgins of The Rocks

I name this exquisite composition, decidedly, as my preferred of the series; for if its tone is thoroughly romantic, the romance is yet of the happiest kind, the kind that consists in the imaginative development of observable things, things present, significant, related to us, and not in a weak, false fumble for the remote and the disconnected.

Does it really not all come back to style? It was to the Latin spirit that the Renaissance was primarily vouchsafed; and was not, for a simplified statement, the last word of the Renaissance the question of taste? That is the aesthetic question: and when the Latin spirit, after many misadventures, again clears itself, we shall see how all the while this treasure has been in its keeping.

There is no mistaking it; the lack of distinction is produced by a positive element of the vulgar; and that the vulgar should flourish in an air so charged, intellectually speaking, with the 'aristocratic' element, becomes for us....the greatest of oddities, and at the same time, critically speaking, one of the most interesting things conceivable.

The interest springs from its being involved for us in the case. If a high example of exclusive aestheticism is bound sooner or later to spring a leak, we ask ourselves does the general question receive light?

If beauty is the supreme need, so let it be; nothing is more certain than that we can never get too much of it, if only we get the right sort. It is therefore, on this very ground - the ground of its own sufficiency, that Signor D'Annunzio's invocation of it collapses before our eyes. The vulgarity comes from the muddle really made with values, as I called them; made....with taste, impeccable taste.

The pang of pity, the pang that springs from a conceivable community in doom, is in this latter case altogether wanting.

L'Innocente As a picture of such suffering of a dumb animal...the work is indeed magnificent; only its connections are poor with the higher dramatic, the higher poetic, complexity of things.

D'Annunzio treats 'love' as a matter not to be mixed with life, in the larger sense of the word, at all....as a matter all of whose other connexions are dropped; a sort of secret game that can go on only if each of the parties has nothing to do, even on any other terms with anyone else. A tragedy is a tragedy, a comedy is a comedy, when the effect, in either sense, is determined for us, determined by the interference of some element that starts a complication or precipitates an action.

What the participants do with their agitation, in short, or even what it does to them, that is the stuff of poetry, and it is never really interesting save when something finely contributive in themselves, makes it so. It is this absense of anything finely contributive in themselves, on the part of the various couples here concerned, that is the open door to the trivial.

And so it is, strangely, that our aesthetic 'case' enlightens us. A review of several of the works of Gabriele D'Annunzio, The Quarterly Review, April, 1904, p. 383-413.

Need the aesthetic adventure in a word, organised for real discovery, give us no more comforting news of success? Are there not, so to speak, finer possible combinations? Are there not safeguards? No man can say.

of unsolved mysteries as a man, such a marvel of expressive power as an artist, that for James an appreciation of The Tempest resolves itself at last into a contemplation of the problem presented by the relinquishment of the exercise of gifts so extraordinary, while, apparently, the possessor of them was still in the height of his creative career. In this study James explains "tone" as breeding expression raised to the highest energy, and affirms that style and meaning are too indissolubly united to be considered as functionally separate. The closer richer texture of James's own expression, the imagery, the whole analysis of the experience of an artist in creating a masterpiece, render this a significant exemplar of the mature critic who was himself no mean artist. The essay was written for volume XVI, The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, published 1907, in New York City by George Sprague. The plates were also used for the University Press Shakespeare and the Variorum edition of Shakespeare.

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The Tempest by William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare is a case of such complexity, such a riddle of unsolved mysteries as a man, such a marvel of expressive power as an artist, that for James an appreciation of The Tempest resolves itself at last into a contemplation of the problem presented by the relinquishment of the exercise of gifts so extraordinary, while, apparently, the possessor of them was still in the height of his creative career. In this study James explains "tone" as brooding expression raised to the highest energy, and affirms that style and meaning are too indissolubly united to be considered as functionally separate. The closer richer texture of James's own expression, the imagery, the whole analysis of the experience of an artist in creating a masterpiece, render this a significant exemplar of the mature critic who was himself no mean artist. The essay was written for volume XVI, The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, published 1907, in New York City by George Sproul. The plates were also used for the University Press Shakespeare and the Harper edition of Shakespeare.

The Tempest by William Shakespeare.

Beyond all gainsaying then, by many an estimate, is the penury in which even the most advantageous array of the Shakespearean facts still leaves us: strung together....as the pebbles across the stream. The Tempest affects us, taking its complexity and its perfection together, as the rarest of all examples of literary art....The man himself, in the Plays, we directly touch, to my consciousness positively nowhere: we are dealing too perpetually with the artist, the master and magician of a thousand masks, not one of which we feel him drop long enough to gratify with the breath of the interval that strained attention in us which would be yet, so quickened, ready to become deeper still....The man, everywhere in Shakespeare's work is so effectually locked up and imprisoned in the artist that we but hover at the base of thick walls for a sense of him.The successive plunges of the artist into Romeo....ShylockHamlet....Lear....Othello....Hotspur....Falstaff.

In The Tempest, by the supreme felicity I speak of, is no violence; he sinks as deep as we like, but what he sinks into, beyond all else, is the lucid stillness of his style.

....Again and again such a masterpiece puts before me the very act of the momentous conjunction taking place for the poet, at a given hour, between his charged inspiration and his clarified experience: or, as I should perhaps better express it, between his human curiosity and his aesthetic passion.... the surrender to the luxury of expertness....I can offer no other description of The Tempest as fresh perusal lights it for me than as such a surrender, sublimely enjoyed.

....The Tempest....superlatively speaks of that endowment for Expression, expression as a primary force, a consuming and independent passion, which was the greatest ever laid upon man. It is for Shakespeare's power of constitutive speech quite as if he had swum into our ken with it from another planet, gathering it up there, in its wealth as something antecedent to the occasion and the need, and if possible quite in excess of them. The idea and the motive are more often than not so smothered in it that they scarce know themselves, and the resources of such a style, the provision of images, emblems, energies of every sort, laid up in advance, affects us as a storehouse of a king before a famine or a siege....It constitutes, by a miracle, more than half the author's material, so much more usually does it happen, for the painter or the poet, that life itself, in its appealing, over-whelming crudity, offers itself as the paste to be kneaded. Such a personage works in general in the very elements of experience; whereas we see Shakespeare working predominantly in

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the terms of expression, all in the terms of the artist's specific vision and genius; with a thicker cloud of images to attest his approach, at any point, than the comparatively meagre given case ever has to attest its own identity. He points for us as no one else the relation of style to meaning and of manner to motive; a matter on which, right and left, we hear such rank ineptitudes uttered. Unless it be true that these things, on either hand, are inseparable; unless it be true that the phrase, the cluster and order of terms, is the object and the sense, in as close a compression as that of body and soul, so that any consideration of them as distinct, from the moment style is an active, applied force, becomes a gross stupidity; unless we recognize this reality, the author of The Tempest has no lesson for us. It is by his expression of it exactly as the expression stands that the particular thing is created, created as interesting, as beautiful, as strange, droll or terrible - as related, in short, to our understanding or our sensibility; in consequence of which we reduce it to nought when we begin to talk of either of its presented parts as matters by themselves.

Thus it was that, as he passed from one application of it /style/ to another, tone became for all its suggestion, more and more sovereign to him, and the subtlety of its secrets an exquisite interest....If I see him at the last in The Tempest, as the composer....it is exactly that he is feeling there for tone and....finding it, as The Tempest....immortally gives it. This surrender to the highest sincerity of virtuosity, as we nowadays call it, is to my perception all The Tempest; with no possible depth or delicacy in it that such an imputed character does not cover and provide for. The subject to be treated was the single fact....the refinement, selection, economy, the economy not of poverty, but of wealth a little weary of congestion - the very law of the lone island and the very law of the court celebration - were here implied and imperative things. Then we see that every inch of it is personal tone, or in other words brooding expression raised to the highest energy. Push such energy far enough - and being what it is, it then inevitably provides for character. Thus we see character, in every form of which the "story" gives the thinnest hint, marching through the Pieces I have named in its habit as it lives, and so filling out the scene that nothing is missed.

....It is true of the poet in general - in nine examples out of ten - that his life is mainly inward, that its events and revolutions are his great impression and deep vibrations and that his "personality" is all pictured in the publication of his verse. Shakespeare is, we essentially feel, the tenth, the millionth example; not the sleek bachelor of music, the sensitive harp set once for all in the window to catch the air, but the spirit in hungry quest of every possible experience and

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adventure of the spirit, and which, betimes, with the boldest of all intellectual movements, was to leap from the window into the street. We are in the street, as it were, for admiration and wonder, when the incarnation alights, and it is of no edification to shrug shoulders at the felt impulse....to follow, to pursue, all breathlessly to track it on its quickly-taken way. Such a quest of imaginative experience, we can only feel, has itself constituted one of the greatest observed adventures of mankind; so that no point of the history of it, however far back seized, is premature for our fond attention. Half our connection with it is our desire to "assist at it", so how can we fail of curiosity and sympathy?

[That Shakespeare should have with The Tempest stopped writing was to Henry James inexplicable.]....the abrupt stoppage of his pulse is not, in charity lighted for us by a glimmer of an explanation. The explanation of some interposing accident is as absent as any symptom of declining powers.

The question, I hold will eternally interest the student of letters and of the human understanding, and the envied privilege of our play in particular will be always to keep it before him. How did the faculty so radiant there contrive, in such perfection, the arrest of its divine flight? By what inscrutable process was the extinguisher applied and, when once applied, kept in its place to the end? What became of the checked torrent, as a latent bewildered presence and energy in the life across which the dam was constructed?....We are referred, for an account of the matter to recorded circumstancesvulgar, dim and few....Their quality....redeems them....by having for its effect that they throw us back on the work itself with a rebellious renewal of appetite....The secret that baffles us being the secret of the man; we know, as I have granted, that we shall never touch the man directly in the artist.

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare in 40 volumes, The University Press. Vol. 16, The Tempest, introduction by Henry James, p. XII-XXXI. 1907.

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The Complete Works of William Shakespeare in 40 volumes,
The University Press, Vol. 18. The Tempest, introduction
by Henry James, p. XII-XOD. 1907.

Rupert Brooke

"One swung off into space, into history, into darkness, with every lamp extinguished and every abyss gaping", wrote Henry James of the first days of the World War, when that appalling catastrophe struck at the foundations of the established order of the civilization he knew. In appreciating, in interpreting, the young poet, Rupert Brooke, Henry James was inditing a tribute to all that generation of British youth so gallantly giving themselves in service to the destructive forces of war. James had already known Rupert Brooke for some few years at Cambridge University. After his tragic death in the Gallipoli campaign, the letters he had written from America and from the islands of the South Seas were made into a book, with an introduction by James. Into it went his feeling of personal loss, his admiration for the gifted young man, his sense of England's staunch greatness in dreadful trial. It was written at the end of his career and admirably illustrates the stately deliberation, the quality of power, of his latest manner of writing. From the introduction are quoted the opening paragraphs, in which James examines the nature and growth of a poet's gift, the rigors of circumstance triumphed over by the great poets, the happy, normal life of Rupert Brooke, and the great quality that made him "modern" and ready for the need of his day. The closing phrases are also quoted in conclusion.

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sense of England's staunch greatness in dreadful trial. It
was written at the end of his career and admirably illustrates
the stately deliberation, the quality of power, of his latest
manner of writing. From the introduction are quoted the open-
ing paragraphs, in which James examines the nature and growth
of a poet's gift, the rigors of circumstance triumphed over by
the great poet, the happy, normal life of Rupert Brooke, and
the great quality that made him "modern" and ready for the need
of his day. The closing phrases are also quoted in
conclusion.

Rupert Brooke

Nothing more generally or more recurrently solicits us, in the light of literature, I think, than the interest of our learning how the poet, the true poet, and above all the one with whom we may, for the moment, be concerned, has come into his estate, asserted and preserved his identity, worked out his question of sticking to that and to nothing else; and has so been able to reach us and touch us as a poet, in spite of the accidents and dangers that must have beset this course. The chances and changes, the personal history of any absolute genius, draw us to watch his adventure with curiosity and inquiry, lead us on to win more of his secret and borrow more of his experience (I mean, needless to say, when we are at all critically minded); but there is something in the clear safe arrival of the poetic nature, in a given case, at the point of its free and happy exercise, that provokes, if not the cold impulse to challenge or cross-question it, at least the need of understanding so far as possible how, in a world in which difficulty and disaster are frequent, the most wavering and flickering of all fine flames has escaped extinction. We go back, we help ourselves to hang about the attestation of the first spark of the flame, and like to indulge in a fond notation of such facts as that of the air in which it was kindled and insisted on proceeding, or yet perhaps failed to proceed to a larger combustion, and the draughts, blowing about the world, that were either, as may have happened, to quicken its native flame or perhaps to extinguish it in a gust of undue violence. It is naturally when the poet has emerged unmistakably clear, or has at a happy moment of his story seemed likely to, that our attention and our suspense in the matter are most intimately engaged; and we are at any rate in general beset by the impression and haunted by the observed law, that the growth and the triumph of the faculty at its finest have been positively in proportion to certain rigors of circumstances.

It is not so much that this appearance has been inveterate as that the quality of genius in fact associated with it is apt to strike us as the clearest that we know. We think of Dante in harassed exile, of Shakespeare under sordidly professional stress, of Milton in exasperated exposure and material darkness; we think of Burns and Chatterton and Keats and Shelley and Coleridge; we think of Leopardi and Musset and Emily Bronte and Walt Whitman as it is open to us surely to think of Wordsworth, so harshly conditioned by his spareness and bareness and bleakness....all this in reference to the voices that have most proved their command of the ear of time, and with the various examples added of those claiming, or at best enjoying, but the slighter attention; and their office

Robert Browning

Nothing more generally or more respectfully solicited as, in the light of literature, I think, than the interest of our learning how the poet, the true poet, and above all the one with whom we may, for the moment, be concerned, has come into his estate, scattered and preserved his identity, worked out his question of sticking to that and to nothing else; and has so been able to reach us and touch us as a poet, in spite of the accidents and dangers that must have beset this course. The chances and changes, the personal history of any absolute genius, draw us to watch his adventure with curiosity and inquiry, lead us on to win more of his secret and borrow more of his experience (I mean, needless to say, when we are at all critically minded); but there is something in the clear, self-survival of the poetic nature, in a given case, at the point of its true and happy exercise, that provokes, it is not the cold, un- guile to challenge or cross-question it, at least the need of understanding as far as possible how, in a world in which difficulty and disaster are frequent, the most wavering and flickering of all fine flames has escaped extinction. We go back, we help ourselves to hints about the extinction of the first spark of the flame, and like to imagine in a good notion of such facts as that of the air in which it was kindled and isolated on proceeding, or yet perhaps failed to proceed to a larger combustion, and the dramatic, blowing about the world, that were either, as may have happened, to quench the native flame or perhaps to extinguish it in a trust of unwise violence. It is naturally when the poet has seemed unwise, terribly clear, or has at a happy moment of his story seemed likely to, that our attention and our answer in the matter are most intimately engaged; and we are at any rate in general beset by the impression and haunted by the observed fact, that the growth and the triumph of the faculty at its finest have been positively in proportion to certain rigors of circumstances.

It is not so much that this appearance has been interpreted as that the quality of genius in fact associated with it is not to strike us as the clearest that we know. We think of Dante in harassed exile, of Shakespeare under sorrowful professional stress, of Milton in exaggerated exposure and material darkness; we think of Burns and Chatterton and Keats and Shelley and Coleridge; we think of Leopardi and Musset and Emily Browne and Walt Whitman as it is open to us curiously to think of Wordsworth, so hardly conditioned by his appearance and bareness and bleakness.... All this in reference to the voices that have most proved their command of the ear of time, and with the various examples added of those claiming, or at best enjoying, but the slightest attention; and their offices

thus mainly affects us as that of showing in how jostled, how frequently arrested and all but defeated a hand, the torch could still be carried. It is not of course for the countrymen of Byron and Tennyson and Swinburne, any more than for those of Victor Hugo, to say nothing of Edmond Rostand, to forget the occurrence on occasion of high instances in which the dangers all seemed denied and only favour and facility recorded; but it would take more of these than we can begin to set in a row to purge us of that prime determinant, after all, of our affection for the great poetic muse, the vision of the rarest sensibility and the largest generosity we know kept by her at their pitch, kept fighting for their life and insisting on their range of expression, amid doubts and derisions and buffets, even sometimes amid stones of stumbling quite self-invited, that might at any moment have made the loss of the precious clue really irremediable. Which moral, so pointed, accounts assuredly for half our interest in the poetic character....a sentiment more likely than not, I think, to survive a sustained succession of Victor Hugos and Rostands, or of Byrons, Tennysons, and Swinburnes. We quite consciously miss in these bards, as we find ourselves rather wondering even at our failure to miss it in Shelley, that such "complications" as they may have had to reckon with were not in general of the cruelly troublous order, and that no stretch of the view either of our own "theory" of art or of our vivacity of passion, as making trouble, contributes perceptibly the required savour of the pathetic. We cling, critically or at least experientially speaking, to our superstition, if not absolutely to our approved measure, of this grace and proof; and that truly, to cut my argument short, is what sets us straight down before a sudden case in which the old discrimination quite drops to the ground....in which we neither on the one hand miss anything that the general association could have given it nor on the other recognize the pomp that attends the grand exceptions I have mentioned.

Rupert Brooke, young, happy, radiant, extraordinarily endowed, and irresistibly attaching, virtually met a soldier's death, met it in the stress of action and all but immediate presence of the enemy; but he is before us as a new, a confounding and superseding example altogether, an unprecedented image, formed to resist erosion by time or vulgarisation by reference, of quickened possibilities, finer ones than ever before, in the stuff poets may be noted as made of. With twenty reasons fixing the interest and the charm that henceforth will abide in his name and constitute, as we may say, his legend, he submits all helplessly to one in particular which is, for appreciation, the least personal to him or inseparable from him, and he does this because, while he is still in the highest degree of the distinguished faculty and quality, we happen to feel him even more markedly and significantly "modern".....

this mainly affects us as that of showing in how justified, how frequently arrested and all but defeated a hand, the torch could still be carried. It is not of course for the countrymen of Byron and Tennyson and Swinburne, any more than for those of Victor Hugo, to say nothing of Edmund Rostand, to forget the occurrence on occasion of high instances in which the dangers all seemed denied and only favour and facility recorded; but it would take more of these than we can begin to set in a row to purge us of that prime determination, after all, of our affection for the great poetic muse, the vision of the rarest sensibility and the largest generosity we know kept by her at their pitch, kept lighting for their life and instilling on their range of expression, amid doubts and decisions and doubts, even sometimes amid stones of stumbling quite self-invited, that might at any moment have made the loss of the precious one really irremediable. Which moral, as pointed, accounts assuredly for half our interest in the poetic character.... a sentiment more likely than not, I think, to survive a sustained succession of Victor Hugo and Rostand, or of Byron, Tennyson, and Swinburne. We quite consciously miss in these bards, as we find ourselves rather wondering even at our failure to miss it in Shelley, that such "complications" as they may have had to reckon with were not in general of the cruelly troublesome order, and that no stretch of the view either of our own "theory" or out of our vivacity of passion, as making trouble, contrasted perceptibly the required savour of the pathetic. We cling, critically or at least experientially seeking, to our suggestion, it not absolutely to our approved measure, of this grace and prose; and that truly, to our argument about, is what sets us straight down before a sudden case in which the old discrimination quite drops to the ground.... in which we rather on the one hand miss anything that the general association could have given it nor on the other recognize the pomp that attends the grand exceptions I have mentioned.

Robert Brooke, young, happy, radiant, extraordinarily endowed, and irresistibly attractive, virtuously met a soldier's death, not in the stress of action and all but immediate presence of the enemy; but he is before us as a new, a confirmed and supererogating example altogether, an unrepentant martyr, formed to resist erosion by time or vulgarity by nervousness, of outworn possibilities, finer ones than ever before, in the still poets may be noted as made of. With twenty reasons fixing the interest and the charm that henceforth will abide in his name and conversation, as we may say, his friend, he submits all helplessly to one in particular which is, for appreciation, the least offered to him on transmittable from him, and he does this because, while he is still in the highest degree of the distinguished quality and quality, we happen to feel him even more warmly and significantly "modern"....

Rupert expressed us all, at the highest tide of our actuality, and was the creature of a freedom restricted only by that condition of his blinding youth, which we accept on the whole with gratitude and relief....given that, I qualify the condition as dazzling even to himself. How can it therefore not be interesting to see a little of what the wondrous modern in him consisted of?

What it first and foremost really comes to, I think, is the fact that at an hour when the civilised peoples are on exhibition, quite finally and sharply on show, to each other and to the world, as they never in all their long history have been before, the English tradition (both of amenity and energy, I naturally mean), should have flowered at once into a specimen so beautifully producible. Thousands of other sentiments are of course all the while, in different connections, at hand for us; but it is of the exquisite civility, the social instincts of the race, poetically expressed, that I speak; and it would be hard to overstate the felicity of his fellow-countrymen's being just now able to say: "Yes, this, with the imperfections of so many of our arrangements, with the persistence of so many of our mistakes, with the waste of so much of our effort and the weight of the many-coloured mantle of time that drags so reduntantly about us, this natural accommodation of the English spirit, this frequent extraordinary beauty of the English aspect, this finest saturation of the English intelligence by its most immediate associations, tasting as they mainly do of the long past, this ideal image of English youth, in a word, at once radiant and reflective, are things that appeal to us as delightfully exhibitional beyond a doubt, yet as drawn, to the last fibre, from the very wealth of our own conscience and the very force of our own history. We haven't, for such an instance of our genius, to reach out to strange places or across other, and other-wise productive, tracts; the exemplary instance himself has well-nigh as a matter of course reached and revelled, for that is exactly our way in proportion as we feel ourselves clear. But the kind of experience so entailed, of contribution so gathered, is just what we wear easiest when we have been least stinted of it, and what our English use of makes perhaps our vividest reference to our thick-growing native determinants."

Rupert Brooke, at any rate, the charmed commentator may well keep before him, simply did all the usual things....under the happiest prevision of course that he found them in his way at their best; and it was exactly most delightful in him that no inordinate expenditure, no anxious extension of the commonplace, as "liberally" applied all about him, had been incurred or contrived to predetermine his distinction.

[His death and burial] It struck us at home,....as symbolizing with the last refinement his whole instinct of selection and response, his relation to the overcharged appeal of his scene and hour. How could he have shown more the young English poetic possibility and faculty in which we were to seek the freshest reflection of the intelligence and the soul of the new generation? The generosity, I may fairly say the joy, of his contribution to the general perfect way makes a monument of his high rest there at the heart of all that was once noblest in history.

was essentially the artist, interested in creation and in production. His earliest published experiments in the reviewing of books for various periodicals exemplify his absorbed study of the methods of composition used by the writer whose work he was considering. It is as if the young writer was scrutinizing each book to find the key to its creation and growth in the mind of its author; to capture for himself the secret of its production, the elements of its interest, the habit of thought that led to its unfolding, as well as to appraise its value as a contribution to literature. Without doubt the purpose he established of becoming a writer of fiction guided his curiosity toward the acknowledged masters of the novel and the short story. His studies of the French novelists must have had their origin in his eager search for the clue to the source of their vivid realization of life and their skill in expression. His critical study of Nathaniel Hawthorne, written for the English Men of Letters series, began apparently in earlier studies.

Rupert Brooke, Letters from America, with a preface by Henry James, 1916, p. IX-XIII.

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C. What Henry James Has Written about the Art of the Critic

1. Introduction

Henry James much more frequently chose to practice the art of the critic than to discuss the theory of criticism. He was essentially the artist, interested in creation and in production. His earliest published experiments in the reviewing of books for various periodicals exemplify his absorbed study of the methods of composition used by the writer whose work he was considering. It is as if the young writer was scrutinizing each book to find the key to its creation and growth in the mind of its author; to capture for himself the secret of its production, the elements of its interest, the habit of thought that led to its unfolding, as well as to appraise its value as a contribution to literature. Without doubt the purpose he cherished of becoming a writer of fiction guided his curiosity toward the acknowledged masters of the novel and the short story. His studies of the French novelists must have had their origin in his eager search for the clue to the source of their vivid realization of life and their skill in expression. His critical study of Nathaniel Hawthorne, written for the English Men of Letters series, began apparently in earlier studies developed under the stimulus of his youthful determination to

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Men of Letters series, began apparently in earlier studies developed under the stimulus of his youthful determination to

absorb all that he could learn from the great novelist of New England.

The subjects of his critical study, when he was free to choose, are for the most part in that field of literature where he sought to perfect himself. He wrote oftenest about the writers of fiction, the writers of plays, the painters of pictures, those who excelled in the types of creative art in which he himself experimented. This personal interest of the ambitious young artist may explain the limited field of his criticism. He seldom chooses for his critical studies on literary matters a subject of earlier origin than the latter half of the eighteenth century. It is the great writers of fiction of the years just preceding his own day that secure his interest: he measured other writers of fiction by Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, among British; by Balzac, Daudet, Flaubert, Gautier, de Maupassant, George Sand, among the French, and by Turgénieff among the Russians. Always he longed to become, like them, a master of his art. He cherished the bit of praise once written to him by Ivan Turgénieff: a distinguished friend, so wrote the Russian novelist, the evening before had read aloud several chapters from a book by James, and one of them /James never named the book nor indicated the chapter/ was written de main de maitre. (1)

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p.298.

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It was not so much that he wished to pattern his work after any of these stimulating models; rather he desired to penetrate and absorb the skilled techniques of their form.

That he was acutely conscious of the rules and principles of the art he practised and criticised is evident from frequent generalizations of method in his reviews; but the discussion of these matters, except incidentally as part of the study of an individual artist, is rare among the critical papers he wrote. While Henry James was untiringly studying the methods of other writers, commenting upon the mastery of expression, or the lack of it, praising the excellence of form, admiring the controlled use of material, noting the special aptitudes and skill of the subject of his critical investigation, he was rarely, it would seem, to set forth separately his own theories, his method, his objectives, in criticism.

There are, however, three interesting examples of his discussion of the principles underlying the art of criticism as applied to literature: "The Art of Fiction", "Criticism", and the critical prefaces written for the New York edition of his novels and tales. The first of these, "The Art of Fiction", was printed, September, 1884, in Longman's Magazine as a reply to a lecture, having the same title, by Walter Besant. In 1888 the paper by James was reprinted in Partial Portraits, and has also appeared in other volumes of collected

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essays by various authors. James disagreed with Besant upon several points. The form of his reply was masked in polished irony. His pungent phrases gave force to the objections he offered and to the principles he upheld.

"Criticism", the second consideration of critical theory, was published in the May issue of the English magazine, The New Review (1891), with the title, "The Science of Criticism". When James included it in the volume, Essays in London and Elsewhere (1893), he changed the title to the simpler form, "Criticism". The brilliant ironic quality that characterizes "The Art of Criticism" appears in the second study, but there is no named writer with whom James finds himself in disagreement; rather, he dissents from the many who make no distinction between the reviewing of books and the practice of real criticism; he protests against the abundance of printed admonitions on how to criticise, and the lack of examples of good criticism; and voices his own ideas about the qualities essential to real criticism, as opposed to the facile and trite "review", current in the periodical press.

The third exposition of literary criticism is to be found in the critical prefaces of the New York edition of the novels and tales of Henry James. These prefaces taken together, afford the most mature and complete statement extant of the methods and principles of criticism formulated by Mr. James. The prefaces, published separately as The Art of the

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Novel (1933), were analyzed in an introductory chapter by the editor, R. P. Blackmur, who has skillfully assembled and organized the points James makes in regard to the construction of the novel and ways of rendering fiction an effective, artistic presentation of observation, interpreted by the imagination. For Henry James the power to appreciate a work of art is based upon an intelligent awareness of its form and structure. Such awareness is fundamental to adequate criticism. Thus, both in his critical thought and in his writings, one finds intimately associated fiction and criticism.

Reviewers had recognized certain characteristics common to these stories.

In all of them psychological analysis was the center of interest. The endings were seldom conventionally "happy". The Madonna of the Future, for instance, related the course of gradual deterioration through a period of years of a young American artist grown old studying abroad. Federick Hudson ended with the violent death of the hero, another American in Rome, much more gifted and much more successful than the protagonist, self-deluded central figure in The Madonna of the Future. The love story of The American terminates abruptly when the French heroine takes the veil and leaves her accepted suitor disappointed. It was considered that James had shown a strange lack of sympathy for his Daisy Miller when, in a

(1) Perry L. Wood, Letters of Henry James, p. 86, vol. I.

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2. "THE ART OF FICTION"

By 1884, just past his fortieth birthday, as a writer of finely artistic prose Henry James had already attained distinction. He enjoyed a position of social and literary importance. He had written some of his most famous tales: The Madonna of the Future, Roderick Hudson, The American, Daisy Miller, An International Episode, Washington Square, The Portrait of a Lady, The Author of Beltraffio; and during that year he was engaged in writing The Bostonians (1). Reviewers had recognized certain characteristics common to these stories.

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(1) Percy Lubbock, Letters of Henry James, p.85, vol I.

sentence or two, he disposed of her with Roman fever.

Washington Square, much indebted to Balzac's Eugénie Grandet, tells the story of a plain rich girl, disappointed in love, who never married. In The Portrait of a Lady delightful Isabel Archer, from Albany, New York, refuses the English Lord Warburton, for psychological reasons, and marries a man admirably fitted to make her completely miserable. The Author of Beltraffio was a harrowing account of a woman who felt that it was better for her young son to die than to live to read the brilliant but unprincipled books written by his novelist father. Thus ran the course of the score and more of the novels and tales James had already put forth. If the story was not an unhappy one, it was sure to be at least ironic, like the Bundle of Letters, The Point of View, The Siege of London, or The Europeans. Moreover, readers, here and there, had commented, occasionally with impatience, upon the elaboration of detail and the deliberation of movement in these stories. "The Art of Fiction" was in part a reply to such critics and wholly a declaration of the freedom of the novelist.

Among the published letters of Henry James appear passages during 1884 that express thoughts akin to those found in "The Art of Fiction". At the first of the year James spent several weeks in Paris. Writing to his brother, William James, from

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during 1904 that express thoughts akin to those found in "The
Art of Fiction". At the first of the year James spent several
weeks in Paris. Writing to his brother, William James, from

the Hôtel de Hollande, he reports:

I have spent an evening with A. Daudet, and a morning in Auteuil with Ed. de Goncourt....I also saw Zola at his home, and the whole group are of course intense pessimists. Daudet justifies this to me (as regards himself) by the general sadness of life and his fear, for instance, whenever he comes in, that his wife and children may have died while he was out! (1)

On the following day he wrote to William Dean Howells of these same visits with the French novelists, and his feeling about much of the current English fiction:

I have been seeing something of Daudet, Goncourt, and Zola, and nothing is more interesting to me now than the effort and experiment of this little group, with its truly infernal intelligence of art, form and manner....its intense artistic life. They do the only kind of work, today, that I respect: and in spite of their ferocious pessimism and their handling of unclean things, they are at least serious and honest. The floods of tepid soap and water which under the name of novels are being vomited forth in England, seem to me, by contrast, to do little honor to our race. (2)

He writes from London a few months later, in June, to thank Alphonse Daudet who had recently sent him one of his books.

Je trouve dans Sapho énormément de vérité et de vie. Ce n'est pas du roman, c'est de l'histoire, et de la plus complète et de la mieux éclairée. Lorsqu'on a fait un livre aussi solide et aussi sérieux que celui-là, on n'a besoin d'être rassuré par personne; ce n'est donc pour m'encourager moi-même que je constate dans Sapho encore une preuve - à ajouter à celles que vous avez données - de tout ce que le roman peut accomplir comme révélation de la vie et du drôle de mélange que nous sommes. La fille est étudiée avec une patience merveilleuse - c'est un de ces portraits qui épuisent un type....J'estime pourtant qu'il n'y a rien de plus réel, de plus positif, de plus à peindre, qu'un caractère; c'est là qu'on trouve bien la couleur et la forme. (3)

(1) Percy Lubbock, Letters of Henry James, p. 103.

(2) Ibid., p. 104.

(3) Ibid., p. 104.

I have a great deal of pleasure in
acknowledging the receipt of your
letter of the 10th inst. and in
replying to it. The information
which you have given me is very
valuable and I am sure that it
will be of great service to me.

I am very glad to hear that you
are well and hope that you will
continue to be so. I am sure that
you will find the work which I
have assigned to you very interesting
and profitable.

I have been thinking much of late
of the progress of the work which
you have been doing. I am sure that
you have made great progress and
that you will be able to complete
the work in a very short time.
I am sure that you will find the
work very interesting and profitable.
I am sure that you will be able to
complete the work in a very short
time. I am sure that you will find
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To understand the conditions under which "The Art of Fiction" was written one needs to have in mind not alone the successes of Henry James but also the remonstrances of his critics and the deepening of his regard for the work of living French novelists.

The occasion that called forth "The Art of Fiction", seems to have been two-fold: the appearance in The Pall Mall Gazette of a review of a lecture, given by Mr. Walter Besant at the Royal Institution, and the lecture itself, printed in pamphlet form, with the same title, "The Art of Fiction". In this study James develops four aspects of his subject: a) he answers the criticism of the reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette and Mr. Besant; b) he considers the function of a critic; c) he censures those critics whose view of art is limited by prejudice and ignorance; d) he counsels the young novelist to chart his own course, to be "one on whom nothing is lost." (1)

The reviewer in the Gazette, taking up the idea from Mr. Besant that there is a part of the novel called the story, had illustrated his own interpretation of the differences among novels in this matter of "the story", by contrasting a novel he names Margot la Balafrée with "certain tales in which Bostonian nymphs appear to have rejected English dukes for psychological reasons". Readers of James will recognize that the reference is to his story, An International Episode, in the first part of which Lord Lambeth, a titled young

(1) Percy Lubbock, Letters of Henry James, p. 390.

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the reference is to his story, An International Episode, in
the first part of which Lord Lambert, a titled young

(1) Percy Lubbock, Lectures of Henry James, p. 250.

Englishman, visits New York and Newport, where he falls in love with Bessie Alden, an exceptionally charming American girl.

The second part of the story carries the scene to London, where, introduced to society, Miss Alden is disappointed with much that she discovers; for example, the artistic and literary folk are not received, it seemed to her, on an equality of social standing with the people of highest rank; finding herself increasingly out of sympathy with this and other English social attitudes, she refuses to bestow her hand and fortune upon Lord Lambeth.

"I am not acquainted," writes Mr. James at his politest, "with the romance just designated Margot la Balafree⁷, and can scarcely forgive the Pall Mall critic for not mentioning the name of the author, but the title appears to refer to a lady who may have received a scar in some heroic adventure. I am inconsolable at not being acquainted with this episode, but am utterly at a loss to see why this is a story when the rejection (or acceptance) of a duke is not, and why a reason, psychological or otherwise, is not a subject when a cicatrix is. They are all particles of life with which the novel deals, and surely no dogma which pretends to make it lawful to touch the one and unlawful to touch the other will stand for a moment on its feet. It is the special picture that must stand or fall, according as it seems to possess truth or to lack it." (1)

When Mr. James turns to Mr. Besant's pamphlet, he comments thus on the portion of it dealing with the question of "the story":

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 401.

(2) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 401.

I cannot see what is meant by talking as if there were a part of the novel which is the story and a part which for mystical reasons is not....unless indeed the distinction is made in a sense in which it is difficult to suppose that anyone should attempt to convey anything. "The story", if it represents anything, represents the subject, the idea, the *donnée* of the novel: and there is surely no school - Mr. Besant speaks of a school - which urges that a novel should be all treatment and no subject. There must assuredly be something to treat; every school must be intimately conscious of that. This sense of the story being the idea, the starting-point of the novel, is the only one that I see in which it can be spoken of as something different from its organic whole; and since in proportion as the work is successful the idea permeates and penetrates it, informs and animates it, so that every word and every punctuation point contribute directly to the expression, in that proportion do we lose our sense of the story being a blade which may be drawn more or less out of its sheath. The story and the novel, the idea and the form, are the needle and thread, and I never heard of a guild of tailors who recommended the use of the thread without the needle, or the needle without the thread. (1)

In defense of his own way, and in opposition to the strictures of Mr. Besant, James declares,

Mr. Besant does not, to my sense, light up the subject by intimating that a story must under penalty of not being a story consist of "adventures". Why of adventures more than of green spectacles? He mentions a category of impossible things, and among them he places "fiction without adventure". Why without adventure, more than without matrimony, or celibacy, or parturition or cholera or hydropathy, or Jansenism? This seems to me to bring the novel back to the helpless little rôle of being an artificial, ingenious thing....brings it down from its large free character of an immense and exquisite correspondence with life. And what is adventure,... when it comes to that, and by what sign is the listening pupil to recognize it? It is an adventure - an immense one - for me to write this little article; and for a Bostonian nymph to reject an English duke

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(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 401.

is an adventure only less stirring, I should say, than for an English duke to be rejected by a Bostonian nymph. I see dramas within dramas in that, and innumerable points of view. A psychological reason is, to my imagination, an object adorably pictorial....there are few things more exciting to me, in short, than a psychological reason, and yet I protest, the novel seems to me the most magnificent form of art. (1)

The chief criticism that James makes of Mr. Besant is that he seems to have attempted to say definitely in advance just what kind of an affair the good novel ought to be. The purpose of James's reply, he says, is to show the danger of such an erroneous assumption, to suggest that certain traditions on the subject, prescribed indiscriminately, have led many astray, and to assert that "the good health of an art which undertakes so immediately to reproduce life must demand that it be perfectly free." (2)

He takes issue upon the point also that Besant, with others, has undertaken to label and ticket the kinds of fiction, to group them in nebulous categories, as the novel of character, the novel of incident, to call one a novel and another a romance. It is hard to see just why these classifications should have been displeasing to James, unless it was his habit to resent being herded or fenced in by any common designation, so intensely did he cherish his sense of individuality. "These clumsy separations," appear to him, "to have been made by critics and readers for their own convenience...."

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 402.

(2) Ibid., p. 384.

but to have little interest for the producer." (1)

A third ineptitude perpetrated by Mr. Besant, according to James, is his announcement of a law governing and embodied in the English novel, a "conscious moral purpose" which the lecturer considered "a truly admirable thing and a great cause for congratulation." To Henry James it seemed that many people would consider Mr. Besant to have made a vain discovery and to have advanced a foolish claim that English fiction "has addressed itself preponderately to these delicate questions." Many would declare that, on the contrary, moral timidity, not courage, marked the English novelists, with their aversion to face the difficulties with which on every side the treatment of reality bristles:

The essence of moral energy is to survey the whole field, and I should directly reverse Mr. Besant's remark and say not that the English novel has a purpose, but that it has a diffidence. As for our novel as we find it in England today, it strikes me as addressed in a large degree to "young people", and that this in itself constitutes a presumption that it will be rather shy. There are certain things which it is generally agreed not to discuss, not even to mention, before young people. That is very well, but the absence of discussion is not a symptom of the moral passion. The purpose of the English novelstrikes me, therefore, as rather negative. (2)

Welcoming the discussion opened by Mr. Besant, James confesses that he has, in truth, considered until recently that the general feeling in England about the novel was not that it was the expression of an artistic faith, the result of

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 392.

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(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 392.
(2) Ibid., p. 408-409.

choice and comparison. Instead, there was "a comfortable, good-humoured feeling abroad that a novel is a novel, as a pudding is a pudding, and that our only business with it could be to swallow it." (1) Whereas to fall at all within the possibility of discussion as an art, he felt, there must be behind the novel a theory, a conviction, sincere and serious.

Comparison and discussion, James avers, stimulate art. They are expressive of the essential vital relation between art and criticism:

Art lives upon discussion, upon experiment, upon curiosity, upon variety of attempt, upon the exchange of views and the comparison of standpoints; and there is a presumption that those times when no one has anything to say about it and has no reason to give for practice or preference, though they may be times of honour are not times of development - are times, possibly even, a little of dullness. The successful application of any art is a delightful spectacle, but the theory too is interesting; and though there is a great deal of the latter without the former I suspect that there has never been a genuine success that has not had a latent core of conviction. Discussion, suggestion, formulation, these things are fertilizing when they are frank and sincere. (2)

Free discussion of a work of art in no sense implies dogmatic insistence, determined to limit any part of the procedure of the artist. In his choice of subject, in his view of life, in the handling of his material, in the way he develops his theme, in his purpose and in his conclusions, the privilege of the artist is to be free, and critics have no right to infringe upon that privilege. The purpose of James in this essay is to

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 376.

(2) Ibid., p. 384.

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(1) Henry James, Portrait of a Lady, p. 376.
(2) Ibid., p. 384.

amplify the assertion that, "A vigorous art lives upon exercise, and the very meaning of exercise is freedom."

The whole source of interest in a work of art, to James's way of thinking, is to be found in the quality that is its pervading characteristic. This quality resides in the form that the artist has given to his presentation of life. In the form he has given to the expression of his idea the artistic creation; hence, to a good critic, the matter of the expression is significant.

The tracing of a line to be followed, of a tone to be taken, of a form to be filled out, is a limitation of that freedom and a suppression of the very thing that we are most curious about. The form, it seems to me, is to be appreciated after the fact: then the author's choice has been made, his standard has been indicated; then we can follow lines and directions and compare tones and resemblances. Then in a word we can enjoy one of the most charming of pleasures, we can estimate quality, we can apply the test of execution. The execution belongs to the author alone; it is what is most personal to him, and we measure him by that. (1)

Convinced that, "the general and only source of the success of a work of art is that it be illustrative", he further reduces the field of discussion about the novel to a single point, that of the execution:

Of course it is of the execution we are talking.... that being the only point of a novel that is open to contention. This is perhaps too often lost sight of, only to produce interminable confusions and cross purposes. We must grant the artist his subject, his idea, his donnée: our criticism is applied only to what he makes of it. We are not

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bound to like it or find it interesting: in case we do not our course is perfectly simple....to let it alone. (1)

And again of freedom,

If we pretend to respect the artist at all, we must allow him his freedom of choice, in the face, in particular cases, of innumerable presumptions that the choice will not fructify. Art derives a considerable part of its beneficial exercise from flying in the face of presumptions, and some of the most interesting experiments of which it is capable are hidden in the bosom of common things. (2)

Turning at last to the sister art of music for his illustration, he concludes his argument for freedom,

We do not judge the artist with fairness unless we say to him, - "it isn't until I have accepted your data that I can begin to measure you. I have the standard, the pitch; I have no right to tamper with your flute and then criticise your music." (3)

To sum up then, the artist must have liberty to select his idea and to develop it. The critic will find ample opportunity for appreciation in formulating his objective judgment upon the artistic qualities of the expression of the idea. As for taste, that is another matter, important and personal to the individual.

Admitting that taste will be heard, James agrees that,

Nothing, of course, will ever take the place of the good old fashion of "liking" a work of art or not liking it: the most improved criticism will not abolish that primitive, that ultimate test. (4)

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 394.

(2) Ibid.. p. 395.

(3) Ibid., p. 396.

(4) Ibid., p. 396.

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- (1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 384.
- (2) Ibid., p. 395.
- (3) Ibid., p. 396.
- (4) Ibid., p. 396.

and adds, speaking directly to novelists:

There are all sorts of taste....if they ~~the~~ readers/ don't care about your idea, they won't, a fortiori, care about your treatment. (1)

As for prescribing to anyone what should be liked, James found such a course rendered unnecessary, to say the least, by reason of adequate psychological influence which could be depended upon to illuminate the selective faculty, in its motive and direction; his idea is that a man's taste with relation to art is based upon experience.

I am quite at a loss to imagine anything (at any rate in this matter of fiction) that people ought to like or to dislike. Selection will take care of itself, for it has a constant motive behind it. That motive is simply experience. As people feel life, so they will feel the art that is most closely related to it. This closeness of relation is what we should never forget in talking of the effort of the novel. (2)

For the critic, then, out of the wider and deeper contact with life comes the richer and more enlightened taste. Slight contact, narrowed experience, produces a taste that is limited within scant confines.

The controlling motive in choice for the artist also rests upon experience, the experience of his earnest creative effort, wherein he has sought to reveal a type, to embody the characteristic.

Art is essentially selection, but it is a selection whose main care is to be typical, to be inclusive.... It appears to me that no one can have made a seriously artistic attempt without becoming conscious of an immense increase - a kind of revelation of freedom.

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(2) Ibid.. p. 397.

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(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 387.
(2) Ibid., p. 387.

One perceives in that case - by the light of the heavenly ray - that the province of art is all life, all feeling, all observation, all vision, - all experience. (1)

Turning from the matter of taste and selection, James analyzes the question of the relation of morality to art. He finds, to begin with, that each lies apart within its own province: "Questions of art are questions (in the widest sense) of execution: questions of morality are quite another affair."

(2) To him the benighted view that purpose in a work of art can become a source of corruption is not worthy to be examined; the purpose that "seems least dangerous is the purpose of making a perfect work." Although obviously true, such a statement standing alone would seem to avoid the issue of the influence upon the thought of others to be made by a work of art: but in saying it James is only reaffirming the freedom of the artist, and passes on to a more profound thought: the quality of a purpose in art is dependent upon the quality of the mind in which it originates: thus, the purpose becomes an index of quality:

There is a point at which the moral sense and the artistic sense lie very near together; that is in the light of the very obvious truth that the deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of the mind of the producer. In proportion as the intelligence is fine will the novel, the picture, the statue partake of the substance of beauty and truth. To be constituted of such elements is....to have purpose enough. (3)

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 398-399.

(2) Ibid., p. 405.

(3) Ibid., p. 406.

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(1) Henry James, Partial Perspectives, p. 298-299.
 (2) Ibid., p. 402.
 (3) Ibid., p. 402.

That the substance of beauty and truth is dependent upon the intelligence, rather than upon emotion - a claim frequently urged in certain quarters - is an interesting idea; James advances it simply, as if it were not a matter to be argued but a truth self-evident, an axiom of aesthetics.

It can be readily shown, too, that James was well aware of the significant part emotion plays in the perception of beauty. His letters, his studies of travel, and his stories reveal him to be a man of intense sensitivity. The youthful zest of his first day spent in Rome (1869), he describes with whimsical exaggeration in a letter to his brother William, after this fashion:

I rushed to this hotel (a very slow and obstructed rush it was, I confess, thanks to the *longeurs* and *lenteurs* of the Papal dispensation) and after a wash and a breakfast let myself loose on the city. From midday to dusk I have been roaming the streets. *Que vous en dirai-je?* At last, for the first time I live. It beats everything: it leaves the Rome of your fancy - your education - nowhere. It makes Venice, Florence, Oxford, London....seem like little cities of paste-board. I went reeling and moaning thro' the streets, in a fever of enjoyment; in the course of four or five hours I traversed almost the whole of Rome and got a glimpse of everything....The effect is something indescribable. For the first time I know what the picturesque is....To crown my day, on my way home, I met his Holiness in person - sitting dim within the shadows of his coach with two uplifted benedictory fingers - like some dusky Hindoo idol in the depths of its shrine. Even if I should leave Rome tonight I should feel that I have caught the keynote of its operation on the senses....(1)

(1) Percy Lubbock. Letters of Henry James, vol. 1. p. 24-25.

Among many testimonies in his fiction to his sense of the power of beauty to stir the emotions is The Passionate Pilgrim. This story pictures vividly the emotional reactions of a young American to the charm and loveliness of the English countryside. "The perception of beauty is often an affair of the feelings. Yes, but the creation of beauty - that is different;" James would seem to say. "The ardor of the artist is, and, if it is to build with a sure excellence, must be dominated and directed by the intelligence." A man of exceptional mental force himself, James often emphasizes his conviction that only from a controlled intelligence can true art proceed.

If it is not within the power of the superficial mind to produce a good work of art, so much the less is it possible for those who are ignorant or prejudiced about art to offer acceptable criticism. Of the many readers who ignored or objected to the artistic in the novel James wrote,

In addition to the people to whom it has never occurred that a novel ought to be artistic, there are a great many others who, if this principle were urged upon them, would be filled with an indefinable distrust. They would find it difficult to explain their repugnance, but it would operate strongly to put them on their guard. (1)

The distrust of "art" in fiction as possibly dangerous and certainly a curb upon entertainment is thus delicately decried:

Art in our Protestant communities, where so many things have got so strangely twisted about, is supposed in some circles to have some vaguely

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 381.

injurious effect upon those who make it an important consideration, who let it weigh in the balance. It is assumed to be opposed in some mysterious manner to morality, to amusement, to instruction. When it is embodied in the work of a painter (the sculptor is another affair) you know what it is; it stands there before you, in the honesty of pink and green and a golden frame; you can see the worst of it at a glance, and you can be on your guard. But when it is introduced into literature it becomes more insidious.... there is danger of its hurting you before you know it. Literature should be either instructive or amusing, and there is in many minds the impression that these artistic preoccupations, the search for form, contribute to neither end, interfere indeed with both. They are too frivolous to be edifying, and too serious to be diverting; and they are moreover priggish and paradoxical and superfluous. That, I think, represents the manner in which the latent thought of many people who read novels as an exercise in skipping would explain itself if it were to become articulate.(1)

Such readers, declaring that a novel ought to be "good", would insist upon defining excellence in a fashion to suit themselves.

One would say that being good means representing virtuous and aspiring characters, placed in prominent positions: another would say that it depends on a "happy ending"....Another still would say that it means being full of incident and movement. (2)

stipulating that their pleasure shall not be marred by any "tiresome analysis or description."

But they would all agree that the "artistic" idea would spoil some of their fun. One would hold it accountable for all the description, another would see it revealed in the absence of sympathy. Its hostility to a happy ending would be evident, and it might even in some cases make any ending at all impossible. It is therefore true that this conception of the novel as a superior form encounters not only a negative but a positive indifference. (3)

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 381.

(2) Ibid., p. 382.

(3) Ibid.. p. 382.

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(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 381.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 382.

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 382.

Carrying further his characterization of those but meagerly informed James continues,

For many people art means rose-coloured window-panes, and selection means picking a bouquet for Mrs. Grundy. They will tell you glibly that artistic considerations have nothing to do with the ugly; they will rattle off shallow commonplaces about the province of art and the limits of art till you are moved to some wonder in return as to the province and limits of ignorance. (1)

So much for those who without understanding the rudiments of aesthetics freely deliver their opinions on art.

When James turns from the artistically inept to advise the novice who is ready to undertake the fascinating and sometimes baffling task of writing a novel, he lays aside the rapier of his irony, as he offers the few generalizations he considers needful. In the first place, "the novel must take itself seriously for the public to take it so." (2) The significant business of the novel, and the only reason for its existence is that it does attempt to represent life. (3)

There is a complete analogy between the art of the painter and the art of the novelist. Their inspiration is the same, their process (allowing for the different quality of the vehicle), is the same, their success is the same. They may learn from each other, they may explain and sustain each other. Their cause is the same, and the honour of the one is the honour of the other. (4)

A second analogy suggests itself, that between the novelist and the historian,

As the picture is reality, so the novel is history
....To represent and illustrate the past, the

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 398.

(2) Ibid., p. 377.

(3) Ibid., p. 378.

(4) Ibid., p. 378.

actions of men, is the task of either writer, and the only difference that I can see is, in proportion as he succeeds, to the honour of the novelist, consisting as it does in his having more difficulty in collecting his evidence, which is so far from being purely literary. It seems to give him a great character, the fact that he has at once so much in common with the philosopher and the painter; this double analogy is a magnificent heritage. (1)

There is, James urges the young writer to remember, but a single obligation to which in advance readers may hold a novel, It must be interesting; it must be a personal, a direct impression of life. There lies its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression. To satisfy the demand for interest the novelist needs in his work three things: he must have freedom; he must have taste; he must have the capacity for receiving straight impressions. (2)

Addressing the young writer James admonishes,

It goes without saying that you will not write a good novel unless you possess a sense of reality; but it will be difficult to give you a recipe for calling that sense into being. (3)

Definite firmness in detail, the air of reality, seems to him the supreme virtue of a novel - the merit on which all its other merits depend:

If it is not there they are all as nothing, and if these be there, they owe their effect to the success with which the author has produced the illusion of life. The cultivation of this success, the study of this exquisite process, form, to my taste, the beginning and the end of the art of the novelist.

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 379-380.

(2) Ibid., p. 399.

(3) Ibid., p. 387.

They are his inspiration, his despair, his reward, his torment, his delight. It is here in very truth that he competes with life; it is here that he competes with his brother the painter in his attempt to render the look of things, the look that conveys their meaning, to catch the colour, the relief, the expression, the surface, the substance of the human spectacle. (1)

This significant and vitalizing sense of reality and the power to put it into words is the gift that the young writer must cultivate.

Catching the very note and trick, the strange irregular rhythm of life, that is the attempt whose strenuous force keeps Fiction upon her feet. In proportion as in what she offers us we see life without re-arrangement do we feel that we are touching truth; in proportion as we see it with re-arrangement do we feel that we are being put off with a substitute, a compromise and convention. (2)

Besant had advised the writer to look to his experience for a knowledge of reality. Upon this monition James comments:

It is equally excellent and inconclusive to say that one must write from experience....What kind of experience is intended, and where does it begin and end? Experience is never limited, and it is never complete; it is an immense sensibility, a kind of huge spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every air-borne particle in its tissue. It is the very atmosphere of the mind; and when the mind is imaginative - much more when it happens to be that of a man of genius - it takes to itself the faintest hints of life, it converts the very pulses of the air into revelations. (3)

Approaching from another angle, that of the intellectual operations involved in the process, James again attempts to make clear to the neophyte what he means by experience:

- (1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p.390.
- (2) Ibid.. v. 398.
- (3) Ibid., p. 388.

The power to guess the unseen from the seen, to trace the implications of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling in general so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it - this cluster of gifts may almost be said to constitute experience....If experience consists of impressions, it may be said that impressions are experience, just as (have we not seen it?) they are the very air we breathe. (1)

Such susceptibility to impressions, such responsiveness to the mysterious realities of life were part of the natural endowment of Henry James. His realism was the result of delicate perceptions; and such was the realism he felt that the novice, if he had it not, must seek. Delicate rather than dynamic, complex rather than simple, dealing with the intuitive rather than with the obvious, such qualities as these might be taken to indicate that there is not a little in common between the poet and the novelist, that the one no less than the other must be born to his calling. And yet, far from seeking to discourage the aspirant to success in fiction, James generously passes on, to the one who would learn, the essentials of his own experience. Holding supreme, as he does, the privilege of freedom, he knows that the pupil, unlimited as to possible experimentation, effort, discoveries, successes, must learn to write, to develop his individual manner of execution, wholly by himself. Comparing the difference there is between the teaching rules of method by the painter and such instruction given by the novelist, James insists that,

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 289.

The literary artist would be obliged to say to his pupil much more than the other. "Ah, well, you must do it as you can!" It is a question of degree, so- a matter of delicacy. (1)

Delicacy, in this connection, the pupil is not to interpret as being finical or fussily negative; vigour and breadth of view, as well as a spirit finely attuned, belong to the student of reality. To him James says,

All life belongs to you, and do not listen either to those who would shut you up in corners of it and tell you that it is only here and there that art inhabits, or to those who would persuade you that this heavenly messenger wings her way outside of life altogether, breathing a superfine air, and turning her head from the truth of things. There is no impression of life, no manner of seeing it and feeling it, to which the plan of the novelist may not offer a place. (2)

In the matter of a philosophy, once again indicating his aversion to tags and tickets, James suggests that it will be wiser not to think too much about optimism or pessimism, and illustrates his point by using Zola as an example:

In France today we see a prodigious effort (that of Emile Zola, to whose solid and serious work no explorer of the capacity of the novel can allude without respect), we see an extraordinary effort vitiated by a spirit of pessimism on a narrow basis. M. Zola is magnificent, but he strikes an English reader as ignorant: he has an air of working in the dark; if he had as much light as energy, his results would be of the highest value. (3)

Optimism, too can be carried beyond reasonable limits:

As for the aberrations of a shallow optimism, the ground (of English fiction especially) is strewn

- (1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 407.
- (2) *Ibid.*, p. 407.
- (3) *Ibid.*, p. 408.

with their brittle particles as with broken glass.(1)
 But, since there is a certain degree of finality about an accepted theory, if the young novelist feels moved to declare his philosophic convictions. James mildly warns, "If you must indulge in conclusions. let them have the taste of a wide knowledge." (2)

His last word, his parting admonition, to the imagined apprentice in the art of fiction, is a challenge as well as a charge:

Remember that your first duty is to be as complete as possible - to make as perfect a work. Be generous and delicate and pursue the prize. (3)

To the student interested in what James has written about the art of the critic "The Art of Fiction" includes several suggestive examples. In the first place, it is a fine illustration of ironic criticism of his critics. In the second place, it is an excellent model of critical analysis in its presentation of the field and functions of the art of fiction. Third, it is a statement of aesthetic theory, revealing James's sense of the preponderant value of the intellectual in creative art. Fourth, it is a manual of instruction for the novice in the writing of fiction and a strong plea for the presentation of reality. Fifth and last, because the essay is all these things, an example of criticism, an analysis of an art, a

(1) Henry James, Partial Portraits, p. 408.

(2) Ibid., p. 408.

(3) Ibid., p. 408.

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statement of aesthetic theory, and instructions on how to develop into an artist, "The Art of Fiction," within the limits of the subject, is also a guide for critics.

With the facility of babyish criticism the serious writer absolutely need not concern himself.... One should move in a diviner air.... I even confess that since the *Bostonians*, I find myself holding the "artificial world" at large in a singular contempt. I go so far as to think that the literary sense is a distinctly waning quality. (1)

James had been writing *The Bostonians* when he contributed "The Art of Fiction" to *Littell's Magazine*. *The Princess Casanoviana* had followed, and then had come *The Tragic Muse*. These were three important novels upon which James had worked with serious purpose, only to find that, on publication, they met with misunderstanding and a limited success.

Thereupon he turned from the writing of novels to experiment with the writing of plays. January of the year 1891 witnessed at Southport the first public performance of *The American*, a dramatization of James's novel. The opening was encouragingly successful, and for several succeeding months the company played through the provinces, using *The American* in its repertory. During this period James expressed in his letters satisfaction with the reception of his play on tour and anticipation of its initial presentation in London early in the approaching autumn.

(1) Percy Lubbock, *Letters of Henry James*, Vol. 1, p. 135.

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3. "CRITICISM"

"A grain of example is worth a ton of precept." wrote Henry James to William Dean Howells.

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(1) Percy Lubbock. Letters of Henry James, Vol. 1, p. 136.

From the letters of this period one gathers the impression that during the seven years from 1884 to 1891, the novels and the new plays held for James the greater interest; nevertheless, in those years he contributed to various periodicals more than twenty critical studies, many of them among his best. Several of these were included in Partial Portraits (1888), the first book of his essays to be published after the appearance, ten years earlier, of French Poets and Novelists. Certain studies that he had made of artists formed part of the volume Picture and Text (1893). Others of the literary studies were numbered among Essays in London and Elsewhere of the same year.

The unique qualities of the essay called "Criticism" in the volume Essays in London are not as strikingly revealed in association with the other studies in that collection by James as they are in the New Review, where the article first appeared jointly with two others as "The Science of Criticism". In the magazine, James's paper formed part of a symposium, of a series of symposia, evidently planned to bring together personal expressions of opinion, upon a topic assigned, each given by a group of three men, well-known as authorities in regard to the matter in hand. Laying hold of the idea that each art has its own science, a body of theories and working principles that may be examined and discussed, the ingenious

editor had arranged for a series of such discussions, each to be dealt with briefly by three acknowledged masters of the same art. For the months of April, May, and June, 1891, the subjects were "The Science of Fiction", "The Science of Criticism", "The Science of Preaching". The names of the contributors give some indication of their rank. The three novelists were Paul Bourget, Walter Besant, and Thomas Hardy. The three critics were Henry James, Andrew Lang, and Edmund Gosse. The three preachers were W. B. Ripon, F. W. Farrar, and Hugh Price Hughes. The articles were not argumentative in tone: loosely complementary to the other two of the triad, each derived a large measure of its interest from the personality of its author, who, presumably, gave his ideas gained through the experience of developing his own technique, his own type of composition.

That the science of criticism was taken to mean the science of literary criticism, without reference to any wider application of the term, thus implying, of course, that literary criticism is an art by itself, is evident in the opening sentence of each contribution. Henry James begins:

If literary criticism may be said to flourish among us at all, it certainly flourishes immensely. (1)

(1) New Review, 4:398.

(1) The New Review, 4: 403.

(2) Ibid., 4:408.

(3) Essays in London, p. 263.

Andrew Lang proposes:

Let us define Criticism as the form of skilled labor which is occupied in writing about other men's books, old or new. (1)

Edmund Gosse introduces his analysis of the subject thus:

Of literary criticism which we may discuss with gravity, criticism which presumably may be of some service, there are two main species. (2)

The three literary critics agree that the great volume of reviewing done for magazines and newspapers is of a different quality from that of great literary criticism; but Henry James is the only one who, taking the long view, foresees that to literature "the multiplication of endowments for chatter may be as fatal as an infectious disease." "What," he asks, "is the function in the life of man of such periodicity of platitude and irrelevance?" (3)

Although the three agree that reviewing lacks quality they differ interestingly in their definitions and manner. Declaring criticism to be largely a matter of praise and blame, Andrew Lang thinks that the quality of criticism depends in a great measure upon the exceptional temperament of the critic, and indicates his own temperamental bias by confessing that he can hardly imagine a subject less momentous than criticism. He concludes plaintively,

(1) The New Review, 4: 403.

(2) Ibid., 4:408.

(3) Essays in London, p. 262.

The critic's lot, on the whole, is not a happy one. Perhaps Mr. James and Mr. Saintsbury find it more satisfactory than I do. (1)

To the view of Edmund Gosse, literary criticism is not merely praise and blame; it is analysis. His essay illustrates one form of the analytic method. He discovers in the genus literary criticism two species: 1, The newspaper review, which is, "of necessity a mere indication of fleeting opinion"; 2, "that more valuable criticism which is comparative and composite." The best critic must have three qualities: he must be intelligent, sympathetic, and personal. There are four essentials in the preparation of a critic:

Without a life-long knowledge of books, without absolute judicial rectitude, without the mental habit of urbanity, without a determined cultivation of suppleness and independence of mind, no one ought to have the presumption to present himself as a critic. (2)

Compared with the presentations of his two associates, the essay of Henry James exhibits greater vigour of feeling, more power of expression, and a livelier quality of interest. Although he offers no definitions of criticism, as do Mr. Lang and Mr. Gosse, and names none of the great critics of the past, he succeeds in presenting criticism as an important, difficult, and valuable art. Addressing himself neither to the hasty reviewer nor to the expert reader, he apparently adopts the point of view, not of the experienced critic, but that of the reading public. He uses "we" and "our" as if he

(1) The New Review, 4:408.

(2) Ibid., 4:411.

were among those to whom literary criticism was an affair not clearly understood, its processes not fully mastered, nor the import of its influence completely grasped. He avoids the authoritative, personal "I", and introduces to voice his own ideas "the observer", "certain captious persons", "the bewildered spirit": even the indefinite and difficult "one" becomes eloquent. By means of this indirect expression of his ideas, James builds up a picture of the growing dismay of the ordinary reader as there dawns upon him the significance of the flood of newspaper reviewing. The indirectness, the identification of himself with the public, enable him to compass the fine ironic tone which pervades the essay. After an extended comparison of periodical literature to a train, filled with wooden dummies in lieu of living passengers, obliged to depart on schedule time, James explains.

In this way, in a well conducted periodical, the blocks of remplissage are the dummies of criticism - they are the current, regulated breakers in the tide of talk. They have a reason for being, and the situation is simpler when we perceive it....It helps us to understand that the "organs of public opinion" must be no less copious than punctual, that publicity must maintain its high standard, that ladies and gentlemen may turn an honest penny by the free expenditure of ink. It gives a glimpse of the high figure presumably reached by all the honest pennies accumulated in the cause, and throws us into quite a glow over the march of civilization and the way we have organized our conveniences. From this point of view it might indeed go far towards making us enthusiastic about our age. What is more calculated to inspire us with a just complacency than the sight of a new and flourishing industry, a fine economy of production? The great business of reviewing has, in its

roaring routine, many of the signs of blooming health, many of the features which beguile one into rendering an involuntary homage to successful enterprise. (1)

Another device that makes "Criticism" delightfully entertaining is the frequent and striking use of metaphor and analogy. In addition to the trainload of dummies, there is the picture of the decline and passing of literature, under the baleful effect of rough-and-ready reviewing:

The signs of the catastrophe will not in the case we suppose be found too subtle to be pointed out....the failure of distinction, the failure of style, the failure of knowledge, the failure of thought....literature lives essentially, in the sacred depths of its being, upon example, upon perfection wrought - like other sensitive organisms, its is highly susceptible of demoralization,....Nothing is better calculated than irresponsible pedagogy to make it close its ears and lips. To be puerile and untutored about it is to deprive it of air and light, and the consequence of its keeping bad company is that it loses all heart. We may, of course, continue to talk about it long after it has bored itself to death, and there is every appearance that this is mainly the way in which our descendents will hear of it. They will, however, acquiesce in its extinction. (2)

If it is a matter of contrasting the critical sense of the French with that of the English, the French critical sense "handles the subject with finer finger-tips. The bluntness of ours, as tactile implements addressed to an exquisite process, is still sometimes surprising, even after frequent exhibition." (3)

(1) Essays in London, p. 260-261.

(2) Ibid., p. 261-262.

(3) Ibid., p. 263.

And again,

We blunder in and out of the affair as if it were a railway station - the easiest and most public of the arts. It is in reality the most complicated and the most particular. (1)

When he comes to deal with the functions of the real critic, James uses figure after figure: the critic is the helper, the torch-bearing outrider, the interpreter, the brother, the armed knight, the touchstone, the portrait painter, the translator. A comparison of the original paper in the New Review with that in Essays in London shows two steps in perfecting the final figure. In the magazine the concluding phrases stand,

We make everything up to him by the peculiar purity of our esteem when the portrait is really, like the happy portraits of the other art, a translation into style.

In the later version a slight change removes the possible indefiniteness, enriches the connotation, and deftly completes the expression of the idea thus,

- - -when the portrait is really, like the happy portraits of the other art, a text preserved by translation. (2)

Such a wealth of imagery has its origin in two qualities of James, his brilliance of intellect and his steady sense of tone. How sure is the tact with which he offers his conception of the office of critic to his assumed associates, the average readers, in terms and figures easy to grasp and yet,

(1) Essays in London, p. 263.

(2) Ibid., p. 266.

and again.

As I understand it, the first of the two is the most important and the second is the least important. (1)

There is a third, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a fourth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a fifth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a sixth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a seventh, with the importance of the first.

And, there is an eighth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a ninth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a tenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is an eleventh, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twelfth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a thirteenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a fourteenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a fifteenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a sixteenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a seventeenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is an eighteenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a nineteenth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twentieth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-first, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-second, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-third, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-fourth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-fifth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-sixth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-seventh, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-eighth, with the importance of the first.

And, there is a twenty-ninth, with the importance of the first.

to even the least imaginative of them, full of suggestive power.

Taking as his central theme the high utility of literary criticism when it proceeds from the efficient combination of experience and perception, James constructs his essay around the contrast between the havoc-making off-hand reviewer and the critic, the creative worker, the man endowed with the rare and precious critical sense:

When one thinks of the outfit required for free work in this spirit, one is ready to pay almost any homage to the intelligence that has put it on: and one considers the noble figure completely equipped - armed cap-à-pie in curiosity and sympathy - one falls in love with the apparition. It certainly represents the knight who has knelt through his long vigil and who has the piety of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a general touchstone. (1)

The plan of "Criticism" may be reduced, at a loss of much lively wit, to such simple terms as these: 1.) Periodical reviewing is at present profuse, stereotyped, vulgar, crude, and stupid: 2.) Such a substitute for literary criticism may effect the complete extermination of literature: 3.) the remedy lies in an exercise of discrimination comparable to that of the French, who appreciate, as the English have yet to learn how to value, the convenience of a critical literature; 4.) The discerning critic, important alike to the creative writer and to the reading public is in his own right an artist who, like the novelist and the portrait painter, works close to life.

(1) Essays in London, p. 264.

to even the least imaginative of them, this of suggestive power.

Taken as his central theme the high utility of literary criticism when it proceeds from the efficient combination of experience and perception, James constructs his essay around the contrast between the hawo-making off-hand reviewer and the critic, the creative worker, the man endowed with the rare and precious critical sense:

When one thinks of the critic's required for true work in this spirit, one is ready to say almost any homage to the intelligence that has put it out; and one cannot but admire the noble figure completely equipped - armed with the sword of criticism and the shield of sympathy - one falls in love with the description. It certainly represents the knight who has knelt through his lance right and who has the city of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a general touchstone. (1)

The plan of "Criticism" may be reduced, at a loss of much lively wit, to such simple terms as these: 1.) Periodical reviewing is at present profane, atomized, vulgar, crude, and stupid; 2.) Such a substitute for literary criticism may effect the complete extermination of literature; 3.) the remedy lies in an exercise of discrimination comparable to that of the French, who appreciate, as the English have yet to learn, how to value, the convenience of a critical literature; 4.) The discriminating critic, important alike to the creative writer and to the reading public is in his own right an artist who, like the novelist and the portrait painter, works close to life.

If the question should be asked, what of the science of criticism? an answer is available in more than one of the passages about the critic at work. Certainly such activities as these come close to some of the ways of the man of science:

To lend himself, to project himself and steep himself, to feel and feel till he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion, and expression as embracing as the air, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, and yet plastic and inflammable and determinable, stooping to conquer and serving to direct....these are fine chances for an active mind, chances to add the idea of independent beauty to the conception. (1)

And is not the selflessness of the scientist in his laboratory suggested in the attitude of a critic for whom "the sense of effort is easily lost in the enthusiasm of curiosity,"?

On comparing "Criticism" with "The Art of Fiction", one finds in them both the same assumption that the artist is distinguished by his intelligence, the same conception that he is absorbed in an arduous struggle for perfection; there is the same conviction that the best art, "the only kind worth speaking of, is that which springs from the liveliest experience"

(2) Impressions, too, are for the critic as for the novelist, the foundation of his recording:

He only knows that the more impressions he has the more he is able to record, and that the more he is saturated, poor fellow, the more he has to give out. (3)

(1) Essays in London, p. 264.

(2) Ibid., p. 265.

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He only knows that the more impressions he has the more he is able to record, and that the more he is accurate, poor fellow, the more he has to give out. (3)

(1) Essays in London, p. 264.
(2) Ibid., p. 265.
(3) Ibid., p. 265.

The same thought is in this passage:

Just in proportion as he is sentient and restless, just in proportion as he reacts and reciprocates and penetrates, is the critic a valuable instrument. (1)

Another point in common is James's evident indifference to the importance of being classified as belonging to this or that group. Referring to the kinds of criticism he comments,

There are a hundred tickets and labels in all this matter, that have been pasted on from the outside and appear to exist for the convenience of the passers-by; but the critic who lives in the house, ranging through its innumerable chambers, knows nothing about the bills on the front. (2)

Indifferent he may be to the labels made by others; but to a mind as sensitive to differences as is that of Mr. James there is evident zest in noting suggestive shades of meaning, intimations of a difference of approach and result in his rapid survey of what the office of the critic may be in respect to a work of art, given in his picturesque catalogue of beneficent ministers. James also recognizes that the critic is concerned not merely with appreciating the work of art but also with understanding the artist. His view of the matter he puts succinctly:

In literature assuredly criticism is the critic, just as art is the artist; it being assuredly the critic who invented criticism, and not the other way round. (3)

To accent the resemblances and kinship among the arts is habitual with James. Certainly there is in "The Art of

(1) Essays in London, p. 264.

(2) Ibid., p. 265.

(3) Ibid.,

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- (1) James in London, p. 264.
- (2) Ibid., p. 265.
- (3) Ibid.

Fiction" no more felicitous analogy than that in "Criticism" where he compares the task of the critic with that of the novelist, and gives credit to the critic for the mastery of a doubly difficult performance:

The critic in literature....deals with life at second-hand as well as at first; that is, he deals with the experience of others, which he resolves into his own, and not of those invented and selected others with whom the novelist makes comfortable terms, but with the uncompromising swarm of authors, the clamorous children of history. He has to make them as vivid and free as the novelist makes his puppets and yet he has, as the phrase is, to take them as they come. (1)

Except for noting this curb of freedom imposed upon the critic by the conditions of his work, James makes no reference to the liberty he demanded for the artist in "The Art of Fiction". Perhaps to the view of James the vicarious quality of the critic's life, and the formidable demands made upon his adaptability, preclude the untrammelled state so essential to the novelist. There is, however, no doubt that James would hold the critic to be as free as the novelist is to choose his point of view and to direct unchallenged the development of his idea.

Nor is there in this study an explanation of what the critical sense includes, no hint of his standard of measure, no analysis of its component parts. Rather, James suggests values without definitions:

(1) Essays in London, p. 265-266.

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where he compares the task of the critic with that of the novelist, and gives credit to the critic for the mastery of a doubly difficult performance:

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Nor is there in this study an explanation of what the critical sense includes, no hint of his standard of measure, no analysis of its component parts. Rather, James suggests values without definitions:

The critical sense is so far from frequent that it is absolutely rare, and the possession of the cluster of qualities that minister to it is one of the highest distinctions. It is a gift inestimably precious and beautiful; therefore, so far from thinking that it passes overmuch from hand to hand, one knows that one has only to stand by the counter an hour to see that business is done with baser coin. (1)

To be sure, the reader is ready to agree, the intelligent are undeniably able to distinguish the real from the counterfeit money, but it would seem that the average person might need to have pointed out to him some of the marks of the specie that rings true, to save him from the danger of accepting the valueless for the real. On the other hand, if the ordinary reader is bound by his lack of the gifts needed to make him truly appreciative, no series of definitions, no explanations would be of use to those unprepared and unable to profit by them.

Closely akin to the critical sense is that power to discern quality about which James wrote in "The Art of Fiction". Undoubtedly that power is in his mind when he says that the critic offers himself as a general touchstone, but the average person might find advantage in information more complete, but possibly less economically compact, than is the figure of speech. The impression of the delicate and difficult task of the critic could not have a more vivid presentation. With it the impression is equally definite that criticism is the affair of a limited and exceptionally gifted few.

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4. THE CRITICAL PREFACES

A plea for Criticism Henry James called the prefaces that he had prepared for the revised edition of his stories published (1907-1909) in New York. (1) Of these studies, in the preface to Roderick Hudson, He wrote,

These notes represent, over a considerable course, the continuity of an artist's endeavor, the growth of his whole operative consciousness, the best of all, perhaps, their own tendency to multiply, with the implication, thereby, of a memory much enriched. (2)

And it is as a plea for criticism, as the discussion of those matters James thought significant for the artist and for the critic, that the prefaces are here examined.

The tone of these remarkable essays is neither controversial, like that of "The Art of Fiction", nor ironic, like that of "Criticism". The quality is that of deliberation, of leisurely reminiscence, of impressively acute analysis. They deal successively with those novels, nouvelles, as he called the longer short stories, and the short stories which James had selected as those he desired to be preserved in the permanence of the new and costly edition. In preparation for writing the prefaces he had examined in detail the fiction he had had published during the long years of his career. It had inveterately been his habit on

(1) Percy Lubbock, Letters of Henry James, Vol. II, p. 99.

(2) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 4.

finishing a piece of his work to put it out of his mind and not to look at it again. (1) Thus the necessity of re-reading his own work forced him to take a long backward view, in an unwonted perspective to see himself at work, to re-discover the flavor of the fruits of his own orchard and vineyard.

The question that most interested him was the question that he felt was of the most significance in the work of any artist; by what means and with what success had he developed his idea? His recovery of the circumstances attendant upon the genesis of the idea of each of the selected tales, and of the steps by which it took shape under his hand, as well as his judgment upon the outcome of his endeavor, reveal the power of memory and of intellect that distinguished him. In the prefaces more fully than anywhere else James unfolds the process of his creative thought, and affirms his opinions about the art of writing. Toward the end of the preface concluding the series, that preface which introduces The Golden Bowl, he concentrates within the compass of a single question the substance of his endeavour in the matter of revision:

What has the affair been at the worst, I am most moved to ask, but an earnest invitation to the reader to dream again in my company and in the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 337.

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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 337.

interest of his own larger absorption of my sense? (1)

An early stage in the process of absorbing the sense of the entire work of revision is to note that it is an admirable example of critical method. The plan he carried out was to gather together those stories which seemed to him representative of his best work, those pieces of fiction by which he wished to be known. There were three steps in the process: first, the selection, from among the many stories he had written, of those that he held most worthy to be perpetuated in a definitive edition, and the planning of the classification and arrangement of the chosen material; second, the revision and emendations of the text; and third, the writing of a preface for each unit of the series. To all of these activities, selection, textual change, and review, James devoted his best skill.

In the matter of selection, the omissions, as well as the inclusions are suggestive. The majority of the chosen stories are those from the later period of his life. The restrictions imposed by a limited number of volumes no doubt account for the exclusion of a certain proportion of the stories. The Bostonians, James himself would have included, if space had permitted. Among the nouvelles one

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 345.

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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 245.

misses The Europeans; and among the short stories "The Jolly Corner", a ghost story of a house in old Washington Square of New York City, gets itself mentioned in the preface to Volume XVII without being anywhere included in the text. Another entertaining ghost story, without a place in the New York edition, is "The Third Person", in which the ghostly presence of an eighteenth century smuggler haunts his former dwelling place, in one of the old Cinque Ports, to the mingled consternation and satisfaction of the pair of elderly spinsters in present possession of the ancient mansion. Neither Washington Square, a story of old New York, nor The Sacred Fount, a story of modern English life, are included. Although the list of omissions might be considerably extended, the main point to note is, of course, that James selected the ones that he preferred.

The arrangement of the tales places in the first nine volumes the earlier novels, from Roderick Hudson to The Awkward Age. The nouvelles and the briefer stories follow in nine volumes; in the last six volumes of the series two volumes apiece are allotted to the three great novels, The Wings of the Dove, The Ambassadors, and The Golden Bowl. The shorter stories are grouped usually according to theme, as the "international" group of volume XIV, or the stories dealing with literary life in volume XV.

Upon the experience of the revision James thus comments:

To revise is to see, or to look over, again - which means in the case of the written thing neither more or less than to re-read it the revised element in the present Edition is accordingly these terms, these rigid conditions of re-perusal registered; so many close notes, as who should say, on the particular vision of the matter itself that experience had at last made the only possible one. ... The "old" matter is there, re-accepted, re-tasted, exquisitely re-assimilated and re-enjoyed - believed in, to be brief, with the same "old" grateful faith; ... yet for due testimony, for reassertion of value, perforating as by some strange and fine, some latent and gathered force, a myriad more adequate channels. (1)

The thoroughness and the observant care with which he altered the phrasing of his earlier writing, even to "the shade of a cadence and the placing of a comma," (2) is made vividly clear to the one who examines in detail the manuscript with all the revisions recorded, of The American, now in the custody of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard University.

The prefaces are critical commentaries. Chiefly they are important as the mature expression of his theory and practice of the art of fiction. That aspect of their value has already been analyzed by R. P. Blackmur in his introduction to the prefaces in The Art of the Novel. It is as the prefaces deal with criticism and the functions of the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 337-340.

(2) Ibid., p.345.

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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 327-340.
(2) Ibid., p. 346.

critic that they are here examined anew. In this study, the passages are cited from The Art of the Novel.

In the critical prefaces the plan of examination that James uses is, first to trace the origin of each work, the source of the initial idea, to tell the when and the where of its beginning; then follows the history of its growth together with an account of the problems and principles involved in the process of its unfolding. He was fully aware of "the contributive value - the beguiling charm - of the accessory facts in a given case."

This is why- -the private history of any sincere work, however modest its pretensions, looms with its own completeness in the rich ambiguous aesthetic air, and seems at once to borrow a dignity and to mark, so to say, a station. (1)

His conclusions are based upon a scrutiny of the form and structure of the finished composition, and deal with an evaluation of the quality of the success attained in what he had set out to do. He is as ready to point out that the fault in Roderick Hudson lies in an inadequate handling of the time-scheme, and that upon a reperusal of The American he had discovered that there is more than one "affront to verisimilitude" in the portrayal of character, and that the whole actual center of The Wings of the Dove rests in the Fifth Book on a "misplaced pivot", as he is to express his

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 4.

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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 4.

satisfaction in the experiment he had made with "multiple centres of social occasion" in The Awkward Age or with the bright advantage enjoyed by The Tragic Muse in its "preserved and achieved unity and quality of tone."

James relates, as only their author could, the inner history of those works of fiction he had elected for survival. In regard to each one he considers objectively the questions of form, of development, and the success of the process. Aware, as he revived in memory the background of the production of each story, of the contributing influences of place and time, he notes that Roderick Hudson was begun in Florence. The American took form under these engagingly varied conditions:

My windows looked into the Rue de Luxembourg ... since then meagrely renamed Rue Cambon ... and the particular light Parisian click of the small cab-horse on the clear asphalt, with its sharpness of detonation between the high houses makes for the faded page to-day a sort of interlineation of sound. This sound rises to a martial clatter at the moment a troop of cuirassiers charges down the narrow street, each morning, to file, directly opposite my house, through the plain portal of the barracks occupying part of the vast domain attached in a rearward manner to one of the Ministères that front on the Place Vendôme; an expanse marked, along a considerable stretch of the street, by one of those high painted and administratively placarded garden walls that form deep recumbent notes in the organic vastness of the city.

He admits the distracting allurements of sight and sound:

I have but to re-read ten lines to recall my daily effort not to waste time in hanging over the window

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He admits the distracting elements of sight and sound:

I have but to re-read ten lines to recall my daily
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bar for a sight of the cavalry the hard music of whose hoofs so directly and thrillingly appealed; an effort that inveterately failed - and a trivial circumstance now dignified, to my imagination, I may add, by the fact that the fruits of the vivid picture, so constantly recaptured, must have been in themselves suggestive and inspiring, must have been rich strains, in their way, of the great Paris harmony.

He adds a comment on the need he habitually felt for an adequate perspective of time and space in recording impressions that has something in it of Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in tranquility,"

I have ever, in general, found it difficult to write of places under too immediate an impression - the impression that prevents standing off and allows neither space nor time for perspective. The image has had for the most part to be dim if the reflexion was to be, as is proper for a reflexion, both sharp and quiet: one has a horror, I think, artistically, of agitated reflexions. (1)

He traces the course of his writing this novel in several places. He worked a few weeks at Étretat, on the coast of Normandy, "with the stronger glow of southernmost France, breaking in during a stay at Bayonne; then with the fine historic and other 'psychic' substance of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, a purple patch of terraced October before return- to Paris. There comes after that the memory of a last brief intense invocation of the enclosing scene, of the pious effort to unwind my tangle, with a firm hand, in

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 26-28.

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the very light (that light of high narrowish French windows in old rooms, the light somehow, as one always feels, of 'style' itself) that had quickened my original vision." (1)

Because James was planning to cross the Channel to England that autumn, he felt compelled to finish "the matter of Newman's predicament" before leaving Paris:

Therefore I strove to finish - first in a small dusky hotel of the Rive Gauche, where, though the windows were high, the days were dim and the crepuscular court, domestic, intimate, "quaint", testified to ancient manners almost as if it had been that of Balzac's Maison Vauquer in "Le Pere Goriot"; and then once more in the Rue de Luxembourg, where a black-framed Empire portrait-medallion, suspended in the centre of each white panel of my almost noble old salon, made the coolest, discretest, most measured decoration, and where, through casements open to the mildness of the year, a belated Saint Martin's summer, the tale was taken up afresh by the charming light click and clatter, that sound as of the thin, quick, quite feminine surface - breathing of Paris, the shortest of rhythms for so huge an organism.

James justifies the detailed report of attendant facts on the ground that,

There has always been, for the valid work of art, a history - though mainly inviting, doubtless, but to the curious critic, for whom such things grow up and are formed very much in the manner of attaching young lives and characters, those conspicuous cases of happy development as to which evidence and anecdote are always in order. The development indeed must be certain to have been happy, the life sincere, the character fine; the work of art, to create or repay critical curiosity, must in short have been very "valid" indeed. (2)

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 28.

(2) Ibid., p. 29.

the very light (that light of high narrowish French windows in old rooms, the light somehow, as one always feels, of 'style' itself) that had guided my original vision." (1)

Because James was planning to cross the Channel to England that autumn, he felt compelled to finish "the matter of Newman's predicament" before leaving Paris:

Therefore I strove to finish - first in a small dusky hotel of the Rive Gauche, where, through the windows were high, the days were dim and the crucifixes, court, domestic, intimate, "quaint", testified to ancient manners almost as if it had been that of Balzac's *Madame Verdurier* in "Le Père Goriot"; and then once more in the rue de Valenciennes, where a black-framed picture of a portrait-medallion, suspended in the centre of each white panel of my almost noble old salon, made the coolest, discreetest, most measured decoration, and where, through casements open to the wilderness of the year, a belated Saint Martin's summer, the rain was taken up afresh by the chattering light click and clatter, that sound as of the thin, quick, quivering surface - breathing of Paris, the shortest of rhythms for so huge an organism.

James justifies the detailed report of attendant facts on the ground that,

There has always been, for the valid work of art, a history - though mainly invisible, doubtless, but to the curious critic, for whom such things grow up and are formed very much in the manner of attaching young lives and characters, those concrete cases of happy development as to which evidence and anecdote are always in order. The development indeed must be certain to have been happy, the life sincere, the character fine; the work of art, to create or repay critical curiosity, must in short have been very "valid" indeed. (2)

(1) Henry James, *The Art of the Novel*, p. 28.
(2) *Ibid.*, p. 29.

The Princess Casamassima came into being from his habit of walking the streets of London, especially at the end of the day, "the attentive exploration of the great grey Babylon"; the writing of it began at Dover, by the sea. Thus the recital of the scenes where he wrote moves, now in Florence, now in Venice, in Geneva, in New York City, in Washington, or in Bad-Homburg, but oftenest of all in London. These names alone suggest of themselves that, if for an artist the place where he works can be a determining factor in his creations, such cities, famous and stimulating to the imagination, would have much to offer to the man who, like Henry James, was free to come and go, free to live where he chose. Following his carefully arranged plan, James sought to let the reader live through with him the outer as well as the inner experience of his day's work.

After noting the admirable plan of the series, the reader is struck with the multiplication of instances where James declares that to be possessed of the critical spirit is assuredly to live richly, to live an exciting inward life, the only kind of life that really matters. The intense perceiver is sensitive to a far greater range of experience than is the ordinary individual:

The person capable of feeling in the given case more than another what is to be felt for it, and so serv-

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 67.

(2) Ibid., p. 155.

(3) Ibid., p. 82.

The Tringess Cassanassins came into being from his habit
 of walking the streets of London, especially at the end of
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 perceiver is sensitive to a far greater range of experience
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ing in the highest degree to record it dramatically and objectively, is the only sort of a person on whom we can count not to betray to cheapen or, as we say, give away the value and beauty of the thing. By so much do we get the best there is of it, and by so much as it falls within the scope of a denser and duller, a more vulgar and more shallow capacity, do we get a picture dim and meagre. (1)

Not only sensitive, but also intelligent is the critical spirit:

To criticise is to appreciate, to appropriate, to take intellectual possession, to establish in fine a relation with the criticised thing and make it one's own. The large intellectual appetite projects itself thus on many things, while the small - not better advised, but unconscious of need for advice - projects itself on few. (2)

Because of the increased capacity for experience conferred by the critical spirit, Henry James delighted to use in his stories characters endowed with its power:

The figures in any picture, the agents in any drama, are interesting only in proportion as they feel their respective situations; since the consciousness, on their part, of the complication, exhibited forms for us their link of connection with it. But there are degrees of feeling - the muffled, the faint, the just sufficient, the barely intelligent, as we may say; and the acute, the intense, the complete, in a word - the power to be finely aware and richly responsible. (3)

He felt that the best thing in his earlier novel, The Portrait of a Lady was Isabel Archer's "extraordinary meditative vigil that was to become for her such a land mark, " because in it she is presented as intensely and silently

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 67.

(2) Ibid., p. 155.

(3) Ibid., p. 62.

ing in the highest degree to record it dramatically and objectively, is the only art of a person on whom we can count not to betray to chance or, as we say, give away the value and beauty of the thing. By so much do we get the best there is of it, and by so much as it falls within the scope of a dancer and dancer, a more vulgar and more shallow capacity, do we get a picture dim and meagre. (1)

Not only sensitive, but also intelligent is the critical

spirit:

To criticize is to appreciate, to appropriate, to take intellectual possession, to establish in time a relation with the criticized thing and make it one's own. The large intellectual appetite projects itself upon many things, while the small - not better advised, but unconscious of need for advice - projects itself on few. (2)

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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 67.

(2) Ibid., p. 155.

(3) Ibid., p. 62.

appreciative of the crisis she faces:

Reduced to its essence, it is but the vigil of searching criticism; but it throws the action further forward than twenty "incidents" might have done. It was designed to have all the vivacity of incident and all the economy of picture. She sits up, by the fire, far into the night, under the spell of recognitions on which she finds the last sharpness suddenly wait. It is the representation simply of her motionlessly seeing, and an attempt withal to make the mere still lucidity of her act as "interesting" as the surprise of a caravan or the identification of a pirate. (1)

Another such character is Hyacinth Robinson, the young book-binder from the London tenements, in The Princess Casamassima. His story is a special case of the dawn and growth of the critical spirit. The strengthening of his power to appreciate what his life had lacked and to what mistaken ends he had devoted it, brings on his inevitable tragedy. Among the shorter tales, Laura Wing, in A London Life, Fleda Vetch, in The Spoils of Poynton, and Rose Tramore, in The Chaperone are variants of the critical, intelligent, and sensitive temper. Maisie, of What Maisie Knew, Morgan Moreen, of The Pupil, and the young postal-telegraph clerk of In The Cage are studies of the youthful critical spirit, "vibrating with vivacity of intelligence" (2) For Lambert Strether, the central figure in The Ambassadors,

The actual man's note, from the first of our seeing it struck, is the note of discrimination, just as

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 57.

(2) Ibid., p. 157.

appreciative of the crisis she faces:

Reduced to its essence, it is but the wish of
sacrificing aristocracy, but it throws the action
further forward than twenty "incidents" which have
done. It was designed to have all the vivacity of
incident and all the economy of picture. She sits
up, by the fire, far into the night, under the
spell of recollections on which she finds the last
sharpened and gently well. It is the representation
simply of her morbidly sensitive, and an attempt
withal to make the mere ally of lucidity of her ear
as "interesting" as the surprise of a carnival or
the identification of a statue. (1)

Another such character is Hyacinth Robinson, the young
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of the critical spirit. The strengthening of his power to
appreciate what his life has lacked and to what related code
he has devoted it, grows on his inevitably. Among
the shorter tales, James Wain, in A London Life, Flora Vetch,
in The Spoils of Poynton, and Rose Tremore, in The Chapstone
are variants of the critical, intelligent, and sensitive
temper. Maisie, of What Maisie Knew, Norman Moscan, of The
Imperial, and the young postal-telegraph clerk of In The Debt
are touched of the youthful critical spirit, "vibrating with
vivacity of intelligence" (2) for Herbert Spencer, the
central figure in The Ambassadors.

The actual man's note, from the first of our series
it struck, is the note of discrimination. Just as

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 27.
(2) Ibid., p. 27.

his drama is to become, under stress, the drama of discrimination. It would have been his blest imagination, as we have seen, that had already helped him to discriminate; the element that was for so much of the pleasure of my cutting thick, as I have intimated into his intellectual, into his moral substance. (1)

In the last of the prefaces, the one introducing The Golden Bowl, James traces the trend of his predilection for seeing his story through the experience of a created perceiving appreciator, in this wise:

I have already betrayed, as an accepted habit, and even to extravagance commented on, my preference for dealing with my subject-matter, for "seeing my story", through the opportunity and the sensibility of some more or less detached, some not strictly involved, though thoroughly interested and intelligent, witness or reporter, some person who contributes to the case mainly a certain amount of criticism and interpretation of it. Again and again, on review, the shorter things in especial that I have gathered into this Series have ranged themselves not as my own impersonal account of the affair in hand, but as my account of somebody's impression of it - the terms of this person's access to it and estimate of it contributing thus by some fine little law to intensification of interest. The somebody is often, among my shorter tales I recognize, but an unnamed, unIntroduced and (save by right of intrinsic wit) unwarranted participant, the impersonal author's concrete deputy or delegate, a convenient substitute or apologist for the creative power otherwise so veiled and disembodied. My instinct appears repeatedly to have been that to arrive at the facts retailed and the figures introduced by the given help of some other conscious and confessed agent is essentially to find the whole business enriched by the way. I have in other words constantly inclined to the idea of the particular attaching case plus some near individual

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 316.

his dream is to become, under stress, the dream of
 discrimination. It would have been the best im-
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 business embodied by the way. I have in
 other words constantly inclined to the idea of the
 particular attaching case giving some near individual

view of it; that nearness quite having thus to become an imagined observer's, a projected painter's or poet's - however the avowed "minor" quality in the latter - close and sensitive contact with it. (1)

For the reason that in his fiction James habitually invented characters to exemplify the critical spirit, a light is thrown from many of his stories upon his idea of the heightened sense of the meaning and value of life conferred by the possession and use of such a power for discrimination, for appreciation.

The critical spirit, he held, is indispensable alike to the artist and to the man who would be critic. Moreover, to an intelligent responsiveness toward life must be added, by unwearying cultivation, a fine awareness of art. Life and art, to the sense of James, differ sharply. In the preface to The Spoils of Poynton he refers to "clumsy life at her stupid work," and lingers admiringly over the complete change wrought by the artist in a subject "taken from life," as follows:

Strange and attaching, certainly, the consistency with which the first thing to be done for the communicated and seized idea is to reduce almost to nought the form, the air as of a mere disjoined and lacerated lump of life, in which we may have happened to meet it. Life being all inclusion and confusion and art being all discrimination and selection, the latter in search of the hard latent value with it is concerned, sniffs round the mass as instinctively and unerringly as a dog suspicious of

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 327-328.

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with which the first thing to be done for the com-
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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 327-328.

some buried bone. The difference here, however, is that, while the dog desires his bone but to destroy it, the artist finds in his tiny nugget, washed free of awkward accretions and hammered into a sacred hardness, the very stuff for a clear affirmation, the happiest chance for the indestructible. It at the same time amuses him again and again to note how, beyond the first step of the actual case, the case that constitutes for him his germ, his vital particle, his grain of gold, life persistently blunders and deviates, loses herself in the sand. The reason is of course that life has no direct sense whatever for the subject and is capable, luckily for us, of nothing but splendid waste. Hence the opportunity for the sublime economy of art, which rescues, which saves, and hoards and "banks," investing and re-investing these fruits of toil in wondrous useful "works" and thus making up for us, desperate spend-thrifts that we all naturally are, the most princely of incomes. It is the subtle secrets of that system, however, that are meanwhile the charming study, with an endless attraction above all, in the question endlessly baffling indeed - of the method at the heart of the madness; the madness, I mean of a zeal, among the reflective sort, so disinterested. (1)

Henry James found life abounding in turmoil, filled with perplexing inequalities and frustrations. In another passage also he expresses his view of the disturbing lack of order in human existence:

No themes are so human as those that reflect for us, out of the confusion in life, the close connection of bliss and bale, of the things that help with the things that hurt, so dangling before us that hard bright medal of so strange an alloy, one face of which is somebody's right and ease and the other somebody's pain and wrong. (2)

Another of his phrases about the difference between art and life gives a fresh and even more grimly wistful turn to the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 119-120.

(2) Ibid., p. 143.

some buried bone. The difference here, however, is that, while the dog desires his bone but to destroy it, the artist finds in his tiny nugget, washed free of awkward secretions and hammered into a sacred hardness, the very stuff for a clear articulation, the happiest chance for the indestructible. It is at the same time amuses him again and again to note how, beyond the first step of the actual case, the case that constitutes for him his germ, his vital particle, his grain of gold, life persistently blunders and deviates, loses herself in the sand. The reason is of course that life has no direct sense whatever for the subject and its candle, luckily for us, of nothing but splendid waste. Hence the opportunity for the sublime economy of art, which rescues, which saves, and boards and "banks," investing and re-investing these fruits of toil in wondrous useful "works" and thus making up for us, desperate spend-thrifts that we all naturally are, the most princely of incomes. It is the subtle secrets of that system, however, that are meanwhile the charming study, with an endless attraction above all, in the question... endlessly baffling indeed - of the method at the heart of the madness; the madness, I mean of a real, among the reflective sort, so disinterested. (1)

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No themes are so human as those that tell of for us, out of the confusion in life, the alone conquest on out of bias and hate, of the things that life with the things that hurt, as something before us that hard bright medal of no strange alloy, one face of which is somebody's right and ease and the other somebody's pain and wrong. (2)

Another of his phrases about the difference between art and life gives a fresh and even more grimly wistful turn to the

(1) Henry James, *The Art of the Novel*, p. 118-120.
(2) *Ibid.*, p. 143.

familiar saying that art is long and life is fleeting:

Most of all, of a certainty, is brought back ... the old burden of the much life and the little art, and of the portentous dose of the one it takes to make any show of the other. (1)

Before entering into an examination of the ideas James held about art, let us pursue further the qualities that he felt to be the mark of the critical spirit. These are, to begin with, sensitivity, intelligence, reflection, imagination, and discrimination, not alone in respect to life but also in respect to art. To these must be added, if the expression of criticism is to carry weight, an honest earnestness (2) and an eager, penetrating curiosity (3). Such an array of gifts would appear to be far easier to create for a character in a story than it might be to discover in real life an individual thus abundantly furnished.

The application of these gifts to the appreciation of a work of art, especially if the work of art is a piece of fiction, James finds, is directed and controlled by attention:

Attention of perusal, I thus confess by the way, is what I at every point, as well as here, absolutely invoke and take for granted; a truth I avail myself of this occasion to note once for all - in the interest of that variety of ideal reigning, I gather,

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 259.

(2) Ibid., p. 169.

(3) Ibid., p. 227.

familiar saying that art is form and life is content:

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terest of that variety of ideal reasoning, I gather,

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 230.
(2) *Ibid.*, p. 237.
(3) *Ibid.*, p. 237.

in the connexion. The enjoyment of a work of art, the acceptance of an irresistible illusion, constituting, to my sense, our greatest experience of "luxury," the luxury is not greatest, by my consequent measure, when the work asks for as little attention as possible. It is greatest, it is delightfully, divinely great, when we feel the surface, like the thick ice of the skater's pond, bear without cracking the strongest pressure we throw on it. The sound of the crack one may recognise, but never surely to call it a luxury. (1)

The interdependence of perception and attention was to James obvious, although he felt that, in any effective intensity, the combination was rare. In discussing The Portrait of a Lady he declares:

It is a familiar truth to the novelist that, as certain elements are of the essence, so others are only of the form; that as this or that character, this or that disposition of the material, belongs to the subject directly, so to speak, so this or that other belongs to it but indirectly ... belongs intimately to the treatment. This is a truth, however, of which he rarely gets the benefit - since it could be assured to him, really, but by criticism based upon perception, criticism which is too little of this world. He must not think of benefits, moreover, I freely recognise, for that way dishonour lies: he has, that is, but one to think of - the benefit, whatever it may be, involved in his having cast a spell upon the simpler, the very simplest forms of attention. This is all he is entitled to; he is entitled to nothing, he is bound to admit, that can come to him, from the reader, as a result on the latter's part of any act of reflexion or discrimination. He may enjoy this finer tribute - that is another affair, but on condition only of taking it as a gratuity "thrown in", a mere miraculous windfall, the fruit of a tree he does not pretend to have shaken. Against reflexion, against discrimination, in his interest, all heaven and earth

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 305.

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 33-34.

in the connexion. The enjoyment of a work of art, the acceptance of an irrefragable illusion, consisting, to my sense, our greatest experience of "luxury," the luxury is not greatest, by my consequent measure, when the work asks for as little attention as possible. It is greatest, it is delightfully, divinely great, when we feel the surface, like the thick ice of the skater's pond, bear without cracking the strongest pressure we throw on it. The sound of the crack one may recognise, but never surely to call it a luxury. (1)

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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 305.

conspire; wherefore it is that, as I say, he must in many a case have schooled himself, from the first to work but for a "living wage." The living wage is the reader's grant of the least possible quantity of attention required for consciousness of a "spell." The occasional charming "tip" is an act of his intelligence over and beyond this, a golden apple, for the writer's lap, straight from the wind-stirred tree.(1)

The failure, among readers, of perception and attention James has made the subject of one of his stories. "The Figure in the Carpet" has for its center of interest the endeavor of certain admirers of Hugh Vereker, a great writer, to find the clue to the meaning of his work, completed work which Vereker himself had felt revealed the intention he had laboured to express through his themes and the way he had developed them. Commenting upon the germ of this story, James recounts that having noticed for years how dully and feebly readers had often attempted to understand, and criticism had sought to appraise, the work of the artist, he chose to build his tale around a man who mistakenly assumed and trusted in the intelligent responsiveness of his readers. The irony of the situation lay in the fact that the artist never was appreciated, for the lack among his readers of a discriminating mind acutely equal to the occasion. Thus "The Figure in the Carpet" is a protest in behalf of better criticism. In James's review of the circumstances that led him to write this story he makes clear not only what good criticism should concern itself with, but also with

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 53-54.

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The failure, among readers, of perception and attention

James has made the subject of one of his stories. "The Figure in the Carpet" has for its center of interest the endeavor of certain admirers of Hugh Verker, a great writer, to find the clue to the meaning of his work, connected work which Verker himself had felt revealed the intention he had labored to express through his themes and the way he had developed them. Commenting upon the germ of this story, James recounts that having noticed for years how dully and feebly readers had often attempted to understand, and criticism had sought to appreciate, the work of the artist, he chose to build his tale around a man who mistakenly assumed and trusted in the intelligent responsiveness of his readers. The irony of the situation lay in the fact that the artist never was appreciated, for the lack among his readers of a discriminating mind acutely equal to the occasion. Thus "The Figure in the Carpet" is a protest in behalf of better criticism. In James's review of the circumstances that led him to write this story he makes clear not only what good criticism should concern itself with, but also with

what an artist is occupied when he creates his work, thus:

No truce, in English-speaking air, has ever seemed to me really struck, or even approximately strikeable, with our so marked collective mistrust of anything like close or analytic appreciation - appreciation, to be appreciation, implying some such rudimentary zeal; and this though that fine process be the Beautiful Gate itself of enjoyment. To have become consistently aware of this odd numbness of the general sensibility, which seemed ever to condemn it, in presence of a work of art, to a view scarce of half the intentions embodied, and moreover but to the scantest measure of these, was to have been led on by seductive steps, albeit perhaps by devious ways, to such a congruous and, as I would fain call it, fascinating case as that of Hugh Vereker and his undiscovered, not to say undiscoverable secret. What I most remember of my proper process is the lively impulse, at the root of it, to re-instate analytic appreciation, by some ironic or fantastic stroke, so far as possible, in its virtually forfeited rights and dignities. Important to this end had I long found the charming idea of some artist whose most characteristic intention, or cluster of intentions, should have been taken all vainly for granted the public, or at the worst the not unthinkable private, exercise of penetration. the mere quality and play of an ironic consciousness in the designer left wholly alone, amid a chattering unperceiving world, with the thing he had most wanted to do, with the design more or less realised - some effectual glimpse of that might by itself, for instance, reward one's experiment. having noted for many years how strangely and helplessly, among us all, what we call criticism - its curiosity never emerging from the limp state - is apt to stand off from the intended state of things, from such finely attested matters, on the artist's part, as a spirit and a form, a bias and a logic, of its own. and the question that accordingly comes up, the issue of the affair, can be but whether the very secret of perception hasn't been lost. That is the situation, and "The Figure in the Carpet" exhibits a small group of well-meaning persons

engaged in a test. The reader is, on the evidence, left to conclude. (1)

Analytic criticism, then, is the Beautiful Gate of enjoyment to such persons as have, in the presence of a work of art, fostered a habit of lively curiosity about such matters of concern to the artist as a spirit and a form, a bias and a logic, an originating idea, and an embodied intention.

Recalling the emphasis with which James, in "The Art of Fiction" contended for the principle that the critic has no occasion to find fault with the subject of a work of art because the choice of subject belongs, in all fairness, to the artist, one is interested to find that in Preface III. James names Ivan Turgénieff, the Russian novelist, as one who also held that rule fundamental. In the passage, the words of the Russian are directly quoted:

"As for the origins of one's wind-blown germs themselves, who shall say, as you ask, where they come from? they come from every quarter of heaven ... They accumulate, and we are always picking them over, selecting among them. They are the breath of life - by which I mean that life, in its own way, breathes them upon us. They are so, in a manner prescribed and imposed - floated into our minds by the current of life. That reduces to imbecility the vain critic's quarrel, so often, with one's subject, when he hasn't the wit to accept it. Will he point out then which other it should properly have been? - his office being, essentially, to point out. Il en serait bien embarrassé. Ah, when he points

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 43-44.

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 227-229.

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If an artist then embarrasses, ah, when he points

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 227-228.

out what I have done or failed to do with it, that's another matter: I give him up my 'architecture'," my distinguished friend concluded, "as much as he will." (1)

Referring in another passage to his own frequent use of the international theme of some of his stories, James restates his opinion that subjects belong uniquely to the artist because they come inevitably to him from his own experience. The artist is not free to choose his experience, but he is free to get from it all he can recognise and appropriate:

The one great truth in the whole connexion, however, is, I think, that one never really chooses one's general range of vision - the experience from which ideas and themes and suggestions spring; this proves ever what it has had to be, this is one with the very turn one's life has taken; so that whatever it "gives," whatever it makes us feel and think of, we regard very much as imposed and inevitable. The subject thus pressed upon the artist is the necessity of his case and the fruit of his consciousness; which truth makes and has ever made of any quarrel with his subject, any stupid attempt to go behind that, the true stultification of criticism. The thing of profit is to have your experience - to recognise and understand it, and for this almost any will do; there being surely no absolute ideal about it beyond getting from it all it has to give. The artist - for it is of this strange brood we speak - has but to have his honest sense of life to feel it at every pore even as the birds of the air are fed. (2)

As to the ground of critical appreciation, that may be said to rest, in the case of fiction, upon the artist's power to interest his readers in his representation of life:

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 43-44.

(2) Ibid., p. 201.

out what I have done or failed to do with it, that's another matter: I give him my 'autobiography', " my distinguished friend concluded, "as much as he will." (1)

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The one great truth in the whole connection, however, is, I think, that one never really chooses one's general range of vision - the experience from which ideas and themes and suggestions spring; this comes even what it has had to be, this is one with the very turn one's life has taken; as that whatever it "gives," whatever it makes us feel and think of, we regard very much as imposed and inevitable. The subject thus pressed upon the artist is the necessity of his case and the fruit of his consciousness; which truth makes and has ever made of any quarrel with his subject, any stupid attempt to go behind it, the true signification of criticism. The thing of profit is to have your experience - to recognize and understand it, and for this almost any will do; there being surely no absolute ideal about it beyond getting from it all it has to give. The artist - for it is of this strange breed we speak - has but to have his honest sense of life in feel it at every pore even as the birds of the air are fed. (2)

As to the ground of critical interpretation, that may be said to rest, in the case of fiction, upon the artist's power to interest his readers in his representation of life:

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 43-44.
(2) Ibid., p. 201.

The art of interesting us in things - once these things are the right ones for his case - can only be the art of representing them. This relation to them for invoked interest, involves his accordingly "doing"; and it is for him to settle with his intelligence what that variable process shall commit him to.

Its fortune rests primarily, beyond doubt, on somebody's having a sense for it ... The way this sense has been, or has not been, applied constitutes, at all events, in respect to any fiction, the very ground of critical appreciation. (1)

A true critic, as he enjoys the success of an artist in having created an interesting representation of life, is able to appreciate as well the quality of the artist; for behind the work of art is always the artist, with his experience of life, his own special point of view, which has been determined partly by his choice and partly by the circumstances of his life, his idea, his style, his own ways of arresting and holding the attention of the reader. All these matters of individuality - experience, point of view, style, insofar as they have been the source of his theme, insofar as they have shaped and directed the work of art - are significant to the critic. The characteristics of the artist, James points out, include sensitivity, imagination, intelligence, taste, that indefinable but indispensable possession "the sense of the matter", the creative urge, and the power to select and control his materials, to practise economy in form and in

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 9.

The art of interesting us in things - once these things are the things that we care - can only be the art of representing them. This relation to them for interest, involves the necessity of "doing" and it is for this reason that the intelligence which has variable processes shall commit him to.

The language which is primarily, beyond doubt, on somebody's having a sense for it... The way this sense has been, or has not been, evolved, constitutes, at all events, in respect to any fiction, the very ground of critical appreciation. (1)

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having created an interesting representation of life, is able to appreciate as well the quality of the artist: for behind the work of art is always the artist, with his experience of life, his own special point of view, which has been determined partly by his choice and partly by the circumstances of his life, his ideas, his style, his own ways of reacting and holding the attention of the reader. All these matters of individuality - experience, point of view, style, instinct as they have been the source of his theme, insofar as they have shaped and directed the work of art - are significant to the critic. The characteristics of the artist, James points out, include sensitivity, imagination, intelligence, taste, that indispensable but indispensable possession "the sense of the matter". The creative urge, and the power to resist and control his materials, to exercise economy in form and in

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 9.

expression:

The painter of life has indeed work cut out for him ... The effort to see and really to represent is no idle business in face of the constant force that makes for muddlement. The great thing indeed is that the muddled state too is one of the very sharpest of the realities, that it also has colour and form and character, has often in fact a broad and rich comicality, many ^{of the} signs and values of the appreciable. (1)

Writing from the point of view of the artist, in the first of the prefaces, James records as his conviction:

The art of representation bristles with questions, the very terms of which are difficult to apply and to appreciate; but whatever makes it arduous makes it, for our refreshment, infinite, causes the practice of it, with experience, to spread round us in a widening, not in a narrowing circle. Therefore, it is that experience has to organise, for convenience and cheer, some system of observation - for fear, in the admirable immensity, of losing its way. We see it as pausing from time to time to consult its notes, to measure, for guidance, as many aspects as possible, as many steps taken and obstacles mastered and fruits gathered and beauties enjoyed. Everything counts, nothing is superfluous in such a survey; the explorer's note book strikes me here as endlessly receptive. This accordingly is what I mean by the contributive value - or to put it simply as, to one's own sense, the beguiling charm - of the accessory facts in a given artistic case. (2)

An ever present difficulty to the artist is the temptation of yielding to the demand for complete expression made by an aspect of life, a relation, a situation, a character involved in the development of a picture of life:

Any real art of representation is, I make out, a controlled and guarded acceptance, in fact a per-

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 149.

(2) Ibid., p. 3-4.

expression:

The pattern of life has indeed work out for him... The effort to see and really to represent is no idle business in face of the constant force that makes for muddlement. The great thing indeed is that the muddled state too is one of the very sharp-est of the realities, that it also has colour and form and character, has often in fact a broad and rich complexity many signs and values of the appreciable. (1)

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An ever present difficulty to the artist is the temptation of yielding to the demand for complete expression made by an aspect of life, a relation, a situation, a character involved in the development of a picture of life:

My real art of representation is, I make out, a controlled and guarded acceptance, in fact a per-

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 143.
(2) Ibid., p. 3-4.

fect economic mastery, of that conflict: the general sense of the expansive, the explosive principle in one's material thoroughly noted, allowed to flush and colour and animate the disputed value, but with its other appetites and treacheries, its characteristic space-hunger and space-cunning kept down. The fair flower of this artful compromise is to my sense the secret of "foreshortening" - the particular economic device for which one must have a name and which has in its single blessedness and its determined pitch, I think, a higher price than twenty other clustered loosenesses; and just because full-fed statement, just because the picture of as many of the conditions as possible made and kept proportionate, just because the surface iridescent, even in the short piece, by what is beneath it and what throbs and gleams through, are things all conducive to the only compactness that has charm, to the only sparseness that has a force, to the only simplicity that has a grace - those, in each other, that produce the rich effect. (1)

James distinguishes between the field of life where a man thinks and feels and strives, and the field of life with which the artist is concerned. In this connection he indicates that to him the novelist, like the critic, appreciates:

The affair of the painter is not the immediate, it is the reflected field of life, the realm not of application, but of appreciation, a truth that makes our measure of effect altogether different. My report of people's experience - the report as a "story-teller" - is essentially my appreciation of it, and there is no "interest" for me in what my hero, my heroine or any one else does save through that admirable process. (2)

As to the functions of imagination, James is sure that everything in a novelist's work must pass - using a vivid figure from the laboratory - "through the crucible of his imagination." The sense of life must be accompanied by the vigorous imagination:

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 278.

(2) Ibid., p. 65.

fact economic mastery, of that conflict: the general sense of the expansive, the expansive principle in one's material, thoroughly noted, allowed to flow and colour and animate the finished volume, but with its other appetites and characteristics, its characteristics space-hunger and space-consuming kept down. The fair flower of this artist's compromise is to give sense the secret of "farsightedness" - the particular economic device for which one must have a name and which has in its single pleasantness and its determined pitch, I think, a higher price than twenty other clustered loosenesses; and just because full-let statement, just because the picture of as many of the conditions as possible made and kept proportionate, just because the surface translucent, even in the short piece, by what is beneath it and what throbs and gleams through, are things all conducive to the only compactness that has charm, to the only easiness that has a force, so the only simplicity that has a grace - those, in each other, that produce the rich effect. (1)

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As to the function of imagination, James is sure that everything in a novelist's work must pass - under a vivid fiction from the laboratory - "through the crucible of his imagination." The sense of life must be accompanied by the vision: imagination:

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 278.
(2) Ibid., p. 28.

If you haven't, for fiction, the root of the matter in you, haven't the sense of life and the penetrating imagination, you are a fool in the very presence of the revealed and assured; but that if you are so armed you are not really helpless, not without your resource, even before mysteries abysmal. (1)

When the artist has chosen his theme, has laid hold of the central motive of his special case under development:

This motive is his ground, his site and his foundation. But after that he only lends and gives, only builds and piles high, lays together the blocks quarried in the depths of his imagination and on his personal premises. He thus remains all the while in intimate commerce with his motive, and can say to himself - what really more than anything else inflames and sustains him - that he alone has the secret of the particular case, he alone can measure the truth of the direction to be taken by his developed data. There can be for him, evidently, only one logic for these things; there can be for him only one truth and one direction - the quarter in which his subject most completely expresses itself. The careful ascertainment of how it shall do so, and the art of guiding it with consequent authority - since this sense of "authority" is for the master-builder the treasure of treasures, or at least the joy of joys - renews in the modern alchemist, something like the old dream of the secret of life. (2)

Such passages as these reveal how profoundly James esteems the gift of imagination. He finds, too, what he calls an odd law, which "somehow always makes the minimum of valid suggestion serve the man of imagination better than the maximum. The historian, essentially, wants more documents than he can really use; the dramatist only wants more liberties than he can take." (3) In this connection one recalls the account James gives of the origin of the idea of one of his famous shorter tales, The Spoils of Poynton. At a dinner party the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 278.

(2) Ibid., p. 122-123.

(3) Ibid., p. 161-162.

If you haven't, for fiction, the root of the matter in you, haven't the sense of life and the meaning of imagination, you are a fool in the very presence of the revealed and assured; but that if you are as earnest, you are not really deluded, not without your response, even before mysterious symbols. (1)

When the artist has chosen his theme, has laid out the

central motive of his special case under development:

This motive is his ground, his life and his foundation. But after that he only lives and gives, only builds and gives high, lays together the blocks pushed in the shape of his imagination and on his personal premises. He thus remains all the while in intimate commerce with his native, and can say to himself - what really more than anything else inflames and sustains him - that he alone has the secret of the particular case, he alone can measure the truth of the direction to be taken by his developed tale. There can be for him, eventually, only one logic for these things; there can be for him only one truth and one direction - the question is which his subject most completely expresses itself. The careful ascertainment of how it shall be so, and the art of guiding it with consequent authority - since this sense of "authority" is for the master-builder the treasure of treasure, or at least the joy of the treasure in the modern alphabet, something like the old dream of the secret of life. (2)

Such passages as these reveal how profoundly James seems the gift of imagination. He finds, too, what he calls an odd law, which "somehow always makes the minimum of valid suggestion serve the man of imagination better than the maximum. The historian, essentially, wants more documents than he can really use; the dramatist only wants more liberties than he can take." (3) In this connection one recalls the account James gives of the origin of the idea of one of his famous shorter tales, The Gollies of Poynton. At a dinner party the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 272.
(2) Ibid., p. 181-182.
(3) Ibid., p. 181-182.

friend sitting next to him began to speak of a certain lady who was at sword's point with her only son over the disposition of the valuable furniture of a fine old house. Before the friend had spoken more than a dozen words, James, recognizing that the situation indicated was one full of possibilities as the nucleus of a story, would gladly have prevented his fellow-guest from adding any further details of the actual progress of the family dissension, because he felt that the mere statement of such existing condition gave him all he needed. More he could not use of the "fatal futility of Fact." (1)

In the novel, The Tragic Muse, and in that group of short stories brought together in volume XV of the New York Edition, James chose his subjects from the life of the artist. From them as well as from the prefaces one gains an idea of what James felt to be the difficulties inherent in the experience of the artist. The Tragic Muse grew out of an idea he had had in mind for some time:

To do something about art and "the world" - art, that is as a human complication and a social stumbling-block - must have been for me early a good deal of a nursed intention, the conflict between art and "the world" striking me thus sometimes as one of the half-dozen great primary motives. (2)

The two chief characters in the story are a young actress and a man who relinquishes a place in Parliament to become a painter. The following passage tells the theme and gives an

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 123-124.

(2) Ibid., p. 79.

friend sitting next to him began to speak of a certain lady who was at sword's point with her only son over the disposition of the valuable furniture of a fine old house. Before the friend had spoken more than a dozen words, James, recognising that the situation indicated was one "full of possibilities as the nucleus of a story, would gladly have presented his fellow-guest from adding any further details of the actual progress of the family dissension, because he felt that the mere statement of such existing condition gave him all he needed. More he could not use of the "fatal frailty of fact." (1)

In the novel, The French Muse, and in that group of short stories brought together in volume IV of the New York Edition, James chose his subjects from the life of the artist. From them as well as from the professions one might say that what James felt to be the difficulties inherent in the experience of the artist. The French Muse grew out of an idea he had had in mind for some time:

To do something about art and "the world" - art, that is as a human phenomenon and a social stumbling-block - must have been for me early a good deal of a pursued intention, the conflict between art and "the world" striking me thus sometimes as one of the half-dozen great primary motives. (2)

The two chief characters in the story are a young actress and a man who relinquishes a place in Parliament to become a painter. The following passage tells the theme and gives an

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 123-124.
(2) Ibid., p. 73.

indication of James's attitude toward London society:

I had long carried in my head the notion of a young man who should amid difficulty - the difficulties being the story - have abandoned "public life" for the zealous pursuit of some supposedly minor craft; just as, evidently, there hovered before me some possible picture (but all comic and ironic) of one of the most salient London "social" passions, the unappeasable curiosity for the things of the theatre; for every one of them, that is, except the drama itself, and the "personality" of the performer (almost any performer quite sufficiently serving) in particular. This latter, verily, had struck me as an aspect appealing mainly to satiric treatment; as the only adequate or effective treatment, I had again and again felt, for most of the distinctly social aspects of London.(1)

Miriam, the actress, and Nick Dormer, the painter, succeed in art because in their lives they put art, where it belongs, first.

Of the stories in volume XV, characterized by their reference to the troubled artistic consciousness, James has this to say:

These pieces have this in common that they deal with the literary life, gathering their motive, in each case, from some noted adventure, some felt embarrassment, some extreme predicament of the artist enamoured of perfection, ridden by his idea or paying for his sincerity. (2)

In each of these stories about artists James makes it clear that, although the man who chooses to be an artist has given himself to a life of arduous and frequently discouraging effort, the satisfactions of creative endeavor are richly compensatory. In the course of his comment upon The Tragic Muse James puts the matter thus:

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 81-82.

(2) Ibid., p. 220-221.

Any representation of the artist in himself must be
 that in proportion as it really exists to the sub-
 ject... For to say the matter is an image, all we
 mean - in his theory - is that the object-controller
 is the back he turns to as he looks over his work.
 "This" image, incidentally, is not the image of what
 he produces, and that is another matter. His response
 he himself produces; he sees the work of the very
 nearest reality, the most belatedly taken in the
 work of the gods - therefore he may not "have" it, in
 the form of the privilege of the hero, at the same
 time. The privilege of the hero - that is of the
 hero of the intervention and appealing and con-
 sideratively illuminating reason - placed him in quite
 a different category, because to him only as to the
 artist, belated, diverted, frustrated or vanquished;
 when the "master" in him gains "on his own" rather
 than on suggestion or whatever, all that the expert
 has to do without. (1)

Similarly, in a bit from the discussion of the artist's

Portman, James illustrates his sense of the artist's labor of

the artist:

The profession of belief has always struck me as
 the last to consent, for the artist, with any con-
 sideration, of his troubled effort - every the day,
 for the most part, of so many losses and compromises,
 simplifications and surrenders. (2)

Difficulties to James are challenges; they are incentives,

arguing, stimulating problems affirmatively offering themselves for

action. They are of the essence of art itself. Whatever

else art may be, it is something in difficulties; these dif-

ferences are the opportunity of the artist:

Circumstances of difficulty... are precisely the
 finest privilege of the craftsman, who, to be worth
 his salt, and master of any contrived harmony, must
 take no tough technical problem for insoluble.

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 94-97.
 (2) Ibid., p. 106.

These technical subterfuges and subtleties, these indirectly-expressed values, kept indirect in a higher interest, made subordinate to some general beauty, some artistic intention that can give an account of itself, what are they after all but one of the noblest parts of our amusement? (1)

The paramount source of inspiration, to James, lies in difficulty. His zest for persevering exertion gives a robustness to his whole outlook upon art, and is, so it seems to me, one of the reasons why artists of a later generation have found him good to study; for James not only loved the technical difficulties of his art but labored unstintedly to master them. (2)

Now to see difficulty braved is at any time, for the really addicted artist, to feel almost even as a pang the beautiful incentive, and to feel it verily in such sort as to wish the danger intensified. The difficulty most worth tackling can only be for him, in these conditions, the greatest the case permits of. (3)

To affront difficulty was with James intellectual adventure. His idea about creative construction was that it is "the highest of human fortunes, the rarest boon of the gods:"

He [the artist] values it,....as the great extension, great beyond all others, of experience and of consciousness; with all the toil and trouble a mere sun-cast shadow that falls and shifts and vanishes, the result of his living in so large a light. (4)

Sometimes James uses, to convey his sense of the artist as intellectually adventuring, the figure of the expertly adroit man of science, as in the following passage about one of the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 137.

(2) Ibid., p. 302.

(3) Ibid., p. 50.

(4) Ibid., p. 29.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DO hereby certify that
[Name] is a citizen of the United States of America.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Department of State
this [Day] of [Month], 19[Year].
[Signature]
[Title]

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the Department of State
this [Day] of [Month], 19[Year].
[Signature]
[Title]

THE SECRETARY OF STATE
DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THIS CERTIFICATE IS VALID FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE
[Law/Act]

FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE [Law/Act]
[Signature]
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important aims of the artist:

The challenge of economic representation so easily becomes, in any of the arts, intensely interesting. To put all that is possible of one's idea into a form and compass it only by delicate adjustments and an exquisite chemistry, so that there will be at the end neither a drop of one's liquor left nor a hair-breadth of the rim of one's glass to spare - every artist will remember how often that sort of necessity has carried with it its special inspiration. Therein lies the secret of the appeal, to his mind, of the successfully foreshortened thing, where representation is arrived at, as I have elsewhere had occasion to urge, not by the addition of items....but by the art of figuring synthetically, a compactness into which the imagination may cut thick, as into the rich density of wedding-cake. (1)

To the question, What is beauty and where it is to be found? James responds that for him the beautiful, in a work of art, always is to be discovered in "the close, the deep, the curious." (2) Close, in terms of analysis of the laboratory, suggests microscopic examination; deep suggests the X ray; curious suggests exceptional deviation from the normal. If these terms were from the analysis of the logician, close might mean accurate, deep might mean profound, and curious might mean deserving acute examination. The reader of James will find ample justification for the point of view of the scientist and of the logician in interpreting the sense of the words James uses to express what delights him; for, as will be seen, the appeal of beauty is for him not alone to the sensual impression, but even more to the inner eye of intellectual appropriation. In the thought of an expert craftsman, close

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 87-88.

(2) Ibid., p. 174.

important line of the artist:

The challenge of economic representation is easily
perceived, in any of the three, intensely interesting
To put it that is possible of one's idea into a
form and compare it only by delicate adjustments and
an expansive chemistry, so that there will be of the
one neither a drop of one's liquor left nor a hair-
breadth of the rim of one's glass to spare - every
artist will remember how often that sort of necessity
has curbed with it its special inspiration. Therein
lies the secret of the appeal, to his mind, of the
successfully forethoughtened thing, where representation
is arrived at, as I have elsewhere had occasion to
urge, not by the addition of details.... but by the art
of turning sympathetically, a commonplace into which
the imagination may cut thick, as into the rich hem-
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appreciation. In the thought of an expert craftsman, close

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 87-88.
(2) Ibid., p. 156.

might mean finely-wrought, deep might mean mysterious, and curious might mean imaginative individuality. This point of view is also in harmony with the sense of James. It is the privilege of the artist to reveal beauty to others through his chosen medium of expression: through notes in music; through marble, bronze, or clay in sculpture; through line and colour in painting; through words in literature.

"All art is expression" (1) James believes, and expression is a process:

Art deals with what we see, it must first contribute full-handed that ingredient; it plucks its material, otherwise expressed, in the garden of life - which material elsewhere grown is stale and uneatable. But it has no sooner done this than it has to take account of a process - from which only when it's the basest of the servants of man, incurring ignominious dismissal with no "character" does it....pusillanimously edge away. The process, that of the expression, the literal squeezing-out, of value is another affair....with which the happy luck of mere finding has little to do. The joys of finding, at this stage, are pretty well over;....The subject is found, and if the problem is then transferred to the ground of what to do, with it the field opens out for any amount of doing. This is precisely the infusion that.... completes the strong mixture. It is on the other hand the part of the business that can least be likened to the chase with hound and horn. It's all a sedentary part....involves as much ciphering, of sorts, as would merit the highest salary paid to a chief accountant. (2)

To this sedentary part belong the delights of difficulty, the delights of rendering the close, the deep, the curious.

Again, positive beauty depends upon composition. (3)

Turning to the art of the painter to make more clear the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 324.

(2) Ibid., p. 312.

(3) Ibid., p. 319.

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has little to do. The joy of thinking, at this stage,
are really well over... The subject is found, and
if the problem is then transferred to the ground of
what to do, with it the field opens out for any amount
of doing. This is precisely the situation that...
completed the atomic mixture. It is on the other
hand the part of the business that can least be likened
to the chess with horse and foot. It's all a subsidiary
part... involves as much ciphering, of sorts, as would
merit the highest salary paid to a chief accountant. (2)

To this subsidiary part belong the details of difficulty, the
delights of rendering the close, the deep, the curious.
Again, positive beauty depends upon composition. (3)
Turning to the art of the writer to make more clear the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 324.
(2) Ibid., p. 316.
(3) Ibid., p. 316.

absolute dependence of beauty upon composition, James agrees that although a picture or a novel may possess life, it lacks art when it lacks a plan well thought out:

A picture without composition slights its most precious chance for beauty, and is moreover not composed at all unless the painter knows how that principle of health and safety, working as an absolutely premeditated art, has prevailed. There may in its absence be life, incontestably, as "The Newcomes", as Tolstoi's "Peace and War", have it; but what do such large loose baggy monsters, with their queer elements of the accidental and the arbitrary, artistically mean? We have heard it maintained, we will remember, that things are "superior to art", but we understand least of all what that may mean, and we look in vain for the artist, the divine explanatory genius, who will come to our aid and tell us. There is life and life, and as waste is only life sacrificed and thereby prevented from "counting," I delight in a deep-breathing economy and an organic form. (1)

Praise of the effect of economy in art appears frequently in the prefaces. Sometimes James speaks of his earnest aversion to waste and his sense that in art economy is always beauty. (2) Sometimes, as when he extols the use of established "centers", he affords a glimpse into the intricately organized pattern of his stories. Specifically in the following The Wings of the Dove is under discussion:

There was the "fun", to begin with, of establishing one's successive centers - of fixing them so exactly that the portions of the subject commanded by them as by happy points of view, and accordingly treated from them, would constitute, so to speak sufficiently solid blocks of wrought material, squared to the sharpest edges as to have weight and mass and carrying power; to make for construction, that is, to conduce to effect, and to provide for beauty. (3)

- (1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 84.
- (2) Ibid., p. 257.
- (3) Ibid., p. 296.

absolute dependence of beauty upon composition, James agrees that although a picture or a novel may possess life, it lacks art when it lacks a plan well thought out:

A picture without composition exhibits its most precious element of beauty, and is moreover not composed at all unless the painter knows how that principle of beauty and safety, working as an absolutely premeditated art, has provided. There may in the absence of life, incontestably, as "The Newcomers," as Tolstoy's "Peace and War," have it; but what do such large loose happy moments, with their queer elements of the accidental and the arbitrary, artistically mean? We have heard it maintained, we will remember, that things are "superior to art," but we understand least of all what that may mean, and we look in vain for the artist, the divine explanatory genius, who will come to our aid and tell us. There is life and life, and as waste is only life sacrificed and thereby prevented from "counting," I delight in a deep-breathing economy and an organic form. (1)

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There was the "fun", to begin with, of establishing one's successive centers - of fixing them so exactly that the portions of the subject commanded by them as by happy points of view, and accordingly treated from them, would constitute, so to speak sufficiently solid blocks of wrought material, adapted to the shape and weight and mass and carrying power, to make for construction, that is, to conduce to effect, and to provide for beauty. (3)

- (1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 86.
- (2) *Ibid.*, p. 85.
- (3) *Ibid.*, p. 202.

The qualities for which James worked in composition show how completely intellectual was his creative procedure. Interest, truth, unity, consistency, fidelity, the honest sense of life, proportion, perspective, - these are the terms that recur. Sometimes they are grouped in clusters, as in these questions that James puts to himself, as if they held, in some sort, the heart of his problem in composition:

Without intensity, where is vividness, and without vividness where is presentability? (1)

How boil down so many facts in the alembic, so that the distilled result, the produced appearance, should have intensity, lucidity, brevity, beauty, all the merits required for my effect? (2)

In commenting upon the compositional resources of the characters of the Prince and Princes in The Golden Bowl James assembles these objectives:

Their chronicle strikes me of quite the stuff to keep us from forgetting that absolutely no refinement of ingenuity or of precaution need be dreamed of as wasted in that most exquisite of all good causes the appeal to variety, the appeal to incalculability, the appeal to a high refinement and a handsome wholeness of effect. (3)

Ugliness, in the aesthetic theory of James, is to be found in all that neglects or falls short of form, composition, economy, and intelligent planning. Whatever shows incoherence, looseness, waste, is neither beautiful nor artistic.

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, n. 66.

(2) Ibid., p. 13.

(3) Ibid., p. 329.

The qualities for which James worked in composition show how completely intellectual was his creative process. Interest, truth, unity, consistency, fidelity, the honest sense of life, proportion, perspective, - these are the terms that recur. Sometimes they are grouped in clusters, as in these questions that James puts to himself, as if they held, in some sort, the heart of his problem in composition:

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In commenting upon the compositional resources of the characters of the Prince and Princess in The Golden Bowl James assembled these objectives:

Their chronicle strikes me of quite the stuff to keep us from forgetting that absolutely no refinement of humanity or of creation need be dreamed of as wasted in that most exhaustive of all good causes the appeal to variety, the appeal to individuality, the appeal to a high refinement and a handsome wholeness of effect. (3)

Unless, in the aesthetic theory of James, is to be found in all that neglects or falls short of form, composition, economy, and intellectual planning. Whatever shows incoherence, looseness, waste, is neither beautiful nor artistic.

- (1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 66.
- (2) Ibid., p. 13.
- (3) Ibid., p. 323.

As to whether the French and other continental artists were justified in their readiness to examine and to represent moral obliquity and degradation, the English were ever ready to denounce such procedure as immoral. In "The Art of Fiction", it will be recalled, James had decried the English attitude in this respect when he claimed for the artist complete freedom to select his subject where he would. In the preface to The Portrait of a Lady he returns to the discussion long enough to make perfectly clear his conviction that for the artist - and for the critic, the point at issue is not one of ethics but of an honest presentation of life:

One had from an early time, for that matter, the instinct of a right estimate of such values and of its reducing to the inane the dull dispute over the "immoral" subject and the moral. Recognising so promptly the one measure of the worth of a given subject, the question about it that, rightly answered, disposes of all others....is it valid in a word is it genuine, is it sincere, the result of some direct impression of life? I had found small edification, mostly, in a critical pretension that had neglected from the first all delimitation of ground and all definition of terms....There is, I think, no more nutritive or suggestive truth in this connection than that of the perfect dependence of the "moral" sense of a work of art on the amount of felt life concerned with producing it. The question comes back thus, obviously, to the kind and the degree of the artist's prime sensibility, which is the soil out of which his subject springs. The quality and capacity of that soil, its ability to "grow" with due freshness and straightness any vision of life, represents, strongly or weakly, the projected morality. That element is but another name for the more or less close connexion of the subject with some mark made

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 45.
 (2) *Ibid.*, p. 46-47.

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One had from an early time, for that matter, the instinct of a right estimate of such values and of its reducing to two issues the dull dispute over the "immoral" subject and the moral. Recognizing so promptly the one measure of the worth of a given subject, the question about it then, rightly answered, disposed of all others.... It is valid in a word as it remains, as it always, the result of some direct impression of life? I had found small objection, mostly, in a critical pretension that had neglected from the first all definition of ground and all definition of terms.... There is, I think, no more nutritive or suggestive truth in this connection than that of the perfect dancer of the "moral" sense of a work of art on the amount of life concerned with producing it. The question comes back thus, obviously, to the kind and the degree of the artist's prime sensitivity, which is the soil out of which his subject springs. The quality and capacity of that soil, its ability to "grow" with due richness and straightness any vision of life, represents, strongly or weakly, the projected morality. That element is but another name for the more or less close connexion of the subject with some mark made

on the intelligence, with some sincere experience. (1) Otherwise expressed, in the artist's consciousness of life, in the form he employs to express his chosen theme, the critic is to look for those qualities that are most interesting to examine and discuss. Employing a figure he often uses, James, further emphasizing the freedom of the artist, pictures the artist as an observer of life:

The house of fiction has a million windows....in each of them stands a watcher....the spreading field, the human scene, is the "choice of subject;" the pierced aperture, either broad or balconied or slit-like and low-browed, is the "literary form," but they are, singly or together, as nothing without the posted presence of the watcher....without, in other words, the consciousness of the author. Tell me what the artist is, and I will tell you of what he has been conscious. Thereby I shall express to you at once his boundless freedom and his "moral" reference. (2)

James has his own way of representing evil. Among the shorter stories, in "The Turn of the Screw," the theme is developed around two children hounded, as it was believed by their governess who records their undoing, by the apparition of evil servants. The tale is an experiment in dealing with the sinister. The idea of the story came to him from an incident he had heard recounted by Archbishop Benson. James enjoyed as tributes to his success the denunciation of his story as "painful," "unpleasant," and "disgusting," much as an actor impersonating a villain in a melodrama might relish

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 45.

(2) Ibid., p. 46-47.

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(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 42.
 (2) Ibid., p. 43-47.

the hisses from the gallery. (1) His problem was to handle his subject so as to convey to the reader the utmost of terror. How he hit upon the plan of making each reader picture evil deeds for himself, how he succeeded in turning over to the imagination of his readers the responsibility of furnishing the depraved devices that horrified them, he reports in detail:

Only make the reader's general vision of evil intense enough, I said to myself....and his own experiences, his own imagination, his own sympathy (with the children) and the horror (of their false friends) will supply him quite sufficiently with all the particulars. Make him think the evil, make him think of it for himself, and you are released from weak specifications. This ingenuity I took pains - as indeed great pains were required - to apply; and with a success apparently beyond my liveliest hopes. (2)

The economy of such a plan of entertainment was all the more satisfying to James when the reader was beguiled into condemning the author of such revolting representation of evil: using his exposition, James explains:

There is not only from beginning to end of the matter not an inch of expatiation, but my values are positively all blanks save so far as an excited horror, a prompted pity, a created expertness - on which punctual effects of strong causes no writer can ever fail to plume himself - proceed to read into them more or less fantastic figures. Of high interest to the author meanwhile - and by the same stroke a theme for the moralist - the artless resentful reaction of the entertained person who has abounded in the sense of the situation. He visits his abundance, morally, on the artist - who has but clung to an idea of faultlessness. (3)

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 148.

(2) Ibid., p. 176.

(3) Ibid., p. 177.

the masses from the gallery. (1) His problem was to handle his subject as he conveyed to the reader the utmost of terror. How he hit upon the plan of making each reader vic- ture evil deeds for himself, how he succeeded in turning over to the imagination of his readers the responsibility of fur- nishing the depraved devices that horrified them, he remarks in detail:

Only make the reader's general vision of evil intense enough, I said to myself....and his own experiences, his own imagination, his own sympathy (with the child- ren) and the horror (of their false friends) will supply him with all the villain- ous. Make him think the evil, make him think of it for himself, and you are released from weak speci- fications. This intensity I look upon - as indeed great pains were required - to supply and with a success apparently beyond my liveliest hopes. (2)

The economy of such a plan of entertainment was all the more satisfying to James when the reader was puzzled into condemning the author of such revolting representation of

evil:

There is not only from beginning to end of the matter not an inch of exaggeration, but my values are real- ively all blank save so far as an excited horror, a prompted pity, a created excitement - on which pro- mul effects of strong scenes no writer can ever fail to plunge himself - proceed to read into them more or less fantastic figures. Of high interest to the author meanwhile - and by the same stroke a theme for the moralist - the endless passionate reaction of the entertained person who has absorbed in the sense of the situation. He visits his surroundings, morally, on the artist - who has put about an idea of falseness. (3)

- (1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 143.
- (2) *Ibid.*, p. 146.
- (3) *Ibid.*, p. 147.

It must be confessed that in this particular instance James has succeeded in making of greater interest to some of his readers his skill in handling the supernatural side of the tale of mystery, than in demonstrating the facility with which readers can summon up visions of evil deeds.

The real and the romantic form another pair of terms interestingly analyzed by James: he finds the difference between them to reside fundamentally in the psychological experience of the individual:

The real represents to my perception the things we cannot not know, sooner or later, in one way or another; it being but one of the accidents of our hampered state and one of the incidents of their quantity and number, that particular instances have not yet come our way. The romantic stands, on the other hand, for the things that, with all the facilities in the world, all the wealth and all the courage and all the wit and all the adventure, we never can directly know; the things that can reach us only through the beautiful circuit and subterfuge of our thought and our desire. (1)

Continuing his exposition, James explains:

The only general attribute of projected romance that I can see, the only one that fits all cases, is the fact of the kind of experience with which it deals - experience liberated, so to speak; experience disengaged, disembroiled, disencumbered, exempt from the conditions that we usually know to attach to it and, if we, so to put the matter, drag upon it, and operating in a medium which relieves it in a particular interest, of the inconvenience of a related, a measurable state, a state subject to all our vulgar communities....The balloon of experience is in fact of course tied to the earth, and under that necessity we swing, thanks to a rope of remarkable length, in the more or less commodious car of the

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 32.

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imagination; but it is by the rope that we know where we are, and from the moment that the cable is cut we are at large and unrelated....The art of the romancer is "for the fun of it", insidiously to cut the cable, to cut it without our knowing it. (1)

It is as difficult....to trace the dividing-line between the real and the romantic as to plant a milestone between north and south; but I am not sure an infallible sign of the latter is not this rank vegetation of the "power" of bad people that good get into, or vice versa. It is so rarely, alas, into our power that anyone gets! (2)

In the discussion and definition of the romantic, as distinguished from the real, in the prefaces there is no hint that James had in mind a school of thought or a social movement derived from the cultivation of either the real or the romantic. His treatment of the matter, in this case, is incidental, and arises from his discovery that several of his earlier novels, especially The American, harbored more than he had supposed of the element of romance.

Diction, as might be anticipated, James held to be of great importance. The choice of the right word included the word of the right sound. Euphony and rhythm ready to be revealed in the music of the spoken word were evidence in writing of that fine quality indispensable to great art:

It is scarce necessary to note that the highest test of any literary form conceived in the light of "poetry" - to apply that term in its largest literary sense - hangs back unpardonably from its office when it fails to lend itself to vivâ-voce treatment. We talk here, naturally, not of non-poetic forms, but of those whose highest bid is addressed to the imagination, to

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 33-34.

(2) Ibid., p. 37.

imagination; but it is by the rope that we know where we are, and from the moment that the cable is cut we are at large and unrelated.... The art of the romancer is "for the fun of it", insistently to cut the cable, to cut it without our knowing it. (1)

It is as difficult... to trace the dividing-line between the real and the romantic as to plant a milestone between north and south; but I am not sure an indelible sign of the latter is not this rank vegetation of the "power" of bad people that good get into, or vice versa. It is so rarely, alas, into our power that anyone gets! (2)

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Distinction, as might be anticipated, James held to be of great importance. The choice of the right word included the word of the right sound. Euphony and rhythm were to be revealed in the music of the spoken word were evidence in writing of that fine quality indispensable to great art:

It is scarce necessary to note that the highest test of any literary form conceived in the light of "poetry" - to apply that term in its largest literary sense - hangs back unobtrusively from its office when it fails to lend itself to voice treatment. We talk here, naturally, not of non-poetic forms, but of those whose highest aim is addressed to the imagination, to

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 133-34.
(2) Ibid., p. 37.

the spiritual and the aesthetic vision, the mind led captive by a charm and a spell, an incalculable art. The essential property of such a form as that is to give out its finest and most numerous secrets, and to give them out most gratefully, under the closest pressure - which is of course the pressure of attention articulately sounded. Let it reward as much as it will and can the soundless, the "quiet" reading, it still deplorably "muffs" its chance and its success, still trifles with the roused appetite to which it can never honestly be indifferent, by not having so arranged itself as to owe the flower of its effect to the act and process of apprehension that so beautifully asks most from it. (1)

In concluding this study of the critical prefaces there is a passage that deserves a place because of its close connection with the art of the critic. In it James confesses what, in the telling of his stories, he has most enjoyed, and where he had found the greater interest to abound. This avowal is in itself a key to the stories of James; more than that, as he himself indicates, the trend of any author's interest reveals his taste, "a blessed comprehensive name for many of the things deepest in us," (2) and furnishes for the critic the clue to the artistic purpose of a writer. Speaking of himself in the third person, James gathers up the sum of his incentives and purpose:

He has consistently felt it (the appeal to wonder and terror and curiosity and pity and to the delight of fine recognitions, as well as to the joy, perhaps still, of the mystified state) the very source of wise counsel and the very law of charming effect. He has revelled in the creation of alarm and suspense and surprise and relief, in all the arts that

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 346.

(2) Ibid., p. 340.

the spiritual and the aesthetic vision, the mind led
 captive by a charm and a spell, an incalculable art.
 The essential property of such a form as that is to
 give out the finest and most numerous secrets, and
 to give them out most prettily, under the closest
 pressure - which is of course the pressure of atten-
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 what, in the telling of his stories, he has most enjoyed, and
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 avowal is in itself a key to the stories of James; more than
 that, as he himself indicates, the trend of any author's in-
 terest reveals his taste, "a blessed comprehensive name for
 many of the things deepest in us," (2) and furnishes for the
 critic the clue to the artistic purpose of a writer. Speak-
 ing of himself in the third person, James writes in the sum-
 of his incentives and purposes:

He has consistently felt it (the appeal to wonder and
 terror and curiosity and pity and to the delight of
 fine recognitions, as well as to the joy, perhaps
 still, of the mystified state) the very source of
 wise counsel and the very law of charming effect.
 He has revelled in the creation of alarm and sus-
 pense and surprise and relief, in all the arts that

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 346.
 (2) Ibid., p. 340.

practise with a scruple for nothing but any lapse of application, on the credulous soul of the candid, or, immeasurably better, on the seasoned spirit of the cunning reader. He has built, rejoicingly, on that blest faculty of wonder just named, in the latent eagerness of which the novelist so finds, throughout, his best warrant that he can but pin his faith and attach his car to it, rest in fine his monstrous weight and his queer case on it.... He has seen this particular sensibility, the need and love of wondering and the quick response to any pretext for it, as the beginning and end of his affair.... His prime care has been to master those most congruous with his own faculty, to make it vibrate as finely as possible - or in other words to the production of the interest appealing most (by its kind) to himself. This last is of course the particular clear light by which the genius of representation ever best proceeds - with its beauty of adjustment to every strain of attention whatever. Essentially, meanwhile, excited wonder must have a subject, must fact in a direction, must be, increasingly, about something. Here come in then the artist's bias and his range - determined, these things, by his own fond inclination. About what, good man, does he himself most wonder?.... for upon that, whatever it may be, he will naturally most abound.... So that if you follow thus his range of representation you will see where, again, good man, he for himself most aptly abounds. (1)

The more one considers James's idea that the foundation stone whereon the artist builds is wonder, the more clearly one perceives that in a dependence upon the strong impulse of man to wonder the student of James will find the fundamental principle of his aesthetic philosophy.

Is not wonder the epitome of a sensitive responsiveness to life? Is not the latent eagerness inherent in wonder the power of the imagination? Emerson has made a penetrating distinction between the intelligent and the dull to rest upon

(1) Henry James, The Art of the Novel, p. 253-254.

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the element of wonder. "That is ever the difference between the wise and the unwise: the latter wonders at what is unusual; the wise man wonders at the usual." (1) Like Emerson, James holds that wonder is the mark of intellectual imaginative awareness. The more keenly a man is aware, the more strongly is his imagination kindled. Does not the stirring of the imagination awaken and hold the attention? Is not attention, enthralled by wonder, the very ground of appreciation? James says that whatever a man most wonders about is the matter in which he will be the richest, the realm in which he will most abound. Furthermore, the difference between the ordinary man and the artist lies, one must surely grant, not alone in the abundance of wonder, or in the lack of it, with which each responds to life, but also in the degree to which each is moved to give expression to his sense of wonder.

The more an artist wonders, the more eagerly he seeks to give a material form to the experience that has laid hold of his imagination. The range of his interest reveals the scope of his imagination. What determines, then, the trend of his interest, the bias of his bent? Surely the directing force can be no other than taste, that sum of "many of those things that lie deepest in us", that accumulation of satisfactions, that power to discriminate. When the artist

(1) Ralph Waldo Emerson, Essays: Second Series, "New England Reformers" p. 270.

the element of wonder. "That is what the difference between the wise and the foolish: the latter wonders at what is unusual; the wise man wonders at the usual." (1) Little Emerson, James holds that wonder is the mark of intellectual immaturity. The more keenly a man is aware, the more strongly is his imagination kindled. Does not the stirring of the imagination awaken and hold the attention? Is not attention, enthralled by wonder, the very ground of speculation? James says that whatever a man most wonders about is the matter in which he will be the richest, the realm in which he will most abound. Furthermore, the difference between the ordinary man and the artist lies, one must surely grant, not alone in the abundance of wonder, or in the lack of it, with which each responds to life, but also in the degree to which each is moved to give expression to his sense of wonder.

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(1) Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Essays: Second Series*, "New England Reformers," p. 221.

attempts to give expression to an idea that has, because of its significance, appealed to his taste, the problem that faces him is, by means of what form can the potential charm and force of this theme be rendered appreciable? Out of his need the artist evolves his process; with the method he chooses and the medium he selects he works out his idea.

The work of art, created out of his wonder and his taste, is offered to the attention of other men. Among them that man whose range of interest and whose bias is most like that of the artist will, of course, most fully enjoy whatever success has been achieved.

The critic, too, wonders. He wonders where and how the artist came by his theme; he wonders, he is curious to observe the form, the arrangement of material, the composition, for in these matters the mastery of the artist stands forth clearly, and in mastery the critic is interested. The critic, like the artist, is moved to record what he has discovered in his analysis of the work of art. In his turn he seeks to express his impressions and conclusions in regard to the effectiveness or the failure of the work of art as a representation of life. The quality of a work of art depends upon the quality of the artist who created it. The quality of an artist depends most of all upon those things that move him deeply, those that make him wonder.

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The prefaces, one after the other, explore the source and history of the germ of each story and retrace the steps by which James wondered over the "special case" he was considering, thought out, imagined and developed his creative idea. If one applies to the work of James the rule he gives for understanding the artist and asks: about what does James wonder; what is the range of his interest, what is his bias? from every story, from every preface, the answer is: James is interested in studying and in representing the inner responses of a sensitive, imaginative, intelligent person to the stimuli of alarm, surprise, and relief. Pressing further, if one insists; but about what does James wonder most? the answer might well be found in those things that he found beautiful, in the mystery of creative form, in the close, the deep, the curious.

204.

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D. Classified supplemental passages relating to the
Art of the Critic found in the writings of James

1. Introduction

This portion of the present study developed from an examination of all the critical writings of James, under the guidance of the Bibliography of the Works of Henry James by Mr. L. R. Phillips. Among the scores of the contributions of Henry James to the periodical press only a part has been published in books; the rest still remains hidden away among the old files of magazines and newspapers in the form in which the papers first appeared.

Although the major purpose of these passages here collected has been to make available a supplementary body of the interesting ideas expressed by James in regard to the art of the critic, they also serve to demonstrate how constantly he was occupied with the theory and practice of literary criticism; they show quite comprehensively the newspapers and periodicals which put forth his studies; they represent, briefly, both his books of essays and several of those volumes to which he contributed either the introductory preface or a portion of the text. Moreover, quotations, especially when taken from the work of such a master as was Henry James, have this advantage, they offer not alone the ideas

U. Classified material appears to be
 out of the file "and in the writing of James"

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2. Arts Definitions

but afford to the reader experience in the enjoyment of the quality and the flavor of the original work from which each has been chosen.

The plan of arrangement is as follows:

- (1) The passages have been classified under these four headings: Art, The Artist, Criticism, The Critic.
- (2) Each passage is keyed with capitals in the margin.
- (3) In each section the passages are arranged in chronological order.
- (4) The source and date of each passage is given.

The marginal key-words and phrases have been used to facilitate the survey of the material. By means of the chronological arrangement the reader is able to see at a glance when James expressed the view presented. For example, it is possible to note the time when James set his standard of judgment much more emphatically upon the question of morality than he was ready to do in "The Art of Fiction," in "Criticism," or in the critical prefaces. The source of each passage throws light upon the variety and number of the periodicals to which James was a contributor. These considerations are reasons for the inclusion of this section as an integral and important part of this study.

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1. Art: Definitions

GREAT
ART
LIFTS
THE
HEART

To be completely great, a work of art must lift up the reader's heart; and it is the artist's secret to reconcile this condition with images of the barest and sternest reality. Life is dispiriting; art is inspiring; and a story-teller has no right to tell an ugly story unless he knows its beautiful counterpart. The impression he should aim to produce on the reader's mind with his work must have much in common with the impression originally produced on his own mind by the subject. If the effect of an efficient knowledge of his subject had been to feel his spirit with melancholy, and to paralyze his better feelings, it would be impossible that his work should be written. Its existence depends on the artist's reaction against the subject; and if the subject is morally hideous, of course this reaction will be in favor of moral beauty.

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1866, p. 219

"The Last French Novel"

THE
BROAD
PROVINCE
OF
ART

Serious students betake themselves....to the perusal of the best French critics, such as Stendhal, Gustave Planche, Vité, and in these latter days, Taine....[the students] gradually acquire especially a sense of the great breadth of the province of art and of its intimate relation with the rest of men's intellectual life.

North American Review, April 1868, p. 716-723

"Contemporary French Painters; An Essay by Philip Gilbert Hamerton"

ART
IS
SERIOUS

Quite as much as she [Mrs. Davis] we believe that life is a very serious business. But it is because it is essentially and inalienably serious that we believe it can afford not to be tricked out in the fantastic trappings of a spurious and repulsive solemnity. Art, too, is a very serious business.

The Nation, Oct. 22, 1868, p. 330

ART
IS
THOROUGH-
NESS
AND
INTELLI-
GENT
CHOICE

That art is thoroughness and intelligent choice, that beauty is sincerity, that nature is so infinitely rich and mysterious and elusive that the artist who would not be superficial must deal with her simplest and most familiar phases, that this same superficiality is the only vulgarity and the only immorality, and that to be broadly real in

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To be completely great, a work of art must lift up the reader's heart; and it is the artist's secret to reconcile this condition with images of the present and eternal reality. Life is disquieting; and as disquieting; and a story-teller has no right to tell an ugly story unless he knows its beautiful counterpart. The impression he should aim to produce on the reader's mind with his work must have much in common with the impression originally produced on his own mind by the subject. If the effect of an efficient knowledge of his subject had been to feel his spirit with melody, and to paralyze his better feelings, it would be impossible that his work should be written. The existence depends on the artist's action against the subject; and if the subject is morally hideous, of course this reaction will be in favor of moral beauty.

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North American Review, April 1888, p. 718-720
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any case, is to be interesting....seems vaguely to syllable itself in M. Daubigny's masterpiece.

The Atlantic, March, 1872, p. 372

"Art"

ART
MEANS
FREEDOM

Art is the one corner of human life in which we may absolutely take our ease. To justify our presence there the only thing that is demanded of us is that we shall have a great deal of vivacity. In other places our vivacity is conditioned and embarrassed; we are allowed to have only so much as is consistent with that of our neighbors; with their convenience and well-being, with their convictions and prejudices, their rules and regulations, Art means an escape from all this. Wherever her brilliant standard floats the need for apologies and justifications is suspended; there it is enough simply that we please or are pleased. There the tree is judged only by the fruit. If these are sweet, one is welcome to shake them down....ART is, after all, made for us, and not we for art. And as for Mr. Ruskin's world of art being a place where we may take life easily, woe to the luckless mortal who enters it with any such disposition. Instead of a garden of delight, he finds a sort of assize court in perpetual session....the gulf between truth and error is forever yawning at his feet....A truce to all rigidities is the law of the place; the only thing that is absolute there is sensible charm....Differences here are not iniquity and righteousness they are simply notes in the scale of inventiveness. We are not under the theological government.

The Atlantic Monthly, May, 1878, Vol. 41,
No. 247, p. 258-93

"Recent Florence"

ART
IS
AN
ASYLUM

Half in charity and (virtually) half in irony a beautiful art collection has been planted in the midst of this darkness and squalor,....an experimental lever for the "elevation of the masses". The journey to Bethnal Green is a long one.... through an endless labyrinth of ever murkier and dingier alleys and slums, and the museum is.... capitally placed for helping you to feel the characteristic charm of art - its being an infinite relief from the pressing miseries of life. That the haggard paupers of Bethnal Green have measured as yet its consolatory vastness, we should hesitate to affirm; for though art is an asylum, it is a sort of moated stronghold, hardly approachable

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The Atlantic, March, 1872, p. 272
"Art"

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The Atlantic Monthly, May, 1872, Vol. 41,
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ART
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FREEDOM

ART
IS
AN
ASYLUM

save by some slender bridge-work of primary culture, such as the Bethnal Green mind is little practiced in.

The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 21: No. 183, p. 69.
"The Bethnal Green Museum"

ART
IS
A
POINT
OF
VIEW

GENIUS
IS
A
WAY
OF
LOOKING
AT
THINGS

Art is really but a point of view, and genius but a way of looking at things. The wiser the artist, the finer the genius, the more easy will it be to conceive of other points of view, other ways of looking at things, than one's own. At any rate a person whose sole relation to pictures is a disposition to enjoy them can rest upon his personal impressions; and in the case of the writer of these lines such an impression has been conscious of no chilling responsibilities. I have felt no obligations to determine for my own comfort Delacroix's place in the hierarchy of painters.

The International Review, April, 1880,
p. 357-371

"The Letters of Eugene Delacroix"

ART
ENTER-
TAINS

The effect of a novel - the effect of any work of art - is to entertain;.... The success of a work of art, to my mind, may be measured by the degree to which it produces a certain illusion; that illusion makes it appear to us for the time that we have lived another life - that we have had a miraculous enlargement of experience. The greater the art the greater the miracle, and the more certain also the fact that we have been entertained - in the best meaning of that word, at least, which signifies that we have been living at the expense of someone else.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 227-228
"Alphonse Daudet"

ART
OFFERS
ESCAPE
FROM
PROSAIC

Dorriforth - The attraction of fable and romance is that it's about us, about you and me - or people whose power to suffer and enjoy is the same as ours. In other words we live in their experience for the time, and that's hardly escaping it.

Florentia - call it an escape from the common, the prosaic, the immediate.

Dorriforth - that's the life that art....gives us; that the distinction it confers....He leads us into his own mind, his own vision of things; that's the only place into which the poet can

save by some slender but the work of ordinary out-
 line, such as the Federal Reserve Bank is little
 concerned in.
 The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 51, No. 185, p. 60.
 "The Federal Reserve Bank"

Art is really but a point of view, and remains but
 a way of looking at things. The wider the artist,
 the finer the picture, the more many will it be to
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 Partial Portrait, 1883, p. 207-208
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 ESCAPE
 FROM
 PROSAIC

lead us. It's there that he finds "As You Like It", it is there that he finds "Comus", or "The Way of the World," or the Christmas pantomime.

The New Review, June 1889, p. 147-156

"After the Play"

ART
IS
FIRM
GROUND

Therefore the last moral of all is, that however many traps life may lay for us, tolerably firm ground, at any rate, is to be found in perfect art.

Alphonse Daudet, Port Tarescon, translated by Henry James, 1891

ART
IS
AN
ANODYNE

I continued last month to seek private diversionNever was a better chance, apparently, for the great anodyne of art....I read a succession of novels....They offer us another world, another consciousness an experience....that muffles the

THE
ANODYNE
IS
OUR
SURRENDER

ache of the actual, and by helping us to an interval, tides us over and makes us face, in the return to the inevitable, a combination that may at least have changed....What we get is....simply another actual - the actual of other people.... We meet on this question [of relief afforded].... the eternal mystery....that sends us back....to the queer constitution of men and that is not the least lighted by the plea of "romance",....the argument that relief depends wholly upon the quantity of nothing but art....in which the material, fable or fact, or whatever it be falls so into solution, is so reduced and transmuted, that I absolutely am acquainted with no receipt whatever for computing its proportion and amount.... The anodyne is our own act of surrender, and therefore most, for each reader, what he most surrenders to. The readers easiest to conceive....arethose for whom....the note of sincerity is what most matters.

Harper's Weekly, July 31, 1897, p. 754

IN
ART
PROGRESS
IS
HEALTH

It is certain that there is no real health for any art....that does not move a step in advance of its farthest follower.

Universal Anthology, Vol. 28, p. 22, 1899
"The Future of the Novel"

ART
AND
COM-
PROMISE

"Complete" is of course a great word, and there is no art at all, we are often reminded, that is not unto many sides an abject compromise. The element of compromise is always there; it is of the essence; we live with it, and it may serve to keep us humble.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 103-104

lead us. It's there that he finds "as you like it", it is there that he finds "as you like it", it is there that he finds "as you like it".
The New Yorker, June 1955, p. 147-152
 "After the Day"

Therefore the last novel of all is, that however many things life may have, it is not the ground, at any rate, is to be found in perfect art.
Alphonse Daudet, Le Petit Tisserand, translated by Henry James, 1901

I continued last month to seek private revelation... Never was a better chance, apparently, for the great enigma of art... I read a succession of novels... They offer us another world, another consciousness an experience... that multiplies the scope of the actual, and by helping us to an interior, tides us over and makes us face, in the return to the inevitable, a combination that may at least have changed... What we feel is... simply another actual - the actual of other people... We meet on this question of relief afforded... the eternal mystery... that sends us back... to the queer constitution of man and that is not the least lighted by the idea of "formless"... the argument that relief depends wholly upon the quantity of nothing but that... in which the material, false or fact, or whatever it be falls so into solution, is so reduced and transmuted, that I absolutely no longer feel with me what what ever for computing the proportion and amount... The anodyne is our own act of surrender, and there fore most, for each reader, what he most surrenders to, the reader's easiest to conceive... the note of sincerity is what most matters.

Harper's Weekly, July 31, 1907, p. 752

It is certain that there is no real health for any art... that does not move a step in advance of its farthest follower.
Universal Anthology, Vol. 22, p. 22, 1929
 "The Future of the Novel"

"Comfort" is of course a great word, and there is no act at all, we are often reminded, that is not unto many other an effect compromise. The element of compromise is always there; it is of the essence; we live with it, and it may serve to keep us humble.

The Lesson of Solace, 1905, p. 102-104

ART
IS
FIND
GIVEN

ART
IS
AN
ANODYNE
THE
ANODYNE
IS
OUR
SURRENDER

IN
ART
PROGRESS
IS
HEALTH

ART
AND
COM-
PROMIT

b. The Elements of Art: Material and Form

THE
PURPOSE
IN
THE
ART
OF
FICTION

No principle of fictitious composition so true as this....that an author's paramount charge is the cure of souls, to the subjection, and if need be to the exclusion, of the picturesque. Let him look to his characters; his figures will take care of themselves. Let the author who has grasped the heart of his purpose and trust to his reader's sympathy from that vantage ground he may infallibly command it. It supplements his intention. Given an animate being you may readily clothe it in your mind's eye with a body, a local habitation, and a name....the reader must have become excited and interested....In a novel we crave the spectacle of that of which we may feel that we know it.

Notes & Reviews, 1864

"Mrs. Prescott's Azarian"

THE
IDEAL
OF
FORMAL
BEAUTY

Every artist of talent has somewhere lurking in his soul, I suppose a guiding conception of an ideal of formal beauty.

Trans-Atlantic Sketches, 1875, p. 351

A
FOREGONE
CONCLU-
SION

W. D.
HOWELLS

At the time when the English novel has come in general to mean a ponderous, shapeless, diffuse piece of machinery "padded to within an inch of its life", without style, without taste, without a touch of the divine spark, and effective, when it is effective, only by a sort of brutal dead weight, there may be pride as well as pleasure in reading this admirably balanced and polished composition with its distinct literary flavor, its grace and its humor, its delicate art and its perfume of poetry, its extreme elaboration and yet its studied compactness.

The Nation, No. 497, Jan. 7, 1875, p. 12-13

THE
APPEAL
OF
FORM
AND
ASPECT

[At the Royal Academy] "The Young man struggling with a Python" has that quality of appealing to our interest on behalf of form and aspect, of the plastic idea pure and simple, which is characteristic of the only art worthy of the name....the only art that does not promptly weary us by the pettiness of its sentimental precautions and the shallowness of its intellectual vision.

The Galaxy, August, 1877, p. 159

"Recent Exhibitions"

b. The Elements of Art: Material and Form

No principle of artistic composition as true as this....that an author's paramount charge is the cure of souls, to the exclusion, and it need be to the exclusion, of the picturesque. Let his look to his character; his fingers will take care of themselves. Let the author who has grasped the heart of his purpose and trust to his reader's sympathy from that vantage ground he may safely command it. It supplements his intention. Given an artistic being you may readily clothe it in your mind's eye with a body, a local habitation, and a name....the reader must have become excited and interested....In a novel we crave the spectacle of that of which we may feel that we know it.

Notes & Reviews, 1884
"Mrs. Prescott's 'Lillian'"

Every artist of talent has somewhere lurking in his soul, I suppose a lurking conception of an ideal of formal beauty.

Trans-Atlantic Sketches, 1875, p. 321

At the time when the English novel has come to general to mean a condensation, shapeless, diffuse piece of machinery "pushed to within an inch of its life", without style, without taste, without a touch of the divine spark, and effective, when it is effective, only by a sort of brutal dead weight, there may be pride as well as pleasure in reading this admirably balanced and polished composition with its distinct literary flavor, its grace and its humor, its delicate art and its perfume of poetry, its extreme elaboration and yet its studied compactness.

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The Galaxy, August, 1877, p. 180

"Recent Exhibitions"

THE
PURPOSE
IS
THE
ART
OF
PERFECT

THE
IDEAL
OF
FORMAL
BEAUTY

A
FOREGONE
CONCILI-
SION

W. D.
HOWE

THE
APPEAL
OF
FORM
AND
ASPECT

The Elements of Art

BEAUTY
DEPENDS
UPON
EXECUTION

This is the lesson of these admirable drawings - the feeling they impart, that idealism like Turner's has been for its main condition of beauty the fact that it rests upon a solidity of execution which almost defies ultimate analysis. In these water-colors of his healthiest time everything is equally light, clear and unerring. There is never (save occasionally in his figures) a touch of violence.

The Nation, No. 668, April 18, 1878, p. 260
"Ruskin's Collection of drawings by Turner"

THE
ARTISTIC
PROCESS
IS
COMPLEX

When it is a question of an artistic process, we must always mistrust very sharp distinctions, for there is surely in every method a little of every other method. It is as difficult to describe an action without glancing at its motive, its moral history, as it is to describe a motive without glancing at its practical consequence.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 256
"Guy de Maupassant"

THE
QUESTION
OF
FORM

The question of "art" for him was so furiously the question of form, and the question of form was so intensely the question of rhythm, that from the beginning to the end of his correspondence we scarcely ever encounter a mention of any beauty but verbal beauty. He quotes from Goethe fondly as to the supreme importance of the "conception," but the conception remains for him essentially the plastic one.

Essays in London, 1893, p. 144
"Gustave Flaubert"

ELEMENTS
IMPORTANT
IN
ART

Paul Leicester Ford's The Hon. Peter Stirling
....A long novel....a work so disconnected, to my view, from almost any consideration with which an artistic product is at any point concerned, any effect of presentation, any prescription of form, composition, proportion, taste, art, that I am reduced merely to noting for curiosity, the circumstance that it so remarkably triumphs [sales already past 30,000]. Then comes in the riddle, the critic's inevitable desire to touch bottom somewhere....to sound the gulf. But I must try this some other time.

Literature, May 7, 1898, p. 542
"American Letter"

The Elements of Art

BEAUTY
DEPENDS
UPON
EXECUTION

This is the lesson of these admirable drawings - the feeling they impart, that idealism like Turner's has been for the main condition of beauty: the fact that it rests upon a solidity of execution which almost defies ultimate analysis. In these water-colours of his best time everything is clearly light, clear and unerring. There is never a touch of violence occasionally in his figures) a touch of violence. The Nation, No. 888, April 18, 1879, p. 280. "Gauguin's Collection of Drawings by Turner"

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ARTIST'S
PROCESS
IS
COMPLETE

When it is a question of an artistic process, we must always mistrust very sharp distinctions, for there is surely in every method a little of every other method. It is as difficult to describe an action without glossing at its motive, its moral history, as it is to describe a motive without glossing at its practical consequences. Partial Portrait, 1888, p. 252. "Guy de Maupassant"

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The question of "art" for him was so furiously the question of form, and the question of form was so intensely the question of rhythm, that from the beginning to the end of his correspondence we scarcely ever encounter a mention of any beauty but verbal beauty. He quotes from Goethe firmly as to the enormous importance of the "conception," but the conception remains for him essentially the plastic one. Essays in London, 1888, p. 144. "Gustave Flaubert"

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IMPORTANT
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Paul Leicester Ford's The Hon. Peter Stirling... A long novel.... a work so disconnected, to my view, from almost any consideration with which an artistic product is at any point concerned, any effect of presentation, any prescription of form, composition, proportion, taste, etc., that I am reduced merely to noting for curiosity the circumstance that it so remarkably triumphs. Sales already past 20,000. Then comes in the title, the critic's inevitable desire to have bottom somewhere.... to sound the gulf. But I must say this some other time. Literature, May 7, 1888, p. 542. "American Letter"

SELECTION
AND
CONCISION

/Columba brought home as nothing else had done
....for prose, for the life of our time....the
lesson of a mysterious selection and concision.
Literature, July 23, 1898, p. 66-68
"Prosper Mérimée"

SCIENCE
OF
COMPOSITIONTREAT-
MENT

There are those who....see the whole business to
be divorced on the one side from observation and
perception, and on the other from the art and
taste. They get too little of the first-hand
impression, the effort to penetrate....and still
less....of any science of composition, any archi-
tecture, distribution, proportion. It is not a
trifle, though indeed it is the concomitant of an
edged force, that "mystery" should, to so many of
the sharper eyes, have disappeared from the craft,
and a facile flatness be, in place of it, in ac-
claimed possession....But these are....signs....
that the novelist, not the novel, has dropped. So
long as there is a subject to be treated, so long
will it depend wholly on the treatment to rekindle
the fire. Only the ministrant must really approach
the altar; for if the novel is the treatment, it
is the treatment that is essentially what I have
called the anodyne.

Universal Anthology, Vol. 28, p. 23, 1899
"The Future of the Novel"

COMPOSITION

Jane Austen was instinctive and charming....For
signal examples of what composition, distribution,
arrangement can do, of how they intensify the life
of a work of art, we have to go elsewhere; and the
value of Flaubert for us is what he admirably
points the moral.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65-109
"Gustave Flaubert"

AN
EXAMPLE
OF
BEAUTY
OF
FORM

The book is not explained by its inherent dignity.
....the dignity of its substance is the dignity of
Mme. Bovary herself as a vessel of experience....
/is the consensus of French opinion..../the book
it confers upon its sufficiently vulgar elements
of exhibition a final unsurpassable form....the
work is a classic because....it is ideally done,
and because it shows that in such doing eternal
beauty may dwell....that is the triumph of the
book as the triumph stands....Emma interests us
by the nature of her consciousness and the play of
her mind....they represent....her state....they
represent the state actual, or potential, of all

Selection and Conclusion
 ...for press, for the life of our time....the
 lesson of a mysterious selection and conclusion.
 Literature, July 28, 1898, p. 66-68
 "Prosper Mérimée"

SCIENCE
 OF
 COMPOSI-
 TION
 TREAT-
 MENT

There are those who....see the whole business to
 be divided on the one side from observation and
 perception, and on the other from the art and
 taste. They get too little of the first-hand
 immersion, the effort to concentrate....and still
 less....of any science of composition, any treat-
 ment, distinction, proportion. It is not a
 trifle, though indeed it is the concomitant of an
 edged force, that "mystery" should, to so many of
 the sharper eyes, have disappeared from the craft,
 and a facile literature be in place of it, in so-
 claimed possession....But these are....
 that the novelist, not the novel, has dropped. So
 long as there is a subject to be treated, so long
 will it depend wholly on the treatment to render the
 first. Only the minimalist must really approach
 the subject for it the novel is the treatment, it
 is the treatment that is essentially what I have
 called the anodyne.

Universal Anthology, Vol. 28, p. 68, 1899
 "The Future of the Novel"

COMPOSI-
 TION

Jane Austen was instinctive and charming....For
 signal examples of what composition, distinction,
 arrangement can do, of how they intensify the life
 of a work of art, we have to go elsewhere; and the
 value of Flaubert for us is what he admirably
 points the moral.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65-102
 "Gustave Flaubert"

AN
 EXAMPLE
 OF
 BEAUTY
 OF
 FORM

The book is not explained by its inherent dignity.
the dignity of its substance is the dignity of
 time. Novelty herself as a vessel of experience....
 As the consciousness of French civilization....the book
 it confers upon its sufficiently vulgar elements
 of exhibition a final unsurpassable form....the
 work is a classic because....it is ideally done,
 and because it shows that in such being eternal
 beauty may dwell....that is the triumph of the
 book as the triumph stands....forms interest us
 by the nature of her consciousness and the play of
 her mind....they represent....her state....they
 represent the state actual, or potential, of all

persons like her, persons romantically determined.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65-100

"Gustave Flaubert"

COMPOSITION:
ECONOMY
OF
EFFECT

"Le Pere Goriot" is in especial a supreme case of composition, a model of that high virtue that we know as economy of effect, economy of line and touch....Of all the costly charms of a "story" this interest derived from a new composition is the costliest.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 107

UNITY
AND
BEAUTY

The question of the unity of a group of data subject to be wrought into a thing of art....is always by my sense of the affair quite the first to be answered; for according to the answer shapes and fills itself the very vessel of that beautywhich is the ultimate extract of any collocation of facts, any picture of life and the finest aspect of any artistic work. Call a novel a picture of life as much as we will,....it still fails to escape this exposure to appreciation, or in other words to criticism, that it has had to be selected, selected under sense for something; and the unity of the exhibition should meet us, does meet us if the work be done, at the point at which that sense is most patent.

Notes on Novelist, 1912, p. 385-411

"The Novel in the Ring & the Book"

c. Aesthetic Qualities: Beauty

BEAUTY
AND
HAPPINESS

To be a young American painter, unperplexed by the mocking elusive soul of things, and satisfied with their wholesome light-bathed surface and shape; keen of eye; fond of color, of sea and sky, and anything that may chance between them: of old lace and brocade, and old furniture (even when made to order); of time-mellowed harmonies on nameless canvasses, and happy contours in cheap old engravings; to spend one's mornings in still productive analysis of the clustered shadows of the Basilica, one's afternoons anywhere, in church or campo, on canal or lagoon, and one's evenings in starlight gossip at Florian's, feeling the sea breeze throb languidly between the two great pillars of the Piazzetta and over the low black domes of the church....this, I consider, is to be as happy as one may safely be.

The Nation, March 6, 1873, p. 163

"A European Summer"

persons like her, persons romantically determined.
Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 25-100
 "Narrative Elements"

"Le Pere Goriot" is in essence a supreme case of
 composition, a model of that high virtue that we
 know as economy of effect, economy of line and
 touch.... Of all the costly charms of a "style"
 this interest derived from a new composition is
 the costliest.
The Lesson of Balzac, 1902, p. 107

COMPO-
 SITION:
 ECONOMY
 OF
 EFFECT

The question of the unity of a group of data sub-
 ject to be wrought into a thing of art.... is af-
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 tion of facts, any picture of life and the finest
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 ture of life as much as we will.... it still falls
 to escape this exposure to investigation, or in
 other words to criticism, that it has had to be
 selected, selected under some for something; and
 the unity of the exhibition should meet us, does
 meet us if the work be done, at the point at which
 that sense is most potent.
Notes on Novelists, 1912, p. 184-411
 "The Novel in the Ring & the Book"

UNITY
 AND
 BEAUTY

c. Aesthetic Qualities: Beauty

To be a young American painter, unperformed by the
 mocking elusive soul of things, and satisfied with
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 face and procedure, and old furniture (even when
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 nameless canvases, and happy contours in cheap
 old engravings; to spend one's morning in still
 productive analysis of the clustered shadows of
 the Basilica, one's afternoon anywhere, in church
 or camp, on canal or in forest, and one's evening
 in starlight gossip at Florian's, feeling the sea
 breeze blow languidly between the two great oil-
 lars of the Riazetta and over the low black domes
 of the church.... this, I consider, is to be as
 happy as one may safely be.
The Nation, March 2, 1878, p. 163
 "A European Summer"

BEAUTY
 AND
 HARMONIES

TWO
BOYS
CONTRASTED

At Torcello there were half a dozen young children. One little urchin as expressively beautiful a little mortal as I ever looked on. He had a smile to make Corregio sigh in his grave....An infant citizen of our own republic straight-haired, pale-eyed and freckled, duly darned and catechised, marching into a New England school-house, is an object often seen and soon forgotten; but I think I shall always remember, with infinite tender conjecture, as the years roll by the little unlettered Eros of the Adriatic Strand.

The Nation, March 6, 1873, p. 163
"A European Summer"

FORMAL
BEAUTY
EXPRESSES
SPIRITUAL
BEAUTY

Strictly formal beauty seems best to express our idea of spiritual beauty.

The Nation, March 6, 1873
"A European Summer"

BEAUTY:
HOLBEIN

Even Holbein, superb genius as he was, is never directly and essentially beautiful. Beauty, to his sense is, verity, dignity, opulence, goodliness of costume and circumstance; and the thoroughly handsome look of many of his figures resides simply in the picturesque assemblage of these qualitiesHolbein had, at least, an ideal of beauty of execution, of manipulation, of touch.

Transatlantic Sketches, 1875, p. 352

BEAUTY
IN
ITALIAN
ALLEYS

"In almost every alley of every quiet town....the past lives still in some lovely statuette, some exquisite wreath of sculptured foliage, or some light but delicate fresco.....a variety of beauty which no English architect or sculptor has ever dreamed of."

The Nation, No. 568, May 18, 1876, p. 325-326
"Cities of Northern and Central Italy by
Agustus J. C. Hare"

SNIPPETS
OF
BEAUTY

Tartarin's word about himself that he is Don Quixote in the skin of Sancho Panza is the best summary of his contradictions....What is this ambiguity but the opposition of the idea and the application - the beauty one would like to compass in life and the innumerable snippets by which that beauty is abbreviated in the business of fitting it to our personal measure?

Port Tarascon, Alphonse Daudet, 1891
Translated by Henry James

At Torsello there were half a dozen young children. One little unclean as expressively beautiful little mortal as I ever looked on. He had a smile to make Correggio sigh in his grave.... An infant citizen of our own republic straight-haired, pale-eyed and freckled, duly darning and catenading, marching into a New England school-house, is an object often seen and soon forgotten; but I think I shall always remember, with infinite tender compassion, as the years roll by the little unlettered face of the Abolitionist.

The Nation, March 6, 1873, p. 183
"A European Summer"

TWO
BOYS
CONTRASTED

Strictly formal beauty seems best to express our idea of spiritual beauty.

The Nation, March 6, 1873
"A European Summer"

FORMAL
BEAUTY
EXTERIOR
SPIRITUAL
BEAUTY

Even Holbein, superb genius as he was, is never directly and essentially beautiful. Beauty, to his sense is, verily, quantity, goodness of costume and circumstance; and the thoroughly handsome look of many of his figures resides simply in the picturesque assemblage of these qualities.... Holbein had, at least, an ideal of beauty of execution, of manifestation, of touch.

Transatlantic Sketches, 1876, p. 252

BEAUTY
HOLBEIN

"In almost every alley of every quiet town.... the past lives still in some lovely statue, some exquisite growth of sculptured foliage, or some light but delicate fresco.... a variety of beauty which no English architect or sculptor has ever dreamed of."

The Nation, No. 368, May 18, 1876, p. 325-326
"Cities of Northern and Central Italy" by
Augustus J. C. Hare

BEAUTY
IN
ITALY
ALWAYS

Tartarin's word about himself that he is Don Quixote in the skin of Sencho Panza is the best summary of his contradictions.... What is this ambiguity but the opposition of the idea and the application - the beauty one would like to compare in life and the innumerable snippets by which that beauty is apprehended in the business of living it to our personal measure?

Fort Trenchard, Alphonse Baudet, 1891
Translated by Henry James

SNIPPETS
OF
BEAUTY

BEAUTY
OF
BODY
AND
SOUL

The beauty of body and soul is a great thing, and the great bribe is the natural art with which it is made an immediate presence.

THE
BEAUTIFUL
UNHAPPY
YOUNG
OF
DU
MAURIER

• No doubt, however, it is quite to this simplicity and intensity of evocation that we owe the sense so fortunate, so charming, so completing, of something, as Wordsworth says, still more deeply interfused, the element of sadness that is the inevitable secondary effect of the full surrender to any beauty, the inevitable reaction from it, and that is the source of most of the poetry of most of DuMaurier's pages. We find ourselves constantly in contact with the beautiful unhappy young; a circumstance from which, for my own part, I extract an irresistible charm....His feeling for life and fate arrives at a bright, free, sensitive, melancholy utterance; to which his imagination gives a lift by showing us most the perpetual sacrifice that is offered up in admirable forms, in beautiful young men and young women....most ever, perhaps, in beautiful young men...."these prepossessing unfortunates" they are so satisfactorily handsome...."splendid and stricken"

Harper's Magazine, Sept. 1897, p. 605

"George du Maurier"

THE
"EARNEST"
ATTITUDE

He was frankly, not critical....He disliked the "Earnest" attitude and we often disagreed about what it does for enjoyment; I regarding it as the very gate or gustatory mouth of pleasure, and he willing enough indeed to take it for a door, but a door closed in one's face....The world was very simply divided for him into what was beautiful and what was ugly, and especially into what looked so, and so far as these divisions were - with everything they opened out to - a complete account of the matter, nothing could be more vivid than his view, or more interesting.

Harper's Magazine, Sept. 1897, p. 594-609

"George du Maurier"

THE
BEAUTY
OF
THE
NATURAL

There is not even by accident a line with a hint of style - it is all flat, familiar, affectionate, illiterate colloquy. If the absolute natural be, when the writer is interesting, the supreme merit of letters, these accordingly should stand high on the list. The beauty of the natural is here,

the beauty of the particular nature, the man's own overflow in the deadly dry setting, the personal passion, the love of life plucked like a flower in a desert of innocent, unconscious ugliness.

Literature, April 16, 1898, p. 452
"American Letter"

TRUTH
AND
THE
EXQUI-
SITE

When shades of truth go, the exquisite goes.

The Cornhill Magazine, Nov. 1901
"Edmond Rostand"

STYLE

He held style to be....an indefeasible part of it [work of art], and found beauty, interest, and distinction as dependent on it for emergence as a letter committed to the post office is dependent on an addressed envelope....there are persons who consider that style comes of itself....The thing naturally differs in fact with the imagination. He never misses style and....never appears to have beaten about for it. It was truly a wonderful success to be so the devotee of the phrase and yet never its victim.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65-109
"Gustave Flaubert"

NOTHING
COUNTS
IN
ART
BUT
EXCEL-
LENCE

This is largely the moral of our renewed glance at Balzac....a lesson, of a more essential sort, I think, still folded deeper within....there is no convincing art that is not ruinously expensive....Nothing counts, of course, in art, but the excellent; nothing exists, however briefly, but estimation for appreciation, but the superlative....always in its kind.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 101-102

Aesthetic Qualities: Ugliness

A
BYZANTINE
CHRIST

Pisa, Cathedral pleasing....a huge Byzantine Christ in mosaic on the concave roof of the choir....made me wonder more than ever what the human mind could have been when such unlovely form could satisfy its conception of holiness.

The Nation, No. 464, May 21, 1874, p. 329-330
"Tuscan Cities"

French Poets & Novelists, 1879, p. 22
"Charles Baudelaire"

ONEIDA
PERFEC-
TIONISTS

Oneida perfectionists - Its industrial results are doubtless excellent; but morally and socially it strikes us as simply hideous.

The Nation, No. 498, Jan. 14, 1875, p. 26-28
"Nordhoff's Communistic Societies in United States"

This picture is to be judged not as a work of art but as a work of morals....which every work of art is, willy-nilly, in some degree....By
Egusquiza

ARTISTIC
DEPRAVITY

But the thing is a most extraordinary piece of artistic depravity, and we confess that we were provincial enough to be painfully shocked by it; we had not really comprehended that such things were being done....Wherein the depravity consists; the artist knows better than anyone can tell him, and he measured it to a hair's breadth when he laid on that cadavarous blue glazing of his heroine's triumphantly, ugly visage....What has the artist been through to come to that; and having come to that, what will he go to next? The sooner he takes the next step the better; the reductio ad absurdum, will leave nothing to be desired.

Atlantic Monthly, January, 1875
"Art"

SHABBINESS

His Wallace's picture of Russian village or country town suggests all the ugliness and shabbiness of such places in America.

The Nation, No. 611, March 15, 1877, p. 165
"Russia"

UNCLEAN-
ESS

Mr. de Goncourt's fault is not that he is serious or historical or scientific or instructive but that he is intolerably unclean. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in spite of its elevated intention. "La Fille Elisa" must be profoundly distasteful to healthy minds.

The Nation, May 10, 1877, p. 280

IGNOBLE
SUBJECTS

Baudelaire....was the victim of a grotesque illusion. He tried to make fine verses on ignoble subjects, and in our opinion he signally failed.... He went in search of corruption, and the ill-conditioned jade proved a thankless muse. The thinking reader,....finds the beauty perverted by the ugliness.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 82
"Charles Baudelaire"

On the other hand - the industrial revolution
 brought about a new type of man, and especially it
 strikes us as a new type of man.
 The Nation, No. 438, Jan. 14, 1935, p. 25-26
 "The Communist Manifesto in the United
 States"

COMMUNIST-
 PROTESTS

This picture is to be judged not as a work of art
 but as a work of propaganda... which every work of
 art is, with a difference...

But the thing is a most extraordinary piece of
 artistic genius, and we wonder that we were
 provincial enough to be so easily shocked by it;
 we had not really comprehended that such things
 were being done... Within the domain of the
 artist there is no better than anyone can tell him,
 and he measured it to a hair's breadth when he said
 on that extraordinary piece of his work
 triumphantly, only a piece... What has the artist
 been through to come to that? And having come to
 that, what will he go to next? The answer he takes
 the next step the better; the reader and the
 will leave nothing to be desired.
 Atlantic Monthly, January, 1935
 "Art"

ARTISTIC
 CREATIVITY

SHARPERNESS the "Wallace" picture of Russian village or
 country town suggests all the sadness and shadow-
 ness of such places in Russia.
 The Nation, No. 611, March 15, 1937, p. 135
 "Russia"

Mr. de Goncourt's fault is not that he is serious
 or historical or scientific or instructive but
 that he is intolerably unclean. The proof of the
 pudding is in the eating, and in spite of its
 elevated intention, "Le Fil de l'acier" must be pro-
 foundly distasteful to healthy minds.
 The Nation, May 10, 1937, p. 230

UNCLEAN-
 235

Heidelberg... was the victim of a grotesque illu-
 sion. He tried to make time versus on a mobile
 subject, and in our opinion he signally failed...
 He went in search of corruption, and the ill-
 conditioned (he proved a thick-skinned man, the
 thinking reader... finds the beauty perverted by
 the witness.
 French Poets & Novelists, 1932, p. 22
 "Charles Baudelaire"

IMMORAL
 SUBJECTS

META-
PHYSICAL
VALUE
OF
THE
REPUL-
SIVE

✓The futile operation on the club foot of the ostler at the inn⁷....The reader asks himself the meaning of this elaborate presentation of the most repulsive of incidents....he presently sees that the whole episode has a kind of metaphysical value. It completes the general picture.
French Poets and Novelists, 1878, p. 259
 "Gustave Flaubert"

GROSSNESS

In M. Emile Zola's extraordinary novel one must make the part, as the French say, of the horrible uncleanness of the author's imagination Assommoir....with all its grossness the book in question is essentially a literary performance...."ce pouchon d'Augustine" is, as regards reality, a wonderful creation.
Portraits of Places, 1854, p. 87

UGLINESS
IN
AMERICA

American ugliness is on the side of physical poverty and meanness; English on that of redundancy and monstrosity. In America there are few grotesques: in England there are many....and some of them have a high pictorial value.
Portraits of Places, 1884, p. 198
 "Italy Revisited"

Aesthetic Qualities: Truth: The Moral

TRUTH
THE
MEASURE
OF
MERIT

When once a work of fiction may be classed as a novel, its foremost claim to merit, and indeed the measure of its merit is its truth....its truth to something, however questionable that thing may be in point of morals or of taste.
Notes & Reviews, 1864
 "Mrs. Prescott's Azarian"

The Moral and the Immoral

TASTE
AND
STYLE
IN
THE
EMPIRE

The "moral" writers under the Empire were extremely feeble and unreadable. The Empire had decidedly a taste of its own, and that taste, was a very bad one....The Empire had indeed a literary style which was as bad as possible....the pretentious, hollow, insincere style of Napoleon III. in his speeches and addresses, the "official" French of the Moniteur,French talents were, we believe, as great as ever under the Empire; it was what underlies talent - thought, feeling, conviction, substance - that was wanting.
The Nation, 548, December 30, 1875

MORAL
QUALITY
IMPORTANT
IN
ART

To deny the relevancy of subject-matter and the importance of the moral quality of a work of art strikes us as puerile. We do not know what the great moralists would say about the matter.... There is....little doubt what the great artists would say. These geniuses feel that the whole thinking man is one, and to count out the moral element in one's appreciation of an artistic whole is exactly as sane as it would be (if the total were a poem) to eliminate all the words in three syllables, or to consider only such portions of it as had been written by candlelight. The crudity of the sentiment of the advocates of "art for art" is often as striking example of fact that a great deal of what is called culture may fail to dissipate a well-seated provincialism of spirit. They talk of morality as Miss Edgeworth's infantine heroes and heroines talk of "physic"....they allude to its being put into and kept out of one's appreciation of the same, as if it were a coloured fluid kept in a big-labelled bottle in some mysterious intellectual closet. It is in reality simply a part of the essential richness of inspirationit has nothing to do with the artistic process and it has everything to do with the artistic effect. The more a work of art feels it at its source the richer it is; the less it feels it, the poorer it is....those who have, in any degree been initiated into art by production, for them the subject is as much a part of their work as their hunger is a part of their dinner.

French Poets and Novelists, 1878, p. 82
"Charles Baudelaire"

REALISTS

Madame Bovary It may be very seriously maintained that M. Flaubert's masterpiece is a pearl of "Sunday reading"....Practically M. Flaubert is a potent moralist....Every out-and-out realist who provokes serious meditation may claim that he is a moralist, for that, after all, is the most that moralists can do for us. They sow the seeds of virtue: they can hardly pretend to raise the crop.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 256
"Gustave Flaubert"

NOXIOUS
IMMOR-
TALITY
IS
SUPER-
FICIAL

We hold James speaks to the good old belief that the presumption, in life, is in favor of the brighter side, and we deem it, in art an indispensable condition of our interest in a depressed observer that he should have at least tried his best to be cheerful. The truth, we take it, lies for the

To deny the relevancy of subject-matter and the
importance of the moral quality of a work of art
is like saying we are neutral. We do not know what the
great moralists would say about the matter....
There is... little doubt that the great artists
would say, "These business men are not the whole
thing, man is one, and to count out the moral
element in one's appreciation of an artistic whole
is exactly as senseless as it would be (if the total
were a room) to eliminate all the words in three
syllables, or to consider only such portions of
it as had been written by candlelight. The crudity
of the sentiment of the advocates of "art for art"
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deal of what is called culture may fail to dis-
till a well-earned preeminence of spirit. They
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heroes and heroines talk of "physic".... they
allude to its being put into and kept out of one's
appreciation of the same, as if it were a coloured
liquid kept in a labelled bottle in some water-
proof intellectual closet. It is in reality simply
a part of the essential richness of inspiration
.... it has nothing to do with the artistic process
and it has everything to do with the artistic
effect. The more a work of art feels it at its
source the richer it is; the less it feels it, the
poorer it is.... those who have, in any degree been
initiated into art by observation, for whom the
subject is as much a part of their work as their
medium is a part of their dinner.
French Poets & Novelists, 1872, p. 88
"Charles Baudelaire"

NOVEL
QUALITY
IMPORTANT
IN
ART

As a novel it may be very seriously mis-
taken. M. Turgenev's masterpiece is a pearl of "con-
vey reading".... Practically M. Turgenev is a poet
novelist.... Every out-and-out realist who involves
serious meditation may claim that he is a novelist.
For that, after all, is the most that novelists can
do for us. They sow the seeds of virtue; they
can hardly pretend to raise the crop.
French Poets & Novelists, 1872, p. 226
"Gustave Flaubert"

NOVELISTS

We hold these things nearest to the good old belief that
the imagination, in life, is in favor of the higher
side, and we deem it, in art, an indispensable
condition of our interest in a depressed character
that he should have at least tried his best to be
cheerful. The truth, we take it, is for the

NOVELIST
IMAG-
INATION
QUALITY
IS
CUTTER-
PICAL

pathetic in poetry and romance very much where it lies for the "immoral" Morbid pathos is reflective pathos; ingenious pathos, pathos not freshly born of the occasion: noxious immorality is superficial immorality, immorality without natural roots in the subject. We value most the "realists" who have an idea of delicacy and the elegiacs who have an ideal of joy.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 318.

"Ivan Turgénieff"

EXAMPLES
AND
PRECEPTS

Woe, in the aesthetic line, to any example that requires the escort of precept. It is like a guest arriving to dine accompanied by constables.

The New Review, March 1896, p. 297

"On the Death of Dumas the Younger"

ART
AND
MORALITY

/Picture of his youth in Paris - Flaubert's little salon/ Maxime Du Camp, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola - /they all believed/ art and morality are two perfectly different things; and that the former has no more to do with the latter than it has to do with astronomy or embryology.

The Novels and Stories of Ivan Turgénieff, tr.

by I. Hapgood

"Introduction" by Henry James, p. XV.

Aesthetic Qualities: Vulgarities

THE
VULGAR
IN
ART

The distinctively amusing scenes in the School for Scandal are those in which Lady Sneerwell's guests assemble to pull their acquaintances to pieces. They are brilliantly clever, but they perhaps best illustrate our charge of coarseness and harshness.To measure the difference between small art and great, one should compare the talk of Sheridan's scandal-mongers with that scene in Molière's Misanthrope in which the circle at Célimène's house hit off the portraits of their absent friends. In the one case one feels almost ashamed to be listening; in the other it is good society still, even tho' it be society in a heartless mood.

The Atlantic Monthly, 1874

"Drama" - School for Scandal"

THE
INHER-
ENTLY
VULGAR

The Prophet does not take hold of the imaginationIt wants style, it lacks heat, it misses the nameless something which Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the anecdote, indicated by the snap of his fingers.

pathetic in poetry and romance very much where it
 lies for the "immoral" world pathos is reflective
 rather; ingenious pathos, pathos not really born
 of the occasion; genuine immorality is superficial
 immorality, immorality without natural roots in
 the subject. We value most the "realists" who
 have an idea of delinquency and the idealists who
 have an ideal of joy.

French Poets & Novelists, 1897, p. 112.
 "Ivan Turgenev"

Yes, in the aesthetic line, to any example that
 requires the sort of precedent. It is like a great
 striving to give accompanied by confidence.
The New Review, March 1895, p. 227
 "On the Death of Thomas the Younger"

Picture of his youth in Paris - Turgenev's little
 salon, Maxime Du Camp, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola -
 they all believed art and morality are two per-
 fectly different things; and that the former has
 no more to do with the latter than it has to do
 with astronomy or embryology.
The Novels and Stories of Ivan Turgenev, tr.
 by I. Heywood
 "Introduction" by Henry James, p. vi

Aesthetic Qualities: Vulgarly

The distinctively vulgar scenes in the school for
 scandal are those in which Lady Greer tells a guest
 assemblage to pull their acquaintances to pieces.
 They are brilliantly clever, but they perhaps best
 illustrate our change of consciousness and manners.
 To measure the difference between small art
 and great, one should compare the talk of Greer's
 dan's scandal-mongers with that scene in Voltaire's
Misanthrope in which the circle at Célimène's house
 hit off the portraits of their absent friends. In
 the one case one feels almost ashamed to be listen-
 ing; in the other it is good society still, even
 tho' it be society in a heartless mood.
The Atlantic Monthly, 1874
 "Greer" - School for Scandal

The Prophet does not take hold of the imagination
 It vents style, it lacks heart, it misses the
 nameless something which Sir John Reynolds, in
 the anecdote, indicated by the sign of his fingers.

EXPLAINS
 AND
 PROTECTS

ART
 AND
 MORALITY

THE
 VULGAR
 IN
 ART

THE
 VULGAR
 IN
 ART

....[the fault lies in his subject] There are things inherently vulgar to which no varnish will give a gloss, and on which the fancy consents only grudgingly to rest her eyes. Mormonism is one of these....There would be much to say on this matter of vulgarity and distinction; and if Mr. Taylor's volume lacks the prime requisites of success, it may at least be called a suggestive failure.

North American Review, 1875

"Bayard Taylor's *The Prophet*"

DICKENS
AND
THE
VULGAR

[In the English novel] we have recognized the humble, the wretched, even the wicked; also we have recognized the "smart". But save under the immense pressure of Dickens we have never done anything so dreadful as to recognize the vulgar.

The case of Dickens was absolutely special....he escaped the predicament of showing them as vulgar by showing them only as prodigiously droll.... They belong to a walk in life that we may be humorous, but must never be serious, about. We may be tragic, but that is often but a form of humour.

Harper's Weekly, July 31, 1897, p. 754.

Aesthetic Qualities: The Interesting

THE
INTEREST
OF
CHARACTERS

Character, in any sense in which we can get at it, is action, and action is plot, and any plot which hangs together, even if it pretends to interest us only in the fashion of a Chinese puzzle, plays upon our emotion, our suspense, by means of personal references. We care what happens to people only in proportion as we know what people are.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 106

"Anthony Trollope"

SOURCE
OF
EFFECT

La Venus d'Ille struck my immaturity as a masterpiece of art and offered to the young curiosity concerned that sharpest of all challenges for youth, the challenge of the special source of the effect.

Literature, July 23, 1898, p. 66-68

"Prosper Mérimée"

...The fault lies in his subject. There are things inherently vulgar to which no version will give a gloss, and on which the fancy cannot only abundantly to rest her eyes. Hermonie is one of these. There would be much to say on this matter of vulgarity and distortion; and if Mr. Taylor's volume lacks the prime requisites of success, it may at least be called a suggestive failure.

North American Review, 1875
"Raymond Taylor's 'The Trophée'"

In the British novel we have recognized the humble, the untried, even the whole; also we have recognized the "marvel". But save under the immense pressure of Dickens we have never done anything so beautiful as to recognize the vulgar.

The case of Dickens was absolutely special. He escaped the predicament of showing them as vulgar by showing them only as wonderfully thrilling. They belong to a world in which we may be human, but must never be vulgar, about. It may be tragic, but that is often but a form of humor.

Harpers Weekly, July 21, 1897, p. 754.

Aesthetic Qualities: The Interesting

Character, in any sense in which we can put it, is action, and action is plot, and any plot which brings together, even if it pretends to interest us only in the fashion of a Chinese puzzle, gives upon our emotion, our suspense, by means of personal references. We know what happens to people only in proportion as we know what people are.

Pittsburgh Courier, 1882, p. 106
"Anthony Trollope"

In Volume 5, Life, which my daughter as a master- piece of art and offered to the young curiosity concerned that aspect of all characters "or youth, the challenge of the social games of the effect."

Literature, July 23, 1898, p. 66-67
"Trollope's 'Life'"

DICKENS
AND
THE
VULGAR

THE
INTEREST
OF
CHARACTER

SOURCE
OF
EFFECT

Examples of What James Liked.

I still found Florence In Travel. Italy, Vernazza regal-
ificent, Italy supremely beautiful, and interest
altogether unparalleled.

STYLE The fine thing about the Rhine is that it has that which, when applied to architecture and painting, is called style.

PARADOX To enjoy the Low countries....a special pair of spectacles....relish of harmonies in minor key. The beauty which is no beauty, the ugliness which is not ugliness. Amsterdam and Venice....They tell of such different lives, and such a different point of view. Outward appearance....perfect poetry vs. perfect prose.

The Nation, No. 478, August 27, 1874, p. 136-137

THE I have never known Florence more charming than I
CHARMING have found her for a week in this brilliant October. She sat in the sunshine by her yellow river like the little treasure-city that she has always seemedThere were very few strangers; one's detested fellow-sightseer was infrequent; the native population itself seemed scanty....by eight o'clock at night....the wandering tourist....had the place to himself. /On the Sunday noon of his arrival he/ climbed the steep and winding way /outside the city/ to a villa on a hilltop where I found various things that seemed to resolve my journey into a sort of pilgrimage of admiration and envy....Within the villa was a great love of art....and a painting room full of successful work....a way of life that is not afraid of a little isolation and tolerably quiet days. When such a life presents itself in a dull or ugly place, we esteem it, we admire it to be the ideal of good fortune. When, however, the people who lead it more as figures in an ancient, noble landscape, and their walks and contemplations are like a turning of the leaves of history, we seem to be witnessing an admirable case of virtue made easy; meaning here by virtue, contentment and concentration, the love of privacy and of study.

The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 41, No. 247,
p. 258-293

"Recent Florence"

Examples of what James liked.
 In Travel.
 The time taken about the Rhine is that it has that
 which, when applied to architecture and painting,
 is called style.

PARADOX
 To enjoy the low countries.... a special gift of
 spectacles.... Relief of humours is what key.
 The beauty which is no beauty. The ugliness which
 is not ugliness. Amsterdam and Venice.... They tell
 of such different lives, and each a different
 point of view. General appearance.... perfect
 poetry vs. perfect prose.
 The Nation, No. 478, August 27, 1934, p. 136-
 137

THE
 CHARMING
 I have never known Florence more charming than I
 have found her for a week in this brilliant October.
 She sat in the sunshine by her yellow flower like
 the little treasure-city that she has always seemed
 There were very few strangers; one's beloved
 fellow-citizens were frequent; the native popu-
 lation itself seemed scarce.... by eight o'clock
 at night.... the wandering tourist.... had the place
 to himself. On the Sunday noon of his arrival he
 climbed the steep and winding way (outside the city)
 to a villa on a hillside where I found various things
 that seemed to resolve my journey into a sort of
 pilgrimage of admiration and envy.... Within the
 villa was a great love of art.... and a painting
 room full of successful work.... a way of life that
 is not afraid of a little isolation and tolerably
 quiet days. When such a life presents itself in
 a full or half of life, we dream it, we desire it
 to be the ideal of good fortune. When, however,
 the people who lead it more as figures in an un-
 clear, noble landscape, and their walls and con-
 templations are like a turning of the leaves of
 history, we seem to be witnessing an admirable
 case of virtue made easy: meaning here by virtue,
 contentment and concentration, the love of industry
 and of study.

The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 41, No. 247,
 p. 328-332
 "Recent Florence"

In Paintings.

I still found Carpaccio delightful, Veronese magnificent, Titian supremely beautiful, and Tintoret altogether unqualifiable.

The Nation, No. 401, March 6, 1873, p. 163

Examples of What James Disliked.

In Travel.

DIRT AND VULGARITY

Partly as an enquiring stranger and partly as a victim of a misapprehension of the attraction of Gravesend I went to the latter place by train to take the air (I returned by boat with a very big crowd)....Gravesend....is simply too dreadful.... an extremely dirty and most ingeniously vulgar little place, close upon the river, whose bank is adorned with a row of small establishments, half cottage and half shop, devoted to traffic in shrimps and tea....Rodenvilla Gardens....rockwork plaster statues and convivial grottos.

The Nation, Sept. 26, 1878, p. 194

"London in the Dead Season"

In Paintings.

RUBENS

Twenty yards of Rubens gave me less pleasure than I had hoped. I find myself unable to perceive in him a trace of that intellectual impressiveness claimed by some of his admirers.

The Descent from the Cross painted by improvisation, not by reflection.

The Nation, Sept. 3, 1874, p. 151

"In Belgium"

REMBRANDT

Rembrandt not an intellectually suggestive paintercompare with any Tintoretto.

The Nation, August 27, 1874, p. 136-137

"In Holland"

In Paintings.

I still found Caracciolo delizioso, Veronese magni-
ficent, Titian supremely beautiful, and Tintoret
altogether unimpeachable.
The Nation, Vol. 401, March 6, 1878, p. 183

Examples of What James Disliked.

In Travel.

Partly as an engineering student and partly as a
victim of a misapprehension of the attraction of
Greece I went to the latter place by train to
take the air (I returned by boat with a very big
crowd)... Greece... is simply too dreadful...
an extremely dirty and most ignominiously vulgar
little place, close upon the river, whose bank is
adorned with a row of small establishments, half
cottages and half shops, devoted to traffic in
and for... the most filthy and
vicious and convivial traffic.
The Nation, Sept. 26, 1878, p. 184
"London in the Dead Season"

DIRT
AND
VULGARITY

In Paintings.

Twenty yards of Rubens were no less pleasant than
I had hoped. I find myself unable to perceive in
him a trace of that intellectual impotence
claimed by some of his admirers.

MEANS

The Decent from the Cross painted by immolation.
not by reflection.
The Nation, Sept. 8, 1878, p. 181
"In Belgium"

Rembrandt not an intellectually suggestive painter
... compare with any Tintoretto.
The Nation, August 27, 1878, p. 186-187
"In Holland"

REMBRANDT

In a Novel.

CHEAP

"St. Simon's Niece" - by Frank Lee Benedict
Snobbish, vulgar, cheaply meretricious, unwholesome, it reads like the work of a young woman who has battered upon the productions of Miss Braddon and Edmund Yates. The style is inimitably feminine.

The Nation, No. 550, Jan. 13, 1876, p. 32-34

d. Schools of Art

NOTHING GREAT WITHOUT A SCHOOL

Few lived to exchange the young confidence for the old certainty. But we see here, as in the history of every important intellectual movement, that the failures fertilized the soil for success, that nothing great is done without a school, and that to produce a hundred finished masterpieces there must be ten thousand vain attempts.

North American Review, Oct. 1874, p. 423

"Histoire du Romantisme"

FRENCH SCHOOLS

Everything in France, proceeds by "schools"....
"Gustave Flaubert is of the school of Balzac; the Brothers de Goncourt and Emile Zola are of the school of Flaubert. This last writer is....the most original in the evolution of the French imagination, and he has for ourselves the farther merit that he must always be strange and curious.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 253

"Gustave Flaubert"

ART MISTRUSTS RESTRIC- TIONS

Hard and fast rules, a priori restrictions, mere interdictions (you shall not speak of this, you shall not look at that), have surely served their time, and will in the nature of the case never strike an energetic talent as anything but arbitrary. A healthy, living and growing art, full of curiosity and fond of exercise, has an indefeasible mistrust of rigid prohibitions.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 286

"Guy de Maupassant"

In a Novel.

"St. Simon's Vision" - by Frank Lee Randall
Scandalous, vulgar, absurdly sentimental, unwholesome,
some, it reads like the work of a young woman who
has borrowed from the romances of Miss Watson
and found them. The style is infinitely
feminine.
The Nation, No. 550, Jan. 12, 1876, p. 32-33

CRAP

5. Schools of Art

Few lived to exchange the young confidence for the
old certainty. But we see here, as in the history
of every important intellectual movement, that the
futures fertilized the soil for success, that
nothing great is done without a school, and that to
produce a hundred finished masterpieces there must
be ten thousand vain attempts.
North American Review, Oct. 1874, p. 433
"Histoire du Romantisme"

NOTHING
CRAP
WITHOUT
A
SCHOOL

Everything in France, proceeds by "schools".
"Gustave Flaubert is of the school of Balzac; the
Brothers de Goncourt and Jules Verne are of the
school of Flaubert. This last writer is... the
most original in the evolution of the French
imagination, and he has set ourselves the further
merit that he must always be strange and curious."
French Books & Novelists, 1879, p. 252
"Gustave Flaubert"

FRONT
SCHOOLS

Hard and fast rules, a vulgar restriction, mere
interdictions (you shall not drink of this, you
shall not look at that), have surely served their
time, and will in the future of the new
strike an energetic talent as anything but useful.
A healthy, living and growing art, full of
curiosity and fond of exercise, has no interest-
idle mistrust of rigid prohibitions.
Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 286
"Guy de Maupassant"

ART
MISTRUST
RESTRICT-
TIONS

The Classic

CLASSI- CISM IS A MATTER OF TEMPERA- MENT

It is natural indeed to believe that the classical tendency will never become extinct, inasmuch as men of the classical temperament will constantly arise to keep it alive....the school of Ingres in art has a decided affinity with the school of M. Victor Cousin in Philosophy and history, and we know that the recent fortunes of the latter school have not been brilliant.

North American Review, April 1868, p.716-723
"Contemporary French Painters: An Essay by Philip Gilbert Hamerton."

THE GREEK MANNER

One sees something, every now, and then which makes one declare that the Greek manner even for purely romantic and imaginative effects, surpasses any that has been invented since [the famous Antinous crowned with lotus]...If there is not imagination in the baleful beauty of that perfect young profile there is none in Hamlet or Lycidas, there is five hundred times as much as there is in the "Transfiguration".

Transatlantic Sketches, 1875, p. 204

The Romantic

THE FRENCH ROMANTICS

M. M. Feydeau and Flaubert, M. Dumas fils, and a dozen others are the dregs of a school - the running to seed of the famous generation of 1830. Gautier had the good fortune to belong to the elder race and to enjoy the good health which, if it came from nothing else, would come from his being original.

"A History of Romanticism" is a rather ambitious title for what is hardly more than a string of picturesque anecdotes and reminiscences of the author's early comrades....But it was to the picturesque side of the movement of 1830 that Gautier was especially attached, and its hundred eccentricities could not have found a more sympathetic and amusing chronicler. The great flood-tide which, with the coming in of Louis Phillipe, detached from their anchorage so many of the old divinities and dogmas in French art and letters has, by this time, well nigh subsided, has in

The Classic

It is natural indeed to believe that the classical tendency will never become extinct, though the men of the classical temperament will occasionally arise to keep it alive.... the school of James in art has a decided affinity with the school of M. Victor Cousin in philosophy and history, and we know that the recent fortunes of the latter school have not been brilliant.

North American Review, April 1875, p. 715-720
"Contemporary French Painters: An Essay by Philip Gilbert Hamerton."

One sees something, every now and then which makes one declare that the Greek manner even now purely romantic and imaginative effects, surpasses any that has been imagined since. The famous Antinous crowded with beauty. If there is not imagination in the perfect beauty of that perfect young man, there is none in that of Leda. There is five hundred times as much as there is in the "Transfiguration".

Transfiguration Sketches, 1875, p. 304

The Romantic

M. W. Feytaud and Richard, M. Cousin, etc., and a dozen others are the great of a school - the wing to the school of the French romanticism of 1830. Gautier had the good fortune to belong to the elder race and to enjoy the good health which, if it came from nothing else, would come from his being original.

"A History of Romanticism" is a rather ambitious title for what is hardly more than a survey of picturesque anecdotes and recollections of the author's early contacts.... But it was to the picturesque side of the movement of 1830 that Gautier was especially attached, and his lyrical eccentricities could not have found more sympathetic and amusing chronicles. The great French school, with the coming in of Louis Philippe, detached from their engraving as many of the old divisions and houses in French art and letters, and by this time, well nigh expelled, was in

CLASSICAL
CICERO
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A
MATTER
OF
THEORY
-ART
THEORY

THE
CLASSICAL
MATTER

THE
FRENCH
ROMANTICIS

great part retreated into various quiet coves and corners, under watch of the declining star of genius which has earned its rest....The eighteen years of the reign of Louis Phillipe were certainly, for arts and letters, one of the great moments of the human mind, deserved....to rank with the age of Pericles, the age of Elizabeth, or the Florentine Renaissance. It offers a splendid list of names...

All these great talents worked together, lived together very much, and had a multitude of common passions, hopes and aspirations. They were young and poor and conscious of their strength....English readers, in judging the explosive temper of this Parisian Sturm and Drang, must remember how long long art and letters in France had groaned under the weight of inanimate tradition....To protest against the uniform grayness of classicism it seemed to Gautier himself but half enough to write the glow-pictorial scenes of Albertus and take the liberties of Mademoiselle de Maupin - the famous crimson waistcoat - of information of this calibre the present chapters are largely composed; they make no pretension to being a philosophical history. Philosophy, indeed, was so scantily represented either at that or at any period in the career of literary romanticism, that we wonder....whence came the saving discretion which kept it from submersion in its own excesses. All the intellectual force of the movement seemed concentrated in a passionate sense of the "plastic"....of a plastic which should especially embody color. But all this unballasted aestheticism gives one a lively idea of the quantity of pure genius diffused through the group. the intuitive, instructive side of art was magnificently exemplified.

North American Review, Oct. 1874, p. 416-423
 "Histoire du Romantisme"

A
 ROMANTIC
 CLASSIC

Treasure Island will surely become - it must already have become and will remain - in its way a classic; thanks to this indescribable mixture of the human and the prodigious, of surprising coincidences and familiar feelings.

Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 168-169
 "Robert Louis Stevenson"

great part pertained into various quiet corners and corners, under watch of the declining star of genius which has earned its rest.... The slightest years of the reign of Louis XVIII were certainly for art and letters, one of the great moments of the human mind, absorbed.... to reach with the aid of Pericles, the age of Elizabeth, or the Florentine Renaissance. It offers a splendid list of names...

All these great talents worked together, lived together very much, and had a multitude of common passions, hopes and aspirations. They were young and poor and conscious of their strength.... English readers, in judging the explosive temper of this Parisian Sturm und Drang, must remember how long ago and letters in France had grown under the weight of inanimate tradition.... To protest against the uniform exiguity of classicism it seemed to Gauthier himself but half enough to write the flow-pictorial scenes of Alphartus and take the liberties of Mademoiselle de Mande - the famous criticism of Mademoiselle de Mande - of information of this calypso the present characters are largely composed: they make no pretension to being a philosophical history. Philosophy, indeed, was so recently represented either at that or at any period in the career of literary romanticism, that we wonder.... whence came the saving discretion which kept it from subversion in its own excesses. All the intellectual force of the movement seemed concentrated in a passionate sense of the "classical"... of a classic which should especially embody color. But all this verbalized aestheticism gives one a lively idea of the unity of pure genius diffused through the group. The intuitive, instinctive side of art was manifestly exemplified.

North American Review, Oct. 1827, p. 418-422
"Histoire du Romantisme"

Treasure Island will surely become - it must already have become and will remain - in its way a classic; thanks to this indelible mixture of the human and the prodigious, of surprising coincidences and familiar feelings.

Partial Portrait, 1827, p. 122-123
"Robert Louis Stevenson"

A
ROMANTIC
CLASSIC

ROMANCE
AND
YOUTH

/The Romantic/....the portrayal of the strange, the improbable, the heroic, especially as these things shine from afar in the credulous eye of youth.

Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 164

"Robert Louis Stevenson"

ROMANCE
AND
VIRTUOSITY

The romantic in itself depends, I think supremely little on virtuosity. Virtuosity is a matter of expression, and Mr. Rostand would still be romantic without his expression. Where masses of men are involved, this is the charm, the spell, the golden key.

Cornhill Magazine, Nov. 1901, p. 581

"Edmond Rostand"

FANTASTIC
BEAUTY

The glamour of "Cyrano" is intensely, exquisitely, in passionate almost invidious national reference. The particular beauty of the play - and the remark is practically as true of L'Aiglon - is the fantastic, romantic, brilliantly whimsical expression of an ardent French consciousness. The problems before the author was to weave into a dense and glittering tissue, every illustration, every reminder that the poetry, history, legend of a particular period would yield; and the measure of his 'success' exactly is the vividness of this tapestry.

Ibid., p. 577-598

OUTCOMES

Why is it that Paul M. Hervieu's La Course du Flambeau strikes me as starting and keeping straight? L'Aiglon as starting and keeping crooked?

ROMANTIC

....The critic will recognize a romantic reflection by recognizing on his own part an anxiety, general or special, as to where it will come out, if left to itself.

REAL

/In the real/ the author and the system....will come out wherever life itself does.

Ibid., p. 594

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1886

"The Last French Novel, About's Madelon"

FLAUBERT'S
REALISM

Mr. Flaubert's theory as a novelist is to begin on the outside....the real is the most satisfactory thing in the world, and if we once fairly embrace it this line nothing shall frighten us back.... Realism seems to us with "Madame Bovary" to have said its last word. Anything greater, more vivid, more vulgar and desolate than the greater

The Romantic... the doorway of the strange, the improbable, the heroic, essentially as these things shine from afar in the crucible eye of youth.
Partial Romanticism, 1927, p. 124.
 "Robert Louis Stevenson"

ROMANCE
AND
YOUTH

The romantic in itself depends, I think, upon a little of virtuosity. Virtuosity is a matter of expression, and Mr. Nostrum would still be romantic without his expression. Where masses of men are involved, this is the charm, the spell, the golden key.

ROMANCE
AND
VIRTUOSITY

Cornhill Magazine, Nov. 1901, p. 281
 "Edmond Nostrum"

The glamour of "Cyrano" is intensely, exultantly, in passionate almost invidious national reference. The particular beauty of the play - and the remark is practically as true of L'Aiglon - is the fact that, romantic, brilliantly whimsical, expression of an ancient French consciousness. The problems before the author was to weave into a drama and glittering tissue, every illustration, every reminder that the poetry, history, legend of a nation would yield; and the measure of his 'success' exactly is the vividness of this fantasy.

ROMANTIC
BEAUTY

Idib., p. 277-282

Why is it that Paul M. Hervey's A Course in Grammar strikes me as attractive and readable? L'Aiglon as attractive and readable? ... The critic will recognize a romantic reflection by recognizing on his own part an anxiety, general or special, as to where it will come out, it left to itself.

ROMANCE
AND
ROMANTIC

In the real the author and the system... will come out whenever life itself goes.
Idib., p. 284

REAL

Realism

REALISM
EXPRESSES

To be real in writing is to express....The short tales of M. Prosper Mérimée are eminently real; but he seldom or never describes: he conveys. Balzac /describes/ only so far as /these things/ they bear on the action.

Notes and Reviews, 1864

"Mrs. Prescott's Azarian"

REALISM
AND
IDEALISM

The famous realistic system which has asserted itself so largely in the fictitious writing of the last few years....We would gladly see the vulgar realism which governs the average imagination leavened by a little old-fashioned idealism.

Ibid.,

FRENCH
REALISM

We all know there exists in France a school of art in which it is associated with great brilliancy and great immorality. The disciples of this school pursue, with an assiduity worth of a better cause, the research of local colors with which they have produced a number of curious effects.

The Nation, Sept. 14, 1865

"The Schönberg-Cotta Family"

VALUES
OF
REALISM

If the taste of the age is for realism, all thanks for such realism as this. It fortifies and enlarges the mind; it disciplines the fancy. Since radicalism in literature is the order of the day, let us welcome a radicalism so intelligent and so logical. In a season of careless and flippant writing, and of universal literary laxity, there are few sensations more wholesome than to read a work so long considered and so severely executed as the present. From beginning to end there is not a word which is accidental, not a sentence which leaves the author's pen without his perfect assent and sympathy. Such writing is his stake at the end and at the beginning. Such writing is reading for men.

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1866

"The Last French Novel, About's Madelon"

FLAUBERT'S
REALISM

Mr. Flaubert's theory as a novelist is to begin on the outside....the real is the most satisfactory thing in the world, and if we once fairly advance on this line nothing shall frighten us back.... Realism seems to us with "Madame Bovary" to have said its last word. Anything drearier, more sordid, more vulgar and desolate than the greater

Realism

To be real in writing is to expose... The short
 tales of L. Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Gorky are eminently real; but
 he seldom or never describes the country, the
 (described) only as far as these things they
 bear on the action.

Notes and Reviews, 1922
"The French Novel, Dostoevsky's"

The famous realistic style which has asserted it-
 self so largely in the literature of the
 last few years... It would hardly be the writer
 realism which means the extreme idealization
 furnished by a little old-fashioned idealism.
 This.

We all know there exists in France a school of art
 in which it is associated with great brilliancy
 and great fertility. The disciples of this school
 pursue, with an absolute worth of a better sense,
 the research of local colors with which they have
 produced a number of curious effects.

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1922
"The French Novel, Dostoevsky's"

If the taste of the age is for realism, all things
 for such realism as this. It is not the
 the mind it distinguishes the French. Since realism
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 welcome a realism as intelligent and as logical.
 In a season of careless and "light" writing, and
 of universal literary laxity, there are few more
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 the beginning. Such writing is realism for me.

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1922
"The French Novel, Dostoevsky's"

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 on this line nothing shall frighten us back...
 Realism seems to me to be "William Power" in the
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 did, more subtle and absolute than the greatest

REALISM
 DOSTOEVSKY

REALISM
 AND
 IDEALISM

REALISM
 AND
 IDEALISM

REALISM
 OF
 VALUES

REALISM
 DOSTOEVSKY

part of the subject-matter of this romance it would be impossible to imagine.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 258-259

"Gustave Flaubert"

REALISM
ANALYZES
APPEAR-
ANCES

It is scarcely too much to say that (especially in the Parisian race), modern manners, modern nerves, modern wealth, and modern improvements, have engendered a new sense, a sense not easily named nor classified, but recognisable in all the most characteristic productions of contemporary art. It is partly physical, partly moral, and the shortest way to describe it is to say that it is a more analytic consideration of appearances. It is known by its tendency to resolve its discoveries into pictorial form. It sees the connection between feelings and external conditions, and it expresses such relations as they have not been expressed hitherto. It deserves to win victories, because it has opened its eyes well to the fact that the magic of the arts of representation lies in their appeal to the associations awakened by things. It traces these associations into the most unlighted corners of our being, into the most devious paths of experience. The appearance of things is constantly more complicated as the world grows older, and it needs a more and more patient art, a closer notation to divide it into its parts.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 206

"Alphonse Daudet"

FRENCH
MATERIAL-
ISM

This profuse development of the external perceptions - those of the appearance, the sound, the taste, the material presence and pressure of things, will at any rate, I think, not be denied to be the master sign of the novel in France as the first among the younger talents show it to us to-day. They carry into the whole business of looking, seeing, hearing, smelling, into all kinds of tactile sensibility and into noting, analyzing, and expressing the results of these acts, a seriousness much greater than that of any other people. Their tactile sensibility is immense, and it may be said in truth to have produced a literature. They are so strong on this side that they seem to me to be easily masters, and I cannot imagine that their supremacy should candidly be contested.

Essays in London, 1888, p. 134

"Pierre Loti"

part of the subject-matter of this romance it would be impossible to imagine.

French poets & novelists, 1878, p. 122-123
"Gustave Flaubert"

It is scarcely too much to say that (especially in the Parisian zone), modern writers, modern poets, modern novelists, and modern inventors, have rendered a new sense, a sense not easily named nor classified, but recognizable in all the most characteristic productions of contemporary art. It is partly physical, partly moral, and the shortest way to describe it is to say that it is a more realistic consideration of existence. It is known by the tendency to resolve its dissensions into rational forms. It sees the connection between feelings and external conditions, and it expresses such relations as they have not been expressed hitherto. It desires to win victories, because it has ordered its eyes well to the fact that the world of the arts of representation lies in their appeal to the associations awakened by things. It treats these associations into the most unlimited compass of our being, into the most various paths of experience. The experience of things is constantly more complicated as the world grows older, and it needs a core and more patient art, a closer notation to divide it into its parts.

French poets & novelists, 1878, p. 122-123
"Gustave Flaubert"

This involves development of the external relations - those of the experience, the sound, the taste, the external essence and measure of things, will at any rate, I think, not be denied to be the matter of the novel in France as the first among the younger talents show it to be today. They carry into the whole business of fiction, feeling, feeling, into all kinds of tactile sensibility and into nothing, anything, and expressing the results of these acts, a language much greater than that of any other people. Their tactile sensibility is stronger, and it may be said in truth to have reached a literature. They are so strong on this side that they seem to us to be easily met, and I cannot imagine that their exuberance should easily be contained.

French poets & novelists, 1878, p. 122-123
"Gustave Flaubert"

122-123
122-123
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122-123
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122-123

PENALTIES
OF
MATERIAL-
ISM

We perceive, on the other hand, that the air of initiation fails as soon as the inward barrier is crossed, and the diminution of credit produced by this failure is, I confess, the only Nemesis in which for the present I have confidence. It appears to me, indeed, all sufficient - it appears ideal; and if the writers I have named deserve chastisement for their collective sin against proportion (since sin it shall be held), I know not how a more terrible one could have been invented. The penalty they pay is the heaviest that can be levied, the most summary writ that can be served, upon a great talent - great talents having, as a general thing, formidable defenses - and consists simply in the circumstance that, when they lay their hands upon the spirit of man, they cease to seem expert. This would be a great humiliation if they recognized it. They rarely do, however, so far as may be observed; which is a proof that their defenses are formidable. There is a distinct transition, at any rate, in the case I mention, and assuredly, a distinct descent. As painters they go straight to the mark, as analysts they only scratch the surface.

Essays in London, 1888, p. 157-158
"Pierre Loti"

MATERIAL-
ISM
SHOWS
LITTLE
OPERATION
OF
CHARACTER

The Nemesis remains very much what I attempted to suggest its being at the beginning of these remarks, but somehow the writers over whom it hovers enjoy none the less remarkable health on the side on which they are strong. If they have almost nothing to show us in the way of the operation of character, the possibilities of conduct, the part played in the world by the idea (you would never guess, either from Pierre Loti or from M. Guy de Maupassant, that the idea has any force or any credit in the world); if man, for them, is the simple sport of fate, with suffering for his main sign - either suffering or one particular satisfaction, always the same - their affirmation of all this is still on the whole, the most complete affirmation that the novel at present offers us. They have on their side the accident, if accident it be, that they never cease to be artists. They will keep this advantage till the optimists of the hour, the writers for whom the life of the soul is equally real and visible (lends itself to effects and triumphs, challenges the power to "render"), begin to seem to them formidable competitors. On that day it will be very

121
 122
 123
 124

We perceive, on the other hand, that the air of
 initiation falls as soon as the inward border is
 crossed, and the elimination of a single word
 by this fallacy is, I confess, the only Nemesis to
 which for the present I have confidence. It ap-
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 The penalty they pay is the heaviest that can be
 levied, the most summary with that can be served,
 from a great talent - great talents having, as a
 general thing, formidable defenses - and constant
 elixir in the circumstances of life, when they live
 their hands upon the spirit of man, they cease to
 seem exempt. This would be a great humiliation if
 they recognized it. They rarely do, however, so
 far as may be observed; which is a good thing
 their defenses are formidable. There is a distinct
 transition, at any rate, in the case I mention, and
 usually, a distinct descent. As writers they go
 straight to the mark, as analysts they only scratch
 the surface.

Essays in London, 1887, p. 127-128
 "Pitiful Lot!"

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 126
 127
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 130

The Nemesis remains very much what I attempted to
 suggest in being at the beginning of these remarks,
 but somehow the writers over whom it hangs enjoy
 none the less remarkable health on the side on
 which they are struck. It they have almost nothing
 to show us in the way of the operation of chastening
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 to be artists. They will know this advantage for
 the optimum of the hour, the writers for whom the
 life of the soul is equally real and visible (I judge
 itself to be a state and a triumph, challenges the
 power to "render", but to seem to them formidable
 competitors. On that day it will be very

interesting to see what line they take, whether they will throw up the battle, surrendering honorably, or attempt a change of base.

Essays in London, 1888, p. 183

"Pierre Loti"

Impressionism

IMPRESSION-
ISM
AND
BEAUTY

The "Impressionists" in painting the effect of their exhibition was to make me think better than ever of all the good old rules which decree that beauty is beauty and ugliness ugliness....The young contributors....are partisans of unadorned reality and absolute foes to arrangement, embellishment, selection, to the artist's allowing himself, as he has hitherto, since art began, found his best account in doing, to be preoccupied with the beautiful. The beautiful, to them, is what the supernatural is to the Positivists - a metaphysical notion - to be let alone.....The painter's proper field is the actual, and to give a vivid impression of how a thing happens to look at a particular moment, is the essence of his mission.

New York Tribune, March 21, 1876

"Paris"

Aestheticism

THE
ENGLISH
AESTHETIC
REVIVAL

The aesthetic cult The whole affair has been very curious and, we think, very characteristic of the English mind. The same episode fifty times repeated - a hundred "revolutions of taste," accompanied with an infinite expenditure of money - would fail to convince certain observant and possibly too sceptical strangers that the English are an aesthetic people. They have not a spontaneous artistic life; their taste is a matter of conscience, reflection, duty, and the writer Ruskin who in our time has appealed to them most eloquently on behalf of art has rested his plea on moral standards - has talked exclusively of right and wrong. It is impossible to live much among them, to be a spectator of their habits, their manners, their arrangements, without perceiving that the artistic point of view is the last that they naturally take. The sense of manner is not part of their constitution. They arrive at it, as they have arrived at

THE
FALCON
BOND
PAPER
CO.
NEW YORK
N. Y.

THE
FALCON
BOND
PAPER
CO.
NEW YORK
N. Y.

so many things, because they are ambitious, resolute enlightened, fond of difficulties: but there is always a strange element either of undue apology or of exaggerated defiance in their attempts at the cultivation of beauty. They carry on their huge broad back a nameless mountain of conventions and prejudices, a dusky cloud of inaptitudes and fears, which casts a shadow upon the frank and confident practice of art. The consequence of all this is that their revivals of taste are even stranger than the abuses they are meant to correct. They are violent, voluntary, mechanical; wanting in grace, in tact, in the sense of humour and of proportion.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 370-371

"George du Maurier"

FLAUBERT'S
FEELING
FOR
BEAUTY
OF
STYLE

When he declared, naturally enough, that liking what he liked was a condition of intercourse, his vision of this community was almost destined, in the nature of things, to remain unachievable; for it may really be said that no one in the world ever liked anything so much as Flaubert liked beauty of style. The mortal indifference to it of empires and republics was the "essence" of that "modern infection" from which the only escape would have been to ne faire que de l'art.

Essays in London, 1893, p. 136

"Gustave Flaubert"

THE
GENIUS
OF
HAWTHORNE

...our expression of his general intellectual power... Mr. Hawthorne belonged to a race of seafarers... He had a style individual and delightful... His simplicity, not only unsophisticated but from an excessively natural mind. The light wings of his fancy just touching the surface of the massive consistency of facts about him... Fantastic reminder as he was, he here refutes conclusively the common charge that he was either a melancholy or a morbid genius. Melancholy - his deeper than the blue on which his fancy moved.

The Nation, March 14, 1872, p. 172

"Hawthorne's French & Italian Journals"

THE
GENIUS
OF
HUGO

What we have enjoyed... is H. Hugo himself as a whole, the extraordinary genius that shines through the dark confusion of repulsive themes and erratic treatment. It is the great possibilities of his style and the great tendencies

as many things, because they are ambitious, restless, and of different kinds. But there is always a strange element of their attitude of or of exaggerated belief in their attitude of the cultivation of beauty. They carry on their lives, and their lives are a constant of comparison and contrast, a daily class of beauties and ugliness, which carry a shadow upon the face and the heart, which is the consequence of all. The consequence of all is that their attitude of life is even stronger than the others, they are more to compare. They are violent, violent, violent, violent, violent, in fact, in the sense of human and of the world.

Portrait of a Lady, 1882, p. 200-201
Portrait of a Lady

When he is asked, naturally enough, that living and the living was a condition of life, and the vision of this condition was what he desired, in the nature of things, to remain unobserved. For it may really be said that no one in the world ever lived anything so much as the world lived beauty of style. The world is a condition of life of a style and a condition was the "beauty" of the "modern life" from which the only escape would have been to be free of it.

Portrait of a Lady, 1882, p. 198
Portrait of a Lady

Portrait of a Lady
 Portrait of a Lady
 Portrait of a Lady
 Portrait of a Lady
 Portrait of a Lady
 Portrait of a Lady

2. The Artist

a. The Endowments of the Artist: Genius and Talent

GENIUS A PLAY OF PERSONAL CHARACTER

Wives and Daughters So delicately, so elaborately, so artistically, so truthfully, and heartily is the story wrought out....The gentle skill, the exercise of creation with which a new and arbitrary world is erected over his head. Mrs. Gaskell's genius - the offspring of her affections, her feelings, her associationsa peculiar play of her personal character.

The Nation, Feb. 22, 1866

"Mrs. Gaskell's Wives and Daughters"

WOMEN AND PLAY- WRITING

Women assuredly have no turn for writing plays. A play is action, movement, decision; the female mind is contemplation, repose, suspense.... Men are deeper and more substantial, more self-directing; if they have not more virtue, at least they have more conscience; and when conscience comes into the game, human history ceases to be a perfectly simple tale.

The Nation, July 30, 1868, p. 91

THE GENIUS OF HAWTHORNE

His journals deepen our sense of his genius; while they diminish our impression of his general intellectual power....Mr. Hawthorne belonged to a race of magicians....He had a style individual and delightful....His simplicity, not only unsophisticated but from an excessively natural mind. The light wings of his fancy just touching the surface of the massive consistency of facts about him....Fantastic romancer as he was, he here refutes conclusively the common charge that he was either a melancholy or a morbid genius. Melancholy - his deeper than the line on which his fancy moved.

The Nation, March 14, 1872, p. 172

"Hawthorne's French & Italian Journals"

THE GENIUS OF HUGO

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The Nation, Feb. 22, 1888
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The Nation, July 30, 1888, p. 61

THE
GENIUS
OF
HAWTHORNE

\His journals\ deepen our sense of his genius; while they diminish our impression of his general intellectual power.... Mr. Hawthorne belonged to a race of mediocrities.... He had a style, individual and delightful.... His imagination not only unsophisticated but from an excessively natural mind. The light wings of his fancy just touching the surface of the massive consistency of facts about him.... Fantastic romance as he was, he here relates conclusively the common charge that he was either a melancholy or a morbid genius. Melancholy - his deeper than the line on which his fancy moved.

The Nation, March 14, 1892, p. 172
"Hawthorne's French & Italian Journals"

THE
GENIUS
OF
HUGO

What we have enjoyed.... is M. Hugo himself as a whole, the extraordinary genius that shines through the dusky confusion of repulsive theme and erratic treatment. It is the great possibilities of his style and the great tendencies

of his imagination. The latter sometimes leads him astray but when it leads him aright, he is great.

The Nation, April 9, 1874, No. 458

"Victor Hugo's Ninety-Three"

GENIUS
OF
GEORGE
ELIOT

We have a feeling that, both intellectually and morally, her genius is essentially of a simpler order than most of her recent manifestations of it. Intellectually, it has run to epigram and polished cleverness, and morally to a sort of conscious and ambitious scepticism, with which it only half commingles....If, with her magnificent gifts, she had been borne by the mighty general current in the direction of passionate faith, we often think that she would have achieved something incalculably great.

North American Review, Oct. 1874

"The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems by George Eliot"

SON
OF
A
GENIUS

To be the son of a man of genius is at the best to be born to a heritage of invidious comparison....The author of the Scarlet Letter and the Twice Told Tales was a genius of an almost morbid delicacy, and the rough presumption would be that the old wine would hardly bear transfusion into new bottles; that, the original mould being broken, this fine spirit had better be left to evaporate.

The Atlantic Monthly, Dec. 1874, p.746-748

"Mr. Julian Hawthorne's Idolatry"

CONTRAST
AMONG
GENIUSES

Like Hawthorne....the natural fruits of genius of those who are of the brooding rather the impulsive order (Scott, Byron)

The Galaxy, Sept. 1875

"Queen Mary by Tennyson"

GENIUS
AND
LITERARY
TACT

Constantius.- I have been wanting to say that there seems to me to be two very distinct elements in George Eliot - a spontaneous one and an artificial one. There is what she is by inspiration and what she is because it is expected of her. These two heads have been very perceptible in her recent writings; they are much less noticeable in her early ones.

Theodora.- You mean that she is too scientific? So long as she remains the great literary genius

GENIUS
OF
GEORGE
ELLIOT

SON
OF
A
GENIUS

CONTRAST
AMONG
GENIUSES

GENIUS
AND
LITERARY
TACT

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him astray but when it leads him right, he is
great.
The Nation, April 9, 1874, No. 453
"Victor Hugo's Ninety-Two"

We have a feeling that, both intellectually and
morally, her genius is essentially of a simpler
order than most of her recent manifestations of
it. Intellectually, it has run to epigram and
polished cleverness, and morally to a sort of
conscious and ambitious scepticism, with which
it only half commingles.... If, with her magnificent
gifts, she had been borne by the mighty
general current in the direction of passionate
faith, we often think that she would have
achieved something incomparably great.
North American Review, Oct. 1874
"The Legend of Luciel and Other Poems by George
Elliot"

To be the son of a man of genius is at the best
to be born to a heritage of invincible compari-
son.... The author of the Scarlet Letter and the
Twice Told Tales was a genius of an almost mor-
bid delicacy, and the rough presumption would
be that the old wine would hardly bear trans-
fusion into new bottles; that the original
would being broken, this fine spirit had better
be left to evaporate.
The Atlantic Monthly, Dec. 1874, p. 743-748
"Mr. Julian Hawthorne's 'Idolatry'"

Like Hawthorne.... the natural fruits of genius
of those who are of the brooding rather than
impulsive order (Scott, Byron)
The Galaxy, Sept. 1875
"Queen Mary by Tennyson"

Constantine. - I have been wanting to say that
there seems to me to be two very distinct ele-
ments in George Elliot - a spontaneous one and an
artificial one. There is what she is by inspi-
ration and what she is because it is expected of
her. These two heads have been very perceptible
in her recent writings; they are much less
noticeable in her early ones.
Theobald. - You mean that she is too scientific?
So long as she remains the great literary genius

that she is, how can she be too scientific? She is simply permeated with the highest culture of the age.

Pulcheria.—She talks too much about the "dynamic quality" of people's eyes. When she uses such a phrase as that in the first sentence in her book she is not a great literary genius, because she shows a want of tact. There can't be a worse limitation.

Partial Portraits, 1876, p. 82

"Daniel Deronda"

BALZAC
A
GENIUS

Balzac is a genius of all time; he towers and overshadows.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 240

"Charles de Bernard & Gustave Flaubert"

MARKS
OF
GENIUS

He had this mark of a man of genius - he divined. His literary personality was apparently quite distinct from his private one and this taken in connection with the extreme facility and neatness of his style entitled him in a measure to be called a man of genius.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 245

"Charles de Bernard"

TO
LACK
MORALITY
IS
TO
BE
SECOND
RATE

Charles de Bernard's talent is great....and the reason why this clever man remains so persistently second rate is to our sense, because he had no morality....he had no moral emotion....no moral imagination....He belongs to the intellectual family....of the amusing author of "Gil Blas" all its members know how to write, and how, up to a certain point, to observe: but their observation has no reflex action....and they remain as dry as they are brilliant.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p.249-250

"Charles de Bernard & Gustave Flaubert"

GENIUS
IS
MASTERY

If there are sermons in stones, there are profitable reflections to be made even on Théophile Gautier; notably this one....that a man's supreme use in the world is to master his intellectual instrument and play it to perfection.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 39

"Théophile Gautier"

There very recently died in Paris a man of genius whom his eulogists all made haste to proclaim a

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Partial Portraits, 1876, p. 32
"Partial Portraits"

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French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 242
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French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 249-250
"Charles de Bernard & Gustave Flaubert"

If there are sermons in stones, there are
 profitable reflections to be made even on
 Topham's genius; notably this one....that a
 man's supreme use in the world is to master his
 intellectual instrument and play it to
 perfection.
French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 30
"Topham's Genius"

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GENIUS
OF
GAUTIER

true poet. Many of them spoke of Théophile Gautier as a great poet. Gautier was indeed a poet and a strongly representative one - a French poet in his limitations even more than in his gifts; and he remains an interesting example of how, even when the former are surprisingly great, a happy application of the latter may produce the most delightful works. Completeness on his own scale is to our mind the idea he most instantly suggests. He has had imitators who have imitated everything but his spontaneity and his temper; and as they have therefore failed to equal him, we doubt whether the literature of our day presents so naturally perfect a genius....His great merit was that he understood himself so perfectly and handled himself so skilfully....He was indeed of literary artists the most accomplished.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 39
"Théophile Gautier"

THE
NATURAL
GENIUS
OF
GAUTIER

The beauty and variety of our present earth and the insatiability of our earthly temperament were his theme, and we doubt whether these things have ever been placed in a more flattering light. He brought to his task a sort of pagan bonhomie which makes most of the descriptive and pictorial poets seem by contrast, a group of shivering ascetics or muddled metaphysicians. He excels them by his magnificent good temper and the unquestioning serenity of his enjoyment of the great spectacle of nature and art. His style is certainly one of the latest fruits of time; but his mental attitude before the universe has an almost Homeric simplicity. His faculty of visual discrimination was extraordinary. His observation was so penetrating and his descriptive instinct so unerring, that one might have fancied grave nature....had determined to construct a genius with senses of a finer strain than the mass of the human family.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 41-42
"Théophile Gautier"

To think of the talent, the knowledge, the experience, the observation that lie buried in the pages of "l'Éducation Sentimentale" is to pass a comfortless half hour. That imagination

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THE
GENIUS
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FLAUBERT

invention, taste and science should concentrate themselves, for human entertainment, upon such a result, strikes us the most unfathomable of anomalies. The reader feels behind all Mr. Flaubert's writing a larger intellectual machinery. He is a scholar, a man of erudition.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 267

"Gustave Flaubert"

THE
GENIUS
OF
DELACROIX

He was an interesting genius, and this record of his career, imperfect as it is, has a peculiar charm. He had a combination of qualities which are not often seen together; he united in his nature what may be called a masculine and a feminine element. He had a great imagination; he conceived things richly and comprehensively, and yet he was tender, grave, contemplative. He was reserved and delicate, and yet he had in a high degree what the French call la fogue - a grand sweep and energy of execution.

The International Review, April 1880, p.371

"The Letters of Eugene Delacroix"

THE
TALENT
OF
DAUDET

The charm of Daudet's talent comes from its being charged to an extraordinary degree with his temperament, his feelings, his instincts, his natural qualities. This, of course, is a charm in a style; only when nature has been generous.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 205

"Alphonse Daudet"

GENIUS
AND
TALENT
MERE
LABELS

There are critics who refuse to the delineator of this gentleman /Tito Melema/ the title of genius; who say she had only a great talent overloaded with a great store of knowledge. The label, the epithet, matters little, but it is certain that George Eliot had this characteristic of the mind possessed: that the creations which brought her renown were of the incalculable kind, shaped themselves in mystery, in some intellectual back-shop or secret crucible, and were as little as possible implied in the aspect of her life.

Partial Portraits, 1885, p. 39

"The Life of George Eliot"

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There are critics who refuse to the delineator of this gentleman (Tito Merie) the title of genius; who say she had only a great talent overloaded with a great store of knowledge. The label, the epitaph, matters little, but it is certain that George Eliot had this characteristic of the mind possessed; that the creations which brought her renown were of the intellectual kind, shaped themselves in mystery, in some intellectual back-shop or secret crucible, and were as little as possible implied in the aspect of her life.
Partial Portraits, 1885, p. 33
"The Life of George Eliot"

THE
GENIUS
OF
R. L.
STEVENSON

A work of literature is a form, but the author, who betrays a consciousness of the responsibilities involved in this circumstance not rarely perceives himself to be regarded as an uncanny personage. The usual judgment is that he may be artistic, but that he must not be too much so; that way, apparently, lies something worse than madness. This queer superstition has so successfully imposed itself, that the mere fact of having been indifferent to such a danger constitutes in itself an originality.

Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 141-142

"Robert Louis Stevenson"

THE
GENIUS
OF
EMERSON

The genius itself it seems to me impossible to contest - I mean the genius for seeing character as a real and supreme thing. Other writers have arrived at a more complete expression: Wordsworth and Goethe, for instance, give one a sense of having found their form, whereas with Emerson we never lose the sense that he is still seeking it.

Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 9

"Emerson"

THE
GENIUS
OF
DE
MAUPASSANT

If it be a miracle whenever there is a fresh tone, the miracle has been wrought for M. de Maupassant, or is he simply a man of genius to whom short cuts have been disclosed in the watches of the night?...he has taken his stand on simplicity, on a studied sobriety, being persuaded that the deepest science lies in that direction rather than in the multiplications of new terms, and on this subject he delivers himself with superlative wisdom.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 262

"Guy de Maupassant"

TALENT
HAS
FRESHNESS

This is what we mean by talent - by having something fresh to contribute. Let us be grateful for anything at all fresh so long as our gratitude is not chilled - a case in which it has always the resource of being silent. It is obvious that this check is constantly at hand in our intercourse with MM. de Goncourt, for the simple reason that, with the greatest desire in the world to see all round, we cannot rid ourselves of the superstition that, when all is said and done, art is most in character when it shows itself amiable. It is not amiable when

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EGOTISM

MAY

MAR

ART

it is narrow and exclusive and jealous, when it makes the deplorable confession that it has no secret for resisting exasperation. It is not the sign of a free intelligence or a rich life to be hysterical because somebody's work whom you don't like affirms itself in opposition to that of somebody else whom you do; but this condition is calculated particularly little to please when the excitement springs from a comparison more personal. It is almost a platitude to say that the artistic passion will ever most successfully assuage the popular suspicion that there is a latent cruelty in it when it succeeds in not appearing to be closely connected with egotism. The uncalculated trick played by our authors upon their reputation was to suppose that their name could bear such a strain. It is tolerable clear that it can't, and this is the mistake we should have to forgive them if we propose to consider their productions as a whole. It doesn't cover all the ground to say that the injury of their mistake is only for themselves; it is really in some degree for those who take an interest in the art they practise.

Essays in London, 1888, p. 193-194

"Journal of the Brothers de Goncourt"

THE
TALENT
OF
IBSEN

Innumerable are the victories of talent, and art is a legerdemain....His recurrent ugliness of surface, as it were, is a sort of proof of his fidelity to the real in a spare, strenuous, democratic community; just as the same peculiarity is one of the sources of his charmless fascination - a touching vision of strong forces struggling with a poverty, a bare provinciality, of life. I call the fascination of Ibsen charmless (for those who feel it at all), because he holds us without bribing us; he squeezes the attention till he almost hurts it, yet with never a conciliatory stroke. He has as little as possible to say to our taste; even his large, strong form takes no account of that, gratifying it without concessions. It is the oddity of the mixture that makes him so individual - his perfect practice of a difficult and delicate art, combined with such aesthetic density.

Essays in London, 1891-1893, p.236-237

"Henrik Ibsen"

ECOTISM
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Essays in London, 1881-1883, p. 238-239
"Henrik Ibsen"

GENIUS

It is a matter of genius and imagination - one of those things that a man determines for himself as little as he determines the color of his eyes.

Picture and Text, 1893, p. 15

TALENT

The superficial view is, after all, the natural one for the picture maker. A talent of the first order only needs to be set thinking, as a single word will often make it.

Ibid., p. 38

THE
ELECTIVE
AFFINITY
OF TALENT

"Edwin A. Abbey" Nothing is more interesting in the history of artistic talent than the moment at which its "elective affinity" declares itself; and the interest is great in proportion as the declaration is unmistakable. I mean by the elective affinity of a talent its climate and period of preference, the spot on the globe or in the annals of mankind to which it most fondly attaches itself, to which it reverts incorrigibly, round which it revolves with a curiosity that is insatiable, from which in short it draws its strongest inspiration. A man may personally inhabit a certain place at a certain time; but in imagination he may be a perpetual absentee... When he is a genius these perverse predilections become fruitful and constitute a new and independent life, and they are indeed to a certain extent the sign and concomitant of genius. I do not mean by this that high ability would always rather have been born in another country and another age, but certainly it likes to choose, it seldom fails to react against imposed conditions. If it accepts them it does so because it likes them for themselves and if they fail to commend themselves it rarely scruples to fly away in search of others. The domicile of Mr. Abbey's genius is the England of the eighteenth century.

Ibid., p. 44-45.

THE
GENIUS
OF
GEORGE
SAND

With the two elements, the life and the genius, face to face....the smutches and quarrels at one end of the chain, and the high luminosity at the other does some essential link still appear to be missing? How do the graceless facts, after all, confound themselves with the beautiful spirit? They do so, incontestably before our

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eyes, and the mystification remains. We try to trace the process, but before we break down we had better perhaps hasten to grant that - so far at least George Sand is concerned - some of its steps are impenetrable secrets of the grand manner.

The Yellow Book, Jan. 1897, p. 38

"She and He: Recent Documents"

CONTRAST
BETWEEN
DAUDET
AND
FLAUBERT

Certain things are wanting in his view, many sides of the play of character, of the life of the will, the idea, the private soul; but what there is is extraordinarily vivid and warm, extraordinarily observed and peculiarly touching. He had the great democratic fancy. No genius with so much of the inevitable chill of a special manner remains so on the level with his reader, becomes of personal and intimate, takes him so much into his confidence. His is at the opposite pole, in this respect from Flaubert.

Literature, Dec. 25, 1897, p. 306

"Alphonse Daudet"

FASHIONS
IN
TALENT
CHANGE

His extinction represents not only the removal of an admirable talent, but almost, already, the close of a tradition, the seal of something that may very well soon begin to pass for positive classicism. There was a time when, with his wonderful hand, his bolder foreshortenings, his sharper penetrations and more promiscuous vocabulary, he struck us all as intensely modern; but in the light of Anatole France and Maurice Barrès....to mention only two of the lately risen stars....he has grown virtually antique, indirectly ancestral.

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THE
TALENT
OF
HAMLIN
GARLAND

Fiction as yet in the United States strikes me, none the less, as most curious when most confined and most local; this is so much the case that when it is even abjectively passive to surrounding conditions. I find it capable of yielding an interest that almost makes me dread undue enlargement. There are moments when we are tempted to say that there is nothing like

Literature, July 23, 1898, p. 22-23

"Wesley Birney"

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saturation....to pronounce it a safer thing than talent. I find myself rejoicing, for example, in Mr. Hamlin Garland, a case of saturation so precious as to have almost the value of genius.... I express his price, to my own taste, with all honor if I call him the soaked sponge of Wisconsin. Saturation and talent are, of course, compatible, talent being but one's own sense and use of one's saturation.

Literature, April 9, 1898, p. 420
"American Letter"

TALENT
AND
SATURATION

The knowledge and the imagination, the saturation, perception, vigilance, taste, tact, required to achieve even a passable historic pastiche are surely a small enough order when we consider the feat involved - /in a historic novel/ the feat of completely putting off one consciousness before beginning to take on another. Success depends above all on the "modernity" we get rid of, and the amount of this in solution in the air under the reign of the newspaper is inevitably huge....The mere arbitrary, in a work of imagination, is apt to be a very woeful thing. An imagination of great power will sometimes carry it off, but who are we that we should have a right to look every day for a "Trois Mousquetaires" or a "St. Ives."

Literature, May 28, 1898, p. 620
"American Letter"

THE
TALENT
OF
GISSING

I shall not know how to deal with him, however, if I withhold the last outrage of calling him an interesting case. He seems to me above all a case of saturation, and it is mainly his saturation that makes him interesting - I mean especially in the sense of making him curious. The interest would be greater if his art were more complete; but we must take what we can get, and Mr. Gissing has a way of his own..../He is/ an authority - the authority in fact - on a region vast and unexplored /that of the lower, lowest middle class/

Harpers Weekly, July 31, 1897, p. 754

TALENT
AND
THE
SOUL

Then there came a light /to the unfolding mind/: It was the best way to write, yes, but was it the best way to be? The question....opened up vistas as to the connection, as it were between the talent and the soul.

Literature, July 23, 1898, p. 66-68
"Prosper Mérimée"

TALENT
AND
SATURATION

THE
TALENT
OF
GISSING

TALENT
AND
THE
SOUL

saturation....to pronounce it a safer thing than talent. I find myself rejoicing, for example, in Mr. Hamlin Garland, a case of saturation so pronounced as to have almost the value of genius.... I express his price, to my own taste, with all honor if I call him the soaked sponge of Wisconsin. Saturation and talent are, of course, compatible, talent being but one's own sense and use of one's saturation.

Literature, April 3, 1898, p. 420
"American Letter"

The knowledge and the imagination, the saturation perception, vigilance, taste, tact, required to achieve even a passable historic picture are surely a small enough order when we consider the least involved - in a historic novel the least of completely putting off one consciousness before beginning to take on another. Success depends above all on the "modernity" we get rid of, and the amount of this in addition in the air under the reign of the newspaper is inevitably huge....The mere arbitrariness, in a work of imagination, is apt to be a very useful thing. An imagination of great power will sometimes carry it off, but who are we that we should have a right to look every day for a "Trois Mondes" or a "St. Ives."

Literature, May 28, 1898, p. 620
"American Letter"

I shall not know how to deal with him, however, if I withhold the last outrage of calling him an interesting case. He seems to me above all a case of saturation, and it is mainly his saturation that makes him interesting - I mean especially in the sense of making him curious. The interest would be greater if his art were more complete; but we must take what we can get, and Mr. Gissing has a way of his own....He is an authority - the authority in fact - on a region vast and unexplored that of the lower, lowest middle class.

Harper's Weekly, July 31, 1897, p. 734

Then there came a light to the unfolding mind. It was the best way to write, yes, but was it the best way to live? The question....opened up vistas as to the connection, as it were between the talent and the soul.

Literature, July 23, 1898, p. 63-68
"Prophet Machine"

THE
GENIUS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

PLACES
DISCOVERY

Written as it must have been on the earlier calculation (1611 instead of 1613), before the age of forty-seven, it has that rare value of the richly mature note of a genius who, by our present measure of growth and fulness, was still young enough to have had in him a world of life: we feel behind it the immense procession of its predecessors, while we yet stare wistfully at the plentitude and the majesty, the expression as of something broad-based and ultimate, that were not, in any but a strained sense, to borrow their warrant from the weight of years. Nothing so enlarges the wonder of the whole Time question in Shakespeare's career as the fact of this date, in easy middle life, of his time-climax; which, if we knew him less....might affect us ^{as} an attempt, on the part of treacherous history, to pass him off as one of those monsters of precocity....cut off in their artistic prime. The transmuted young rustic who, after a look over London, brief, at best, was ready at the age of thirty to produce the Merchant of Venice and A Midsummer's Night's Dream.

THE
GENIUS
OF
ROBERT
BROWNING

Introduction to William Shakespeare's
Tempest, 1907, p. XII, University Press

GENIUS
MIND
BEHAVIOR

The fullest appreciation possible is the high tribute we offer to greatness, and to make it worthy of its office we must surely know where we are with it. In greatness as much as in mediocrity the man is, under examination, one, and the elements of character melt into each other. The genius is a part of the mind, and the mind a part of behavior; so that, for the attitude of inquiry, without which appreciation means nothing, where does one of these provinces end and the other begin? We may take the genius first or the behavior first, but we inevitably proceed from the one to the other: we inevitably encamp, as it were, on the high central table-land that they have in common. For it is never to be forgotten that we are here in the presence of the human character the most magnificently endowed, in all time, with the sense of the life of man, and with the apparatus for recording it; so that of him, inevitably it goes hardest of all with us to be told that we have nothing, or next to nothing, to do with the effect in him of this gift.

THE
PERSONAL
GENIUS
OF
GEORGE
BAND

Ibid., p. XXVII-XXVIII.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 214-244

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Ibid., p. XXVII-XXVIII.

The Artist: Imagination

GENIUS
ELUDES
DISCOVERY

Hawthorne's ladder at Salem, in fine, has now quite gone, and we but tread the air if we attempt to set our critical feet on its steps and rounds, learning thus as we do, and with infinite interest as I think, how merely "subjective" in us are our discoveries about genius. Endless are its ways of besetting and eluding, or meeting and mocking us. When there are appearances that might have nourished it we see it as swallowing them all; yet we see it as equally gorged when there are no appearances at all.... then most of all, sometimes, quite insolently bloated; and we recognize ruefully that we are forever condemned to know it only after the fact.

The American Scene, 1907, p. 271

THE
GENIUS
OF
ROBERT
BROWNING

What comes out straightest and strongest and finest from Browning's genius....the exhibition of the great constringent relation between man and woman and as the relation was worth while in life for either party; an exhibition forming quite the main substance of our author's messageThere isn't a detail of their panting flight to Rome over the autumn Appennines - the long hours when they melt together only not to meet - that doesn't positively plead for our perfect prose transcript. And if it be said that the mere massacre at the final end is a lapse to passivity from the high plane, for our two protagonists of constructive, of heroic vision, this is not a blur....Pompilia is taken, but she is none the less given....so that he contains the whole....Unless....at the very end the splendid climax....Caponisacchi sent for to the Vatican and admitted alone to the Papal presence. There is a scene, if, we will....I almost feel I have missed half my points.

Notes on Novelists, 1912, p. 385-411

"The Novel in the Ring and the Book"

THE
PERSONAL
GENIUS
OF
GEORGE
SAND

/Her relations with Chopin/ an illustration of the turn of her personal genius, her aptitude for dealing with men, in the intimate relation, exactly after the fashion in which numberless celebrated men have contributed to their reputation not to say crowned their claim to superiority, by dealing with women.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 214-244

"George Sand"

GENIUS
HUGO
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The Artist: Imagination

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Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 214-244
"George Sand"

THE
IMAGINATION
OF
MME.
SAND

Herein resides both the strength and the weakness of Mme. Sand's imagination. It is indefatigable, inexhaustible; but it is restless, nervous and capricious; it is, in short the imagination of a woman.

The Nation, July 16, 1868, Vol.7, No.159,
p.52

"George Sand's Mademoiselle Merquem"

IMAGINATION
AND
JUDGMENT

When a novelist's imagination is weak, his judgment should be strong.

The Nation, July 13, 1865

"Anthony Trollope's Miss Mackenzie"

FANCY

As in writing of fiction there is no grander instrument than a potent imagination, such as Mr. Hawthorne's, for instance, so there is no more pernicious dependence than an unbridled fancy.

Notes and Reviews, 1864

"Mrs. Prescott's Azarian"

IMAGINATION
AND
CULTURE

We have not really the smallest idea of what Idolatry is about....But he has a talent which it would be a great pity to see come to nothing. On the side of the imagination he is distinctly the son of his illustrious father....He is that excellent thing a story-teller with a temperament....Our advice to him would be not to mistrust his active imagination, but religiously to respect it, and, using the term properly, to cultivate it. He has vigor and resolution; let him now supply himself with culture - a great deal of it.

The Atlantic Monthly, Dec. 1874, p. 746-748

"Julian Hawthorne's Idoltary"

IMAGINATION
AND
OBSERVATION

Even about Garth there is something strangely sophomorical. Mr. Julian Hawthorne looks at things from the same way /as his father/ from the imagination, and not from observation - and he equally is fond of symbols and fanciful analogies....There is a kind of positive masculinity in Garth, a frank indication of pleasure in the exercises of the senses, which makes the book contrast agreeably with that type of fiction, much of it pervaded, as it were, by the rustle of petticoats, in which the imagination is as dry as a squeezed sponge.

He has imagination....also a literary ideal....

Herein resides both the strength and the weakness of Mrs. Sand's imagination. It is indefatigable, inexhaustible; but it is restless, nervous and capricious; it is, in short the imagination of a woman.

The Nation, July 18, 1888, Vol. V, No. 139, p. 32
"George Sand's Mademoiselle Mathilde"

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The Nation, June 21, 1877, p. 369, No. 625
"Garth" by Julian Hawthorne

EMOTION
AND
IMAGINATION

Turner: whose pigments seem dissolved in the unconscious fluids of a faculty more spontaneous even than thought, something closely akin to deep-welling spiritual emotion. Imagination is the common name for it.

The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 21; No. 183,
p. 69

"The Bethnal Green Museum"

BALZAC'S
LABYRINTH

/Balzac/ the side on which he is most attaching For those who take an interest in the real play of the imagination. From the moment our imagination plays at all, of course, and from the moment we try to catch and preserve the pictures it throws off, from that moment we too, in our comparatively feeble way, live vicariously - succeed in opening a series of dusky passages in which, with a more or less childlike ingenuity, we can romp to and fro.... Balzac's luxury, as I call it, was in the extraordinary number and length of his radiating and ramifying corridors the labyrinth in which he finally lost himself. What it comes back to, in other words is the intensity with which we live.... and his intensity is recorded for us on every page of his work.

It is a question, you see, of penetrating into a subject; his corridors all went further and further and further; which is but another way of expressing his inordinate passion for detail.... This extravagance is also his great fault.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 84

THE
CRUCIBLE

We can surely account for nothing in the novelist's work that hasn't passed through the crucible of his imagination hasn't in that perpetually simmering cauldron, his intellectual pot-au-feu, been reduced to savoury fusion. We figure the morsel, of course, not as boiled to nothing, but as exposed, in return for the taste it gives out, to a newer and richer saturation. In this state it is in due course picked out and served, and a meagre esteem will

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The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 31, No. 193,
p. 69

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The Passion of Balzac, 1903, p. 84

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await, a poor importance attend it, if it doesn't speak most of its late genial medium, the good, the wonderful company it has, as I hint, aesthetically kept. It has entered, in fine, into relations, its final savour has been constituted but its prime identity destroyed....which was to be demonstrated. Thus it has become a different and, thanks to a rare alchemy, a better thing.

The Coxon Fund, p. 230

"Preface"

SHAKESPEARE'S GIFT

There is that in the Tempest, specifically, though almost all indefinably, which seems to show us the artist consciously testing of the first and rarest of his gifts, that of imaged creative expression, the instant sense of some copious equivalent of thought for every grain of grossness of reality; to show him as unresistingly aware, in the depth of his genius, that nothing like it had ever been known, or probably would ever be again known, on earth, and as so given up, more than on the other occasions, to the joy of sovereign science.

William Shakespeare's The Tempest, 1907
p. XIII.

"Introduction"

IMAGINATION AND THE HEART

/Flaubert's enjoyment of Madame Sand/ It contributes to our sense of what there was lovable at the core of his effort to select and his need to execrate that he should have been able to read and enjoy so freely a writer so fluid; and it also reminds us that imagination is, after all, for the heart, the safest quality.

Essays in London, 1893, p. 133

"Gustave Flaubert"

THE PEARL- DIVER

Far and strange are the refuges in which such an imagination seeks oblivion of the immediate and the ugly. His life was that of a pearl-diver, breathless in the thick element while he groped for the priceless word, and condemned to plunge again and again. He passed it in reconstructing sentences, exterminating repetitions, calculating and comparing cadences, harmonious chutes de phrase, and beating about the bush to deal death to the abominable assonance. Putting aside the particular ideal of style which made a pitfall of the familiar, few men surely have ever found

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The Coxon Fund, p. 230
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it so difficult to deal with the members of a phrase. He loathed the smug face of facility as much as he suffered from the nightmare of toil; but if he had been marked in the cradle for literature it may be said without paradox that this was not on account of any native disposition to write, to write at least as he aspired and he understood the term.

Essays in London, 1893, p. 144

"Gustave Flaubert"

THE
GREATER
IMAGINATION

I like him....best of all the novelists who have not the greater imagination, the imagination of the moralist. The lesson, for Daudet, was taught by laughter and by tears....It would be difficult enough to fix the proportions in which his sense of drollery and his sense of evil united to form a friendly poetry; and this mystery....would be just one of the reasons of his distinction.

The mixture, the poetry, had in the man himself an irresistible charm, for in the long years of illness in which his life closed he was as acquainted with pain as he had remained faithful to fancy.

Literature, Dec. 25, 1897, p. 306

"Alphonse Daudet"

CULTIVATE
GIFTS

The weak sides in an artist are weakened with time, and the strong sides strengthened; so it is never amiss, for duration, to have as many strong sides as possible. It is the only way we have yet made out....even in this age of superlative study of the cheap and easy....not to have so many weak ones as will eventually betray us.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 69

The Artist: Originality

The best originality is the most unconscious.
Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 260

"Guy de Maupassant"

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The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 89

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THE
FRESHNESS
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[In reading] We have acquired the sense of a particular quality which is precious beyond all others so precious as to make us wonder where, at such a rate, our posterity will look for it, and how they will pay for it....After tasting many essences we find freshness the sweetest of all. We yearn for it, we watch for it and lie in wait for it, and when we catch it on the wing (it flits by so fast) we celebrate our capture with extravagance. We feel that after so much has come and gone with it it is more and more a feat and a tour de force to be fresh. The tormenting part of the phenomenon is that, in any particular key, it can happen but once - by a sad failure of the law that inculcates the repetition of goodness. It is terribly a matter of accident; emulation and imitation have a fatal effect upon it. It is easy to see, therefore, what importance the epicure may attach to the brief moment of its bloom. While that lasts we are all epicures.

This helps to explain, I think, the unmistakable intensity of the general relish for Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His bloom lasts....and then there is the further charm with Mr. Kipling, that this same freshness is such a very strange affair of its kind....as mixed and various and cynical, and, in certain lights, so contradictory of itself....At times he strikes us as shockingly precocious, at others as serenely wise.

He has this mark of a real vocation, that different spectators may like him - must like him, I should almost say - for different things; and this refinement of attraction, that to those who reflect even upon their pleasures he has as much to say as to those who never reflect upon anything.

Soldiers Three by Rudyard Kipling, 1891
"Introduction"

Let us... It is doubtless very difficult to convey the impression of something that is not one's self (the constant effort, however delusive at bottom, of the novelist), then in the case of describing some object more immediately visible. The operation is more delicate, but circumstance only increases the beauty of the problem.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 280
"Joy is Impassant"

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Soldiers Three by Rudyard Kipling, 1891
"Introduction"

The Artist: Patience

RESPONSIBILITY

Woe to....the writer of whatever class who subsists upon the immunities, rather than the responsibilities of his task.

Notes & Reviews, 1864

"Mrs. Prescott's Azarian"

A
GREAT
WORK

It is evident....that he will deal with things as they are; that he will speak without intellectual prudery and without bravado; that, having to tell a story containing elements the most painful and the most repulsive, he will pursue the one course....which may justify his choice; that of exhibiting these elements in their integrity. To adopt such a course....to pursue it so steadily....is....to leave accomplished a great work.

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1866, p. 219

"The Last French Novel"

EXAMPLE
FROM
MÉRIMÉE

Prosper Mérimée's title to fame has hitherto consisted in a couple of dozen little tales, varying from ten to a hundred pages in length. They have come gradually to be considered perfect models of the narrative art; and we confess our own admiration for them is such that we feel like declaiming it a capital offense in a young story-teller to put pen to paper without having read them and digested them.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878, p. 391

"Mérimée's Letters"

THE
KEY

The secret of all ambitious workers in the field of art - that effort, effort, always effort, is the only key to success.

Partial Portraits, 1885, p. 57

"The Life of George Eliot"

BEAUTY
OF
A
PROBLEM

Let us hasten to add that in the case of describing a character it is doubtless more difficult to convey the impression of something that is not one's self (the constant effort, however delusive at bottom, of the novelist), than in the case of describing some object more immediately visible. The operation is more delicate, but circumstance only increases the beauty of the problem.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 259

"Guy de Maupassant"

Woe to....the writer of whatever class who and-
sists upon the immunities, rather than the re-
sponsibilities of his task.
Notes & Reviews, 1884
"Mrs. Prescott's Arabian"

RESPONSIBILITY

It is evident....that he will deal with things
as they are; that he will speak without intel-
lectual prudery and without bravado; that, hav-
ing to tell a story containing elements the most
painful and the most repulsive, he will pursue
the one course....which may justify his choice;
that of exhibiting these elements in their
integrity. To adopt such a course....to pursue
it so steadily....to leave accomplished a
great work.

A
GREAT
WORK

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1886, p. 219
"The Last French Novel"

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EXAMINER
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BEAUTY
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A
PROBLEM

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 289
"Guy de Maupassant"

The Artist: Patience

PRACTICE

Then the acquired habit of "knowing how" must simplify the problem of execution and leave the artist free to think only of his purpose, as befits a real creator....The early phases of such a process....are almost always to be summed up in the single precious word practice.... There is nothing so innate that it has not also to be learned, for the best part of any aptitude is the capacity to increase it.

Picture and Text, 1893, p. 69

TWO
PROBLEMS

There are two elements of the art of the novelist, which, as they present, I think, the greatest difficulty, tend thereby most to fascinate us: in the first place that mystery of the foreshortened procession of facts and figures of appearances of whatever sort, which is in some lights but another name for the picture governed by the principles of composition.... The second difficulty that I commend for its fascination,....is that of representing, to put it simply, the lapse of time, the duration of the subject: representing it, that is more subtly than by a blank space or a row of stars, on the historic page.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 108-109

EXQUISITE
ART

The most interesting question the artist has to consider [is] to give the image the sense of certain things while still keeping them subordinate to his plan, keeping them in relation to matters more immediate and apparent, to give all the sense, in a word, without all the substance or the surface, and so to summarise and foreshorten, so to make values both rich and sharp that the mere procession of items and profiles is not only for the occasion, superseded, but is, for essential quality, almost "compromised" - such a case of delicacy proposes itself at every turn to the painter of life who wishes both to treat his chosen subject and to confine his necessary picture. It is only by doing such things that art becomes exquisite, and it is only by positively becoming exquisite that it keeps clear of becoming vulgar, repudiates the coarse industries that masquerade in its name.

Roderick Hudson, p. 14

"Preface"

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Robertick Hudson, p. 14
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The Artist: Rewards

- SUCCESS** To work successfully beneath a few grave, rigid laws, is always a strong man's highest ideal of success.
The Galaxy, Sept. 1875
"Tennyson's Queen Mary"
- FLAUBERT HAD SUCCESS** If success in life (and it is the definition open to fewest objections) consists in achieving in maturity the dreams of one's prime, Flaubert's measure may have been said to have been full.
Essays in London and Elsewhere, p.128, 1893
"Gustave Flaubert"
- A JOY** If for the artist it be the foundation of every joy to know exactly what he wants (as I hold it is indeed), Mr. Abbey is,....to be constantly congratulated.
Picture and Text, 1893, p. 56
"E. A. Abbey"
- ARTISTIC PROBLEM** There is nothing so interesting. No artistic problem is so charming as to arrive, either in a literary or a plastic form, at a close and direct notation of what we observe.
Picture and Text, p. 65, 1893
- GOLDEN HOURS** Mr. Reinhart has reached that happy period of life when a worker is in full possession of his means, when he has done for his chosen instrument everything he can do in the way of forming it and rendering it complete and flexible, and has therefore only to apply it with freedom, confidence, and success....These, to our sense, are the golden hours of an artist's life.
Picture and Text, 1893, p. 67-68
- THE PRIVATE CONCERT** /The divine musician improvising/ it is a private concert of one, both performer and auditor, who plays for his own ear, his own hand, his own innermost sense, and for the bliss and capacity of his instrument. Such are the only hours at which the artist may, by any measure of his own (too many things, at others, make heavily against it); and their challenge to him is irresistible if he has known, all along, too much compromise and too much sacrifice.
William Shakespeare's The Tempest, 1907,
p. XVIII. "Introduction"

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Picture and Text, 1893, p. 38
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Picture and Text, p. 68, 1893

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William Shakespeare's The Tempest, 1907, p. XVII "Introduction"

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SUCCESS

A
JOY

ARTISTIC
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HOURS

THE
PRIVATE
CONCERT

The Artist: Taste

TASTE

But as the soul of the novel is its action, you should describe only those things which are accessory to the action. It is in determining what things are so accessory that real taste, science, and judgment are shown.

Notes and Reviews, 1884

"Mrs. Prescott's Azarian"

TASTE
ON
A
SMALL
SCALE

George Eliot has exquisitely good taste on a small scale: the absence of taste on a large scale /the vulgar plot of "Felix Holt" an example/, distinguishes the feminine mind.

The Nation, August 16, 1866

"George Eliot's Felix Holt, the Radical"

FINER
FEELINGS

It is hard to give it more liberal praise than to say that, in spite of all its crudities, all its audacities, his finer feelings are never for an instant in abeyance, and although, to our nervous Anglo-Saxon apprehensions, they may occasionally seem to be threatened, their interests are never actually superseded by those of his grosser ones.

The Nation, Oct. 11, 1866, p. 219

"The Last French Novel, M. Edmond About's Madelon"

TASTE
AN
EFFECT

One's taste is an effect, more than a cause of one's preferences; it is indeed the result of a series of particular tastes. With Ste.-Beuve, as with everyone else, it grew more and more flexible with time; it adapted itself, and opened new doors and windows.

North American Review, 1880, Vol. 130, p. 51

"Sainte-Beuve"

THE
TASTE
OF
HOWELLS

~ /Mr. Howells/ is animated by a love of the common, the immediate, the familiar and vulgar elements of life, and holds that in proportion as we move into the rare and strange we become vague and arbitrary; that truth of representation in a word, can be achieved only so long as it is in our power to test and measure it. He thinks scarcely anything too paltry to be interesting... He adores the real, the natural, the colloquial, the moderate, the optimistic, the domestic, and

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The Nation, August 18, 1885
"George Eliot's Felix Holt, the Radical"

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FEELINGS

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the democratic; looking askance at exceptions and perversities and superiorities, as surprising and incongruous phenomena in general.

Harper's Weekly, June 19, 1886, p. 394
 "Wm Dean Howells"

A
 SCHOOL
 OF
 TASTE

From what sources shall the light of usage, of taste, of tact, the breath of harmony and the tone of civilization, the perception, in a word of anything approaching to a standard, have descended upon the society itself?....Nearly seventeen years ago....the conviction that the Théâtre Français was such a school of taste as was not elsewhere to be found in the world. He /Henry James/ felt the education of his theatric sense fairly begin on the evening Mr. Coquelin was revealed to him in "Lions et Renards"....It opened a door through which I was in future to pass as often as possible into a world of delightful, fruitful art. Mr. Coquelin....is to present himself in America, not as a representative of the richest theatric tradition in the world, but as an independent and enterprising genius who has felt the need of the margin and elbow-room, the lighter, fresher air of a stage of his own.

The Century Magazine, Jan. 1887, p. 407
 "Coquelin"

PUBLIC
 TASTE

Both as readers and as writers on the other side of the Atlantic - women have, in fine, "arrived" in numbers not equalled even in England, and they have succeeded in giving the pitch and marking the limits more completely than elsewhere. The public taste, as our fathers used to say, has become so largely their taste, their tone, that nothing is at last more apparent than that the public cares little for anything that they cannot do. And what, after all, may the very finest opportunity of American literature be but just to show that they can do what the peoples will have ended by regarding as everything?

Literature, March 26, 1898, p. 356-358
 "The Question of the Opportunity"

GOOD
 TASTE

The sort of taste that used to be called "good" has nothing to do with the matter: We are so demonstrably in presence of millions for whom taste is but an obscure, confused, immediate instinct.

Universal Anthology, 1899, Vol. 128, p. 14
 "The Future of the Novel"

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The Artist: Experience

THE SPECIAL CASE

Her preoccupation with the universe helped to make her characters strike you as also belonging to it; it raised the roof, widened the area, of her aesthetic structure. Nothing is finer, in her genius, than the combination of her love of general truth and love of the special cases; without this, indeed, we should not have heard of her as a novelist, for the passion of the special case is surely the basis of the storyteller's art.

Partial Portraits, 1885, p. 51-52
"Life of George Eliot"

GISSING RENDERS THE REAL

[Mr. Gissing] has the strongest deepest sense of common humanity, of the general struggle and the general gray, grim comedy. He loves the real, he renders it, and though he has a tendency to drift too much with his tide, he gives us, in the great welter of the savorless, an individual manly strain. If he only had distinction he would make the suburbs "hum".

Harper's Weekly, July 31, 1897, p. 754

LOTI

There is a kind of finality in Loti's simplicityif it even be simplicity....is it all emotion is it all calculation, is it all truth, is it all humbug?....for ourselves it is all experience and of the most personal intensity.... It is a joy to see how his looseness is pervaded after all by proportion.

Harper's Weekly, July 31, 1897, p. 754
"Pierre Loti"

DU MAURIER

He had, in a word, not half, but double, or quadruple the optical reach of other people. I always thought I valued the use of my eyes and that I noticed and observed; but the manner in which when out with him I mainly exercised my faculty was by remarking how constantly and how easily his own surpassed it.

OBSERVATION

He saw, then, beauty in every bush that is if we reckon the bushes mainly as the vegetation of his dreams. [Hampstead, where he lived] memories of being with him there. The love of life, as a spectacle and a study, which was the largest result of his passion for what I have called the personal, and on which, on my own

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side, equally an observer and a victim, I could meet him in unbounded intimacy. This was much of the ground of our intimacy that, for many years, was in its way peculiar luxury; the good fortune of an associated play of mind....over the mystery, the reality, the drollery, the irony of things....with a man who, by a happy chance, was neither a stock-broker, nor a banker, nor a lawyer, nor a politician, nor a parson, nor a horse-breaker, nor a golfer, nor a journalist, nor even, and above all, of my own especial craft.

Harper's Magazine, Sept., 1897, p.594-609
"George Du Maurier"

DAUDET
 AN
 OBSERVER

Daudet's charm is precisely in his agitation and his nerves - that is, in a set of nerves that could make so for creation. His style is a matter of talking, gesticulating, imitating.... of impressionism carried to the last point; but his surrender to all this cultivated familiarity never leaves us in a moment of doubt of his being, all the more a master....He gives us the concrete and the palpable, sensations and contacts, images, appearances, touches for the eye and ear, evocations of detail of which his unsurpassable article on the death of Edmond de Goncourt is perhaps the most brilliant specimen. But while we are under his charm we feel him to be one of the first of all observers of the things humanly nearest to us....The sun in his blood had never burnt out, and if it were necessary to characterize in a single word the quality that, either as artist or as a man he most distilled, one would speak unhesitatingly of his warmth....Of all consummate artists he was the most natural. Every impression he gave out passed through the imagination, but only to take from it more common truth.

Literature, Dec. 25, 1897, p. 306
"Alphonse Daudet"

GOLD

He was really more personal, more individual and inimitable than anyone....To have followed Daudet closely is to have been lost in admiration of the way he worked his heritage and his experience. Not a grain of gold was lost for art or for effect; every grain was saved and polished and beaten out.

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RELATIONS

Really, universally, relations stop nowhere, and the exquisite problem of the artist is eternally but to draw by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily appear to do so. He is in the perpetual predicament that the continuity of things is the whole matter, for him, of comedy and tragedy; that this continuity is never, by the space of an instant or an inch, broken, and that, to do anything at all, he has at once intensely to consult and intensely to ignore it.

Roderick Hudson, p. 5
"The Art of the Novel"

IMPRESSIONS

I recall....the practice of never missing an opportunity to add a drop, however small, to the bucket of my impressions or to renew my sense of being able to dip into it. To haunt a great city and by this habit to penetrate it, imaginatively, in as many places as possible.... that was to open doors, that positively was to groan at times under the weight of one's accumulations.

The Princess Cassamassima, p. 77
"The Art of the Novel"

THE
 VITALITY
 OF
 GEORGE
 SAND

George Sand's vital health....which made nothing that might by the common measure have been called....one of the checks to the continuity of life....She affirmed her freedom right and left, but her most characteristic assertion of it.... was just in the luxury of labour....The artist in general....is in a high degree liable to arrive at a sense of what he may have seen or felt, or said, or suffered, by working it out as a subject, casting it into some form prescribed by his art; but even here he in general knows limits - unless perchance he be loose as Byron was loose, or possesses such a power of disconnection, such a clear stand-off of the intelligence, as accompanied the experiments of Goethe....the case is put for her here as into its final nutshell; you may "live" exactly as you like, that is live in perfect security and fertility, when such breadth of rendering awaits your simply settling down to it.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 214-244
"George Sand"

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Robertson Ineson, p. 5
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Notes on Novelists, 1st ed, p. 214-244
"George Sand"

ARNOLD
BENNETT

SATURATION

Mr. Bennett is recording his saturation.... Saturation and possession....is....one-half of the authority /of any painter of things seen, felt or imagined/ the other half....the application he is inspired to make of them....our first critical comment...."Yes,...but is this all?" There are the circumstances of interest....but, where is the interest itself, where and what is its centre, and how are we to measure it in relation to that?

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 326

"The New Novel"

The Artist: Language

WORDS

What is the central element of the date? The element of feeling. What is the central element of the tale as it stands written? The element of words....But as words possess a certain inherent dignity, value and independence, language being rather the stamped and authorized coinage which expresses the value of thought, than the brute metal out of which forms are moulded.

Notes & Reviews, 1864

"Mrs. Prescott's Azarian"

A
VULGARISM

A word is a vulgarism only when it is used without logical aptness.

The Nation, June 3, 1875, No. 518

GAUTIER'S
PHRASE

No one reads Gautier for his information; we read him for the vivacity of his phrase, for his imagery.

The Nation, July 15, 1875, No. 524, p. 45

"Constantinople translated from Théophile Gautier"

"NATTY"

"BRAINY"

He has a romantic hero and a distracted heroine whom we never really get intelligently near; the more so that he sadly compromises the former, to our imagination, by speaking of him not only as "natty", but - deeper depth! - as "brainy". These are dark spots, and yet the book is a brave book, with maturity, manliness, and vividness even in its want of art, and with pages like the story of Stuart's wonderful cavalry raid into Pennsylvania in the summer of '62, and the few pages given to the Battle of Gettysburg....that readers who, in the American phrase, "go back,"

ARNOLD
BENNETT

SATURATION

Mr. Bennett is recording his saturation...
Saturation and possession... is... one-half of
the authority of any painter of things seen,
felt or imagined the other half... the applica-
tion he is inspired to make of them... our first
critical comment... "Yes... but is this all?"
There are the circumstances of interest... but
where is the interest itself, where and what is
its centre, and how are we to measure it in
relation to that?
Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 328
"The New Novel"

The Artist: Language

WORDS

What is the central element of the artist? The
element of feeling. What is the central element
of the tale as it stands without? The element of
words... But as words possess a certain inherent
dignity, value and independence, language being
rather the stamped and authorized coinage which
expresses the value of thought, than the brute
metal out of which forms are moulded.
Notes & Reviews, 1864
"Mrs. Prescott's Arabian"

A
VULGARISM

A word is a vulgarism only when it is used
without logical aptness.
The Nation, June 3, 1875, No. 518

GAULTIER'S
PHRASE

He one reads Gaultier for his information; we
read him for the vivacity of his phrase, for
his imagery.
The Nation, July 15, 1875, No. 524, p. 45
"Constantinople translated from Theophile
Gautier"

"WATTY"

"BRAINY"

He has a romantic hero and a distracted heroine
whom we never really get intelligently near; the
more so that he sadly compromises the former, to
our imagination, by speaking of him not only as
"watty", but - deeper depth! - as "brainy".
These are dark spots, and yet the book is a brave
book, with maturity, manliness, and vividness
even in its want of art, and with pages like the
story of Stuart's wonderful cavalry raid into
Pennsylvania in the summer of '62, and the few
pages given to the Battle of Gettysburg... that
readers who, in the American phrase, "go back,"

will find full of ^{the} stirring and the touching.
Literature, May 28, 1898, p. 620
 "American Letter"

GREAT
THINGS

The prospect for a man of letters, certainly for a man of imagination can scarce fail to come back to the most constant of his secret passions, the idea of the great things that, from quarters so interspaced, may more and more find themselves gathered together under the wide wings of the language.

Literature, June 25, 1898, p. 732
 "American Letter"

THE
AMERICAN
LANGUAGE

Darcy.— A body of English people crossed the Atlantic and sat down in a new climate on a new soil, amidst new circumstances. It was a new heaven and a new earth. They invented new institutions, they encountered different needs. They developed a particular physique, as people do in a particular medium, and they began to speak in a new voice. They went in for democracy that alone would affect - it has affected - the tone immensely C'est bien le moins (do you follow?) that that tone should have had its range and that the language they brought over with them should have become different to express different things. A language is a very sensitive organism. It must be convenient - it must be handy. It serves, it obeys, it accommodates itself.

Essays in London, 1899, p. 302
 "An Animated Conversation"

FIVE
TESTS
OF
SKILL

On these lines production was....slow for himwhat would have become of him....had he been condemned to deal with a form of speech consisting like ours 1) of "that" and "which"; 2) the blest "it"; 3) all the "tos" of the infinitive and preposition; 4) our precious auxiliaries "be" and "do"; 5) what ever survives in the language for the precious art of pleasing?

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65-109
 "Gustave Flaubert"

The Question of Our Speech

THE QUESTION OF OUR SPEECH

These admonitions, taken together, will have borne, essentially, upon the question of culture, as you are expected to consider and cherish it;These underlying things, truth of tradition, of aspiration, of discipline, of training consecrated by experience, are understood as present in any liberal course of study or scheme of character....If there are properties and values, perfect possession of the educated spirit, clear humanities, as the old collegiate usage beautifully named them, that may be taken absolutely for granted, taken for granted as rendering any process of training simply possible, the indispensable preliminary I allude to, and that I am about to name would easily indeed present itself in that light; thus confessing to an established character and its tacit intervention. A virtual consensus of the educated, of any gathered group, in regard to the speech that, among the idioms and articulations of the globe, they profess to make use of, may well strike us, in a given case, as a natural, an inevitable assumption. Without that consensus, to every appearance, the educative process cannot be thought of as at all even beginning; we readily perceive that without it the more imparting of a coherent culture would never get under way. This imparting of a coherent culture is a matter of communication and response....each of which branches of an understanding involves....a medium of expression.... organized and developed.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 4-6

LIFE AND SPEECH

All life therefore comes back to the question of our speech, the medium through which we communicate with each other; for all life comes back to the question of our relations with each other. These relations are made possible, are registered, are verily constituted, by our speech, and are successful....in proportion as our speech is worthy of its great human and social function; is developed, delicate, flexible, rich....an adequate accomplished fact. The more it suggests and expresses the more we live by it - the more it promotes and enhances life. Its quality, its authenticity, its security, are hence supremely important for the general multifold opportunity, for the dignity and integrity of our existence.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 10

SPEECH
THE
TOUCH-
STONE
OF
MANNERS

Of the degree in which a society is civilized the vocal form, the vocal tone, the personal, social accent and sound of its intercourse, have always been held to give a direct reflection. That sound, that vocal form, the touchstone of manners, in the note, representative of its having (in our poor, imperfect human degree) achieved civilization. Judged in this light, it must frankly be said, our civilization remains strikingly unachieved: the last of American idiosyncrasies, the last by which we can be conceived as "represented" in the international concert of culture, would be the pretention to a tone standard.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 11-12

GOOD
BREEDING
THE
CORE
OF
SOCIAL
HERITAGE

A care for tone is part of a care for many other things besides; for the fact, for the value, of good breeding, above all, as to which tone unites with various other personal, social signs to bear testimony. The idea of good breeding.... Without which intercourse fails to flower into fineness, without which human relations bear but crude and tasteless fruit....is one of the most precious conquests of civilization, the very core of our social heritage; but in transmission of which it becomes us much more to be active and interested than merely passive and irresponsible participants. It is an idea, the idea of good breeding (in other words, simply the idea of secure good manners), there is yet more, and yet more, to be done; and no danger would be more lamentable than that of the real extinction, in our hands of so sacred a flame.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 14

TONE
STANDARD

Taking thought, in this connection, is what I mean by obtaining a tone-standard....a clear criterion of the best usage and example: which is but to recognize, once for all, that avoiding vulgarity, arriving at lucidity, pleasantness, charm, and contributing by the mode and the degree of utterance a colloquial, a genial value even to an inevitably limited quantity of intention, of thought, is an art to be acquired and cultivated, just as much as any of the other, subtler, arts of life. There are plenty of influences round about us that make for an imperfect disengagement of the human side of vocal

THE
TOWN-
BROW
OF
MOUNTAIN

Of the degree in which a society is civilized, the vocal form, the vocal tone, the vocal accent and sound of its language, have always been held to give a direct reflection. That sound, that vocal form, the intonation of manner, in the note, representative of its language (in our poor, imperfect human language) called civilization. Judged in this light, it must frankly be said, our civilization remains strikingly unimproved: the last of Western civilization, the last by which we can be conceived as created, the last by which we can be conceived as "represented" in the international movement of culture, would be the presentation to a tone standard.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 11-12

GOOD
PRESIDENT
THE
CORE
OF
SOCIAL
LITERATURE

A tone for tone is part of a case for many other things besides: for the value, for the value, for good, healthy, above all, as to which tone united with various other persons, social status to best testimony. The idea of good breeding... Without which intercourse falls to pieces into likeness, without which human relations turn into crude and tasteless strife... is one of the most precious concepts of civilization, the very core of our social heritage; but in transmission of which it becomes us much more to be active and interested than merely passive and irresponsible participants. It is an idea, the idea of good breeding (in other words, almost the idea of secure good manners), there is yet more, and yet more, to be done; and no danger would be more imminent than that of the real extinction, in our hands of so sacred a flame.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 14

TOWN
STANDARD

Taking thought, in this connection, is what I mean by obtaining a tone-standard... a clear criterion of the best and the excellent which is put to rest, once for all, that voice, in our society, striving at indistinctly, pleasantness, and, consequently, by the tone and the degree of attention to colloquial, a mental value even to a slightly limited quality of intonation, of thought, is an art to be acquired and cultivated, just as much as any of the other, subtle, arts of life. There are plenty of influences round about us that make for an important disarrangement of the human side of vocal

sound, that make for the confused, the ugly, the flat, the thin, the mean, the helpless, that reduce articulation to an easy and ignoble minimum, and so keep it as little distinct as possible from the grunting, the squealing, the barking or roaring of animals.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 16

THE
INFLUENCE
OF
OBSERVA-
TION

There are questions you may ask me: as to what I may mean by speaking "well," by speaking "ill," as to what I more definitely mean by "tone" and by the "negation" of tone; as to where you are to recognize the presence of the exemplary rightness I have referred you to - as to where you are to see any standard raised to the breeze; and above all, as to my reasons for referring with such emphasis to the character of the enemy you are to overcome. I mean, then, by speaking well, in the first place, speaking under the influence of observation - your own.

The Question of Our Speech, p. 19, 1905

THE
WAY
WE
LIVE

All our employment of constituted sounds, syllables, sentences, comes back to the way we say a thing, and it is very largely by saying, all the while, that we live and play our parts.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 21

THE
DOOM
OF
THE
SLOVEN

Nothing, sayable or said, that pretends to expression, to value, to consistency, in whatever interest, but finds itself practically confronted, at once, with the tone question: The only refuge from which is the mere making of a noise - since simply noise is the sort of sound in which tone ceases to exist....Speaking badly is speaking with that want of attention to speech that we should blush to see any other of our personal functions compromised by any other control of emotion, or voluntary act, of our lives. Want of attention, in any act, results in graceless and unlighted effect, an effect of accident and misadventure;....To do things "unlightedly" is accordingly to do them without neatness or completeness - and to accept that doom is simply to accept the doom of the slovenly.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 22-25

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 42

sound, that make for the confused, the ugly, the first, the thin, the mean, the helpless, that reduce articulation to an easy and humble minimum, and so keep it as little distinct as possible from the grunting, the squealing, the barking or roaring of animals.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 16

There are questions you may ask me: as to what I may mean by speaking "well," by speaking "ill," as to what I more definitely mean by "tone," and by the "position" of tone; as to where you are to recognize the presence of the exemplary rightness I have referred you to - as to where you are to see any standard raised to the breast; and above all, as to my reasons for referring with such emphasis to the character of the enemy you are to overcome. I mean, then, by speaking well, in the first place, speaking under the influence of observation - your own.

The Question of Our Speech, p. 18, 1905

All our employment of constituted sounds, syllables, sentences, comes back to the way we say a thing, and it is very largely by saying, all the while, that we live and give our parts.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 21

Nothing, sayable or said, that pretends to expression, to value, to consistency, in whatever interest, but finds itself practically contradicted at once, with the tone question: The only refuge from which is the mere making of a noise - since simply noise is the sort of sound in which tone ceases to exist.... Speaking badly is speaking with that want of attention to speech that we should blush to see any other of our personal functions compromised by any other control of emotion, or voluntary act, of our lives. Want of attention, in any act, results in weakness and unlimited effect, in effect of accident and disadvantage.... To do things "unintentionally" is accordingly to do them without readiness or competence - and to accept that doom is simply to accept the doom of the slaver.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 22-23

THE
INFLUENCE
OF
OBSERVATION

THE
WAY
WE
LIVE

THE
DOOM
OF
THE
SLOVER

MEANNESS
AND
SWEETNESS

If I speak, as to these matters of tone, I may add, of intrinsic meanness and intrinsic sweetness, there is also no doubt that association, cumulation, the context of a given sound and the company we perceive it to be keeping, are things that have much to say to our better or worst impression.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 30

TWO
KINDS
OF
EASE

There are two very different kinds of ease: the ease that comes from facing, the conquest of the difficulty, and the ease that comes from the vague dodging of it. In the one case you gain facility, in the other case you get more looseness. In the one case the maintenance of civility of speech costs what it must - which is the price we should surely blush to hear spoken of as too great for our ineptitude and our indolence, our stupidity and our frivolity, to pay.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 32

THE
COMMON
SCHOOL

To the American common school, to the American newspaper, and to the American Dutchman and Dago, as the voice of the people describes them, we have simply handed over our property - not exactly bound hand and foot, I admit, like Andromeda waiting her Perseus, but at least distracted, disheveled, despoiled, divested of that beautiful and becoming drapery of native atmosphere and circumstance which had, from far back, made, on its own behalf, for practical protection, for a due tenderness of interest.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 41

THE
MANIAC
AMUCK

As to any claim made for the newspapers....it will suffice, however, if I just recall to you that contribution to the idea of expression which you must feel yourselves everywhere getting, wherever you turn, from the mere noisy vision of their ubiquitous page, bristling with rude effigies and images, with vociferous "headings," with letterings, with black eruptions of print, that we seem to measure by feet rather than by inches, and that affect us positively as the roar of some myriad-faced monster - so the grimaces, the shouts, shrieks and yells ranging over the whole gamut of ugliness, irrelevance, dissonance, of a mighty maniac who has broken loose and who is running amuck through the spheres alike of sense and sound.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 43

WITNESS
AND
WITNESS

TWO
KINDS
OF
LIFE

THE
COMMON
SCHOOL

THE
NEWS-
PAPER

THE
WALL-
MOUNT

If I speak, as to these matters of tone, I say
add, of intrinsic seriousness and intellectual weight-
ness, there is also no doubt that association,
cumulation, the context of a given sound and the
company we perceive it to be keeping, are things
that have much to say to our pattern of verbal
impression.

The Question of Our Speech, 1907, p. 20

There are two very different kinds of speech: the
easy that comes from habit, the conscious of the
difficult, and the easy that comes from the
years of habit of it. In the one case you gain
facility, in the other case you get more in-
crease. In the one case the maintenance of civility
of speech costs what it must - which is the price
we should surely wish to bear as a part of our
great for our intelligence and our language, our
stupidity and our triviality, to say.

The Question of Our Speech, 1907, p. 22

To the American common school, to the American
newsman, and to the American politician and lawyer,
as the voice of the people has been given them, we
have simply handed over our property - and exactly
bound hand and foot, I admit, like a prisoner with-
out his weapons, but at least a prisoner, dis-
posed, controlled, prevented of that beautiful
and liberating fire of native intelligence and
originality which has, from the back, made, on
its own behalf, for practical purposes, for a
due measure of interest.

The Question of Our Speech, 1907, p. 21

As to my claim made for the newspapers.... it
will suffice, however, if I just tell you
that contribution to the idea of expression which
you must feel yourselves everywhere eating,
wherever you turn, from the mere policy of
their opinions, their habits with their ex-
pressions, with vociferous "readings," with
lastness, with black eruptions of print, that
we seem to measure by feet rather than by inches,
and that effect be positively as the root of a
myriad-faced monster - as the monster, the shouts,
shrieks and yells coming over the whole front
of ugliness, irrelevance, dissonance, of a noisy
manic who has broken loose and who is running
amuck through the spheres of sense and sound.

The Question of Our Speech, 1907, p. 23

FORM
OF
CIVIL-
ITY

The truth is that, excellent for diffusion, for vulgarization, for simplification, the common schools and the "daily paper" define themselves before us as quite below the mark for discrimination and selection, for those finer offices of vigilance and criticism in the absence of which the forms of civility, with the forms of speech most setting the example, drift out to sea.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p.44

LAN-
GUAGE
LIVES

A language /is/ always a living organism, fed by the very breath of those who employ it, whoever these may happen to be; of those who carry with them, on their long road, as their specific experience grows larger and more complex, and those who need it to help them to meet their expansion. The question is whether it be not either no language at all, or only a very poor one, if it have not in it to respond from its core, to the constant appeal of time, perpetually demanding new tricks, new experiments, new amusements of it: so to respond without losing its characteristic balance....It is easier to overlook any question of speech than to trouble about it, but then it is also easier to snort or neigh, to growl or to "meow" than to articulate and intonate.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 46-47

EXER-
CISE
ATTEN-
TION

Content yourself....with encountering, blessedly, torchbearers, as we may rightly describe them, guardians of the sacred flame. It is not a question, however, so much of simply meeting them, as of attending to them, of making your profit of them, when you do meet. If they be at all adequate representatives of some decent tradition, you will find the interest of the new world, a whole extension of life, open to you in the attempt to estimate, in the habit of observing, in their speech, all that such a tradition consists of. Begin to exercise your attention on that, and let the consequences sink into your spirits. At first dimly, but then more and more distinctly, you will find yourselves noting, comparing, preferring, at last positively emulating and imitating.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 49-50

FORM
OF
CIVIL-
ITY

The first is that, excellent for discussion, for
voluntarism, for individualism, the modern
schools and the "daily papers" define themselves
before us as quite below the mark for discussion-
tion and selection. For those finer offices of
vigilance and criticism in the absence of which
the forms of civility, with the forms of speech,
most serious the example, but out to sea.
The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 44

LAW-
CLERK
LIVES

A language *never* always a living organism, fed by
the very breath of those who employ it, who say
these may happen to be of those who carry with
them, on their long road, as their specific
existence grows I know and more complex, and
those who need it to help them to meet their ex-
position. The question is whether it be not either
no language at all, or only a very poor one, if
it have not in it to respond from the core, to
the constant appeal of time, constantly demand-
ing new tricks, new experiments, new experiments
of it; so to respond without losing its char-
acteristic balance.... It is easier to overlook
any question of speech than to trouble about it,
but then it is also easier to want or need, to
grow or to "mellow" than to articulate and
informate.
The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 45-47

WATER-
CISE
ATTEN-
TION

Content yourself.... with encountering, pleasantly,
torches, as we may rightly describe them,
questions of the sacred time. It is not a
question, however, so much of simply meeting
them, as of attending to them, of making your
profit of them, when you do meet. If they be at
all adequate representatives of some decent tra-
dition, you will find the interest of the new
world a whole extension of life, even to you in
the attempt to estimate, in the light of obser-
vance, in their speech, all that such a tradition
consists of. Begin to exercise your attention
on that, and for the consciousness sink into your
spirit. At first dimly, but then more and more
distinctly, you will find yourselves coming
forward, answering, at last positively emula-
ing and imitating.
The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 48-50

KNOWL-
EDGE
PASSES
INTO
CON-
DUCT

Unconsciousness is beautiful when it means that our knowledge has passed into our conduct and our life; has become, as we say, a second nature. But the opposite state is the door through which it has to pass, and which is, inevitably, sometimes, rather straight and narrow. This squeeze is what we pay for having revelled too much in ignorance. Keep up your hearts, all the same, keep them up to the confidence in that "second nature" of which I speak.

The Question of Our Speech, 1905, p. 51

LIB-
ERTY

c. The Artist: Freedom

The breath of the novelist's being is his liberty, and the incomparable virtue of the form he uses is that it lends itself to views innumerable and diverse, to every variety of illustration. There is certainly no other mould of so large a capacity.

Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 163

"Robert Louis Stevenson"

LIB-
ERTY
OF
SUBJECT

It all comes back, in fine, to that respect for the liberty of the subject which I should be willing to name as the great sign of the painter of the first order.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 100

d. The Artist: Aims

PER-
FEC-
TION

Stradivarius....the supreme duty of being perfect in one's labor....which should be the first article in every artist's faith.

North American Review, Oct. 1874.

"The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems by
George Eliot"

QUALITY

That the author was an artist his other books had proved, but his art ripens and sweetens in the sun of success. His manner has now refined itself till it gives one a sense of pure quality which it really taxes the ingenuity to express. There is not a word in the present volume as to

"George Sand: The New Life"

which he has not known consummately well what he was about; there is an exquisite intellectual comfort in feeling one's self in such hands. Mr. Howells has ranked himself with the few writers on whom one counts with luxurious certainty, and this little masterpiece confirms our security.

North American Review, Jan. 1875

"A Foregone Conclusion". By W. D. Howells

AIM
OF
TUR-
GE-
NIEFF

Even on this line he proceeds with his characteristic precision of method; one thinks of him as having divided his subject-matter into categories and as moving from one to the other....with a deeply intellectual impulse toward universal appreciation. He seems to us to care for more things in life, to be solicited on more sides, than any other novelist save George Eliot....His object is constantly the same - that of finding an incident, a person, a situation, morally interesting.

French Poets & Novelists, 1878

"Ivan Turgénieff"

TO
FEEL:
TO
RENDER

To deal with it is on the other hand to produce a certain number of finished works....and the quantity of life depicted will depend on this array. What will this array, however, depend on and what will condition the number of pieces of which it is composed? The "finish" evidently.... He has on the one side to feel his subject and on the other side to render it.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65-109

"Gustave Flaubert"

LOOSE-
NESS
FATAL

Does any work of representation, of imitation, live long that is predominately loose?....It is hard to say of Mme. Sand's productions; I think, that they show closeness anywhere; the sense of fluidity is what....comes back to us, and the sense of fluidity is fundamentally fatal to the sense of particular truth. A picture is never the stream of the artist's inspiration; it is the deposit of the stream. For the picture, in George Sand, we must look elsewhere, look at her life and her nature, and find them in the copious documents in which these things....are now reflected.

North American Review, April 1902, Vol. 174,
No. 4, p. 536-554

"George Sand: The New Life"

which he has not known consciously well what he was about; there is an excessive intellectual content in feeling one's self in such hands. Mr. Howells has reached himself with the few writers on whom one counts with inviolable certainty, and this little reassurance confirms our security.

North American Review, Jan. 1892
"A Terrible Conclusion". By W. D. Howells

10032-
 10033-
 10034-
 10035-

Even on this line he proceeds with his characteristic precision of method; one thinks of him as having divided his subject-matter into categories and as moving from one to the other... with a deeply intellectual impulse towards universal appreciation. He seems to us to care for more things in life, to be solicited on more sides, than any other novelist save George Eliot... His object is constantly the same - that of finding an incident, a person, a situation, morally interesting.

Person Looks a Novelist, 1875
"The Purge"

TO
 FROM
 TO
 RETURN

To deal with it is on the other hand to produce a certain number of finished works... and the quantity of this finished will depend on this array. What will this array, however, depend on and what will condition the number of pieces of which it is composed? The "artist" evidently... He has on the one side to feel his subject and on the other side to render it.

Notes on Howells, 1902, p. 82-103
"Creative Element"

10032-
 10033-
 10034-
 10035-

Does any work of representation, of imitation, live long that is predominantly loose?... It is hard to say of Mr. Sand's productions; I think that they show closeness anywhere; the sense of fluidity is what... look to us... and the sense of fluidity is fundamentally fatal to the sense of artistic truth. A picture is never the stream of the writer's imagination; it is the record of the stream. For the picture, in George Sand, we must look elsewhere, look at her life and her nature, and find them in the complex elements in which these things... are now reflected.

North American Review, April 1902, Vol. 124
No. 4, p. 236-252
"George Sand: The New Life"

Style

THE
STYLE
OF
BROWNING

This is a decidedly irritating and displeasing performance - He is robust and vigorous....

But his wantonness, his wilfulness, his crudity, his inexplicable want of secondary thought.... of the stage of reflection that follows upon the first outburst of the idea, and smooths and shapes and adjusts it - all this alloy of his great genius is more sensible now than ever. "The Inn Album" reads like a series of rough notes for a poem....of hasty hieroglyphics and symbols, decipherable only to the author himself.

It is not narrative....not lyrical....not a line that chants itself, images itself or lingers in the memory.

(Browning) deals with human character as a chemist with his acids and alkalies, and while he mixes his colored fluids in a way that surpresses the profane, knows perfectly well what he is about. But there is too apt to be in his style that hiss and sputter and evil aroma which characterize the proceedings of the laboratory. The idea, with Mr. Browning always tumbles out into the world in some grotesque, hind-foremost manner - like an unruly horse....backing out of its stall.

His thought knows no simple stage. We are reading neither poetry nor prose; it is too real for the ideal, and too ideal for the real....

It is not a trivial complaint to say that his book is only barely comprehensible. Of a successful dramatic poem, one ought to be able to say more.

The Nation, Jan. 20, 1876, No. 551, p. 49
"Browning's Inn Album"

THE
STYLE
OF
JOHN
BURROUGHS

The minuteness of his observation, the keenness of his perception of all these things, /birds, trees, fields and weather/ give him a real originality which is confirmed by a style sometimes idiomatic and unfinished to a fault, but capable of remarkable felicity and vividness. He is essentially and genially an American. Mr. Burroughs

is a sort of reduced, but also more humorous, more available and more sociable Thoreau.

The Nation, Jan. 27, 1876, No. 552, p. 66
 "Winter Sunshine by John Burroughs"

STYLE MATTERS

I should like.....to.....allude for purposes of remonstrance, to a phrase that he suffered the other day to fall from his pen (in a periodical, but not in a novel) to the effect that the style of a work of fiction is a thing that matters less and less all the while. Why less and less?It is difficult to see how it can matter either less or more. The style of a novel is a part of the execution of a work of art, is a part of its very essence, and that, it seems to me, must have mattered in all ages in exactly the same degree, and be destined always to do so. I can conceive of no state of civilization in which it shall not be deemed important, though of course there are states in which executants are clumsy.

Harper's Weekly, June 19, 1886, p. 394
 "Wm. Dean Howells"

STYLE A MEANS

Though Mr. Stevenson cares greatly for his phrase, as every writer should who respects himself and his art, it takes no very attentive reading of his volumes to show that it is not what he cares for most, and that he regards an expressive style only, after all, as a means....Much as he cares for his phrase, he cares more for life, and for a certain transcendently lovable part of it.

Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 144
 "Robert Louis Stevenson"

FORCE IN STYLE

Nothing can exceed the masculine firmness, the quiet force of his own style, in which every phrase is a close sequence, every epithet a paying piece, and the ground is completely cleared of the vague, the ready-made and the second-best. Less than anyone today does he beat the air; more than anyone does he hit out from the shoulder.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 263
 "Guy de Maupassant"

STYLE IS FOR THE EAR

But if subjects were made for style (as to which Flaubert had a rigid theory: the idea was good enough, if the expression was), so style was made for the ear, the last court of appeal, the

is a sort of redoubt, but also more numerous,
more available and more accessible than
The Nation, Jan. 27, 1893, p. 22
"Winter Sunshine by John Burroughs"

STYLE
MATTERS

I should like to... allude for purposes of
remembrance, to a phrase that he uttered the
other day to me, from his pen (in a periodical,
but not in a novel) to the effect that the style
of a work of fiction is a thing that matters
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I can conceive of no state of civilization in
which it shall not be deemed important, though
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Harvard's Weekly, June 12, 1893, p. 224
"Wm. Dean Howells"

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STYLE
A
MEANS

Partial Portrait, 1887, p. 144
"Robert Louis Stevenson"

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quiet force of his own style, in which every
phrase is a close sequence, every sentence a
paying piece, and the crowd is completely
cleared of the vague, the ready-made and the
second-best. Less than anyone else does he
beat the air; more than anyone does he hit out
from the shoulder.

POOR
IN
STYLE

Partial Portrait, 1882, p. 223
"Roy de Maupassant"

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enough, if the execution was), no style was made
for the ear, the last count of appeal, the

STYLE
IS
FOR
THE
EAR

STYLE
AND
SIMILE

supreme touchstone of perfection....No one will care for him at all who does not care for his metaphors and those moreover who care most for these will be discreet enough to admit that even a style rich in similes is limited when it renders only the visible.

Essays in London, 1893, p. 147
"Gustave Flaubert"

STYLE
IS
MAGIC

The maximum of magic is style, and of style Mr. Wyckoff has not a solitary ray. He is only one of those happy adventurerers....always to be so rebuked in advance and so rewarded afterwards.... who have it in them to scramble through simply by hanging on.

Literature, April 23, 1898, p. 483-484
"American Letter"

Style itself never totally beguiles.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65
"Gustave Flaubert"

It is brought home to us afresh that there is no complete creation without style any more than there is complete music without sound.

The Quarterly Review, April 1904, p. 390
"Gabriel D'Annunzio"

STYLE
AND
LIFE

The exercise of personal energy is....for ourselves what most reflects the genius....recorded though this again chances here to be through the inestimable fact of the possession of style, of the action of that perfect, that only real preservative in the face of other perils George Sand is a wonderful example; but her letters alone suffice to show it....That is what it is really to have style....when you set about performing the act of life.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 214-244
"George Sand"

CARE
FOR
STYLE

He is....a successful and resourceful young discoverer....we catch him....in the act of positively caring for his expression....Do these things mean that, moved by life this interesting young novelist is even now uncontrollably on the way to style? We might cite....several symptoms, the very vividest, of that possibility....back to our original contention....the scant degree

STYLE
AND
SIMILE

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care for him at all who does not care for his
metaphors and those moreover who care most for
these will be attracted enough to admit that even
a style rich in simile is limited when it
renders only the visible.
Essays in Literature, 1933, p. 147
"Gustave Flaubert"

STYLE
IS
FACILE

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Wyckoff has not a solitary ray. He is only one
of those happy adventurers....always to be so
reputed in advance and so rewarded afterwards....
who have it in their to scribble through simply
by hanging on.
Literature, April 22, 1933, p. 433-434
"American Letters"

Style itself never totally fails.
Notes on Novelists, 1933, p. 68
"Gustave Flaubert"

It is brought home to us again that there is no
complete question without style any more than
there is complete music without sound.
The Quarterly Review, April 1934, p. 320
"Isabel D'Aunay"

STYLE
AND
LIFE

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really to have style....when you eat about per-
forming the act of life.
Notes on Novelists, 1934, p. 71-72
"George Sand"

CHAR-
TER
OF
STYLE

He is....a successful and resourceful young
discoverer....we catch him....in the act of
positively caring for his expression....Go these
things mean that, moved by life this interesting
young novelist is even now unconsciously on the
way to style? We might cite....several symptoms
the very vivacity of that possibility....back
to our original contention....the secret George

in which that field style has ever had to reckon with criticism.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 359-361
"The New Novel"

The Artist: Tone

MORAL TONE

His feeling about it (beauty) is that of a man who not only sees, but reflects on what he sees. It is this reflective element in Delacroix which has always been one of the sources of his interest, and I am not ashamed to say that I like him in part for his moral tone. I know....that I appear to be uttering a grievous solecism, and that in the opinion of many people a painter has no business with a moral tone or a sentimental intention. But an artist, after all, has some of the common attributes and privileges of humanity, and it were a pity to multiply the negative points of his function. A painter is none the worse for being of reflective temperament, or for having a good deal of feeling about the thing he represents. In such questions as this, it is easy to say more than one intends, or than one is sure of.

The International Review, April 1880, p. 357-
"The Letters of Eugene Delacroix" 371

TONE

This brings us once more to the question of the instrument and the tone, and to our idea that the tone, when you are so lucky to possess it, may be of itself a solution.

The Yellow Book, Jan. 1897, p. 35
"She and He: Recent Documents"

TEMPER- AMENT AND TONE

There would be much to say....on this question of the projected light of the individual strong temperament in fiction....the color of the air with which this, that or the other painter of life (as we call them all), more or less unconsciously suffuses his picture. I say unconsciously because I speak here of an effect of atmosphere largely, if not wholly, distinct from the effect sought on behalf of the special subject to be treated; something that proceeds from the contemplative mind itself, the very

in which the artist [Lévy] is a man who has to
 look at the world as it is, and not as he wishes it to be.
 [Lévy] is a man who has to look at the world as it is, and not as he wishes it to be.
 [Lévy] is a man who has to look at the world as it is, and not as he wishes it to be.

The Artist's Tone

LOCAL
 TONE

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 who not only sees, but feels of what he sees.
 It is this reflective element in the artist's mind
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 ment, or for having a word of feeling about
 the things he represents. It is not possible to
 this, it is hard to say more than one intends,
 or that one is sure of.
 "The International Review, April 1927, p. 257-
 258"
 "The Letters of Eugène Delacroix"

TONE

This brings us once more to the question of the
 instrument and the tone, and to our idea that
 the tone, when you are so lucky to possess it,
 may be of itself a solution.
 The Yellow Book, Jan. 1927, p. 25
 "See and Hear: Recent Documents"

TEMPER-
 AMENT
 AND
 TONE

There would be much to say... on this question
 of the projected light of the individual story
 temperament in relation... the color of the air
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 the effect sought on behalf of the special sub-
 ject to be treated: something that proceeds
 from the contemplative mind itself, the very

complexion of the mirror in which the material is reflected. This is of the nature of the man himself....an emanation of his spirit, temper, history; it springs from his very presence, his spiritual presence, in his work, and is, in so far, not a matter of calculation and artistry. All the matter of his own, in a word, for each seer of vision, the particular tone of the medium in which each vision, each clustered group of persons and places and objects, is bathed. Just how, accordingly, does the light of the world, the projected, painted, peopled, poetized, realized world, the furnished and fitted world into which we are beguiled for the holiday excursion, cheap trips or dear, of the eternally amusable, eternally dupeable voyaging mind - just how does this strike us as different in Fielding and in Richardson, in Scott and in Dumas, in Dickens and in Thackeray, in Hawthorne and in Meredith, in George Eliot and in George Sand, in Jane Austen and in Charlotte Brontë? Do we not feel the general landscape evoked by each of the more or less magical wands to which I have given name, not to open itself unto the same sun that hangs over the neighboring scene, not to receive the solar rays at the same angle, not to exhibit its shadow with the same intensity or the same sharpness; not in short, to seem to belong to the same time of day or same state of the weather?

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 80-81

CONRAD'S
SENSE
OF
TONE

Mr. Conrad's first care is to....set up a reciter, a definite responsible intervening first person, possessed of infinite source of reference, who immediately, proceeds to set up another; to the end, and that even at that point of the bridge over to the....situation or subject....shall once more, and yet once more glory in the gap. It is easy to see how heroic the undertaking of effective infusion between what we are to know and that prodigy of our knowing which is ever half the very beauty of the atmosphere of authenticitythe tone of each, as rendered by his precursor in the series, becomes for the prime poet of all an immense question....these circumferential tones having not only to be individually separate notes, but to keep clear of the others, the central, the numerous and various voices of the

complexion of the mirror in which the material
is reflected. This is in the nature of the
man himself. . . . an emanation of his spirit, his
history; it springs from his very presence, his
spiritual presence, in his work, and as, in so
far, not a matter of calculation and analysis.
All the matter of his own, in a word, for each
sacred vision, the mysterious tone of the med-
ium in which each vision, each clustered group
of persons and places and objects, is defined.
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world, the projected, painted, poetized, posited
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Walden and in Richardson, in Scott and in
Dumas, in Dickens and in Thackeray, in Hawthorne
and in Melville, in George Eliot and in George
Sand, in Jane Austen and in Charlotte Brontë?
Do we not feel the personal language evoked by
each of the more or less mythical worlds in which
I have given mine, not to open itself unto the
same and that mine over the neighboring scene,
not to receive the solar rays at the same angle,
not to exhibit its shadow with the same intensity
on the same shapeliness; not in short, to seem to
belong to the same time of day or same state of
the weather?

The Lesson of Balzac, 1802, p. 30-31

Mr. Courton's first error is to . . . set up a writer,
a definite veridical intervening third person,
possessed of infinite source of references, who
immediately proceeds to set up another, to the
end, and that even at that point of the bridge
over to the . . . situation or subject. . . . shall once
more, and yet once more play in the key. It is
easy to see how he has the understanding of effec-
tive imitation between that we are to know and
that quality of our knowledge which is even more
the very beauty of the phenomena of subjectivity
... the tone of each, as rendered by the trans-
action in the matter, because for the prime root of
all in literature is the . . . these other essential
words having not only to be individually accurate
notes, but to bear about of the others, the
central, the responsive and various voices of the

CONRAD'S
SERIES
OF
TOME

agents proper, those expressive of the action itself and in whom the objectivity resides. We usually escape this difficulty of a tone about the tone of our characters, our projected performers, by keeping it single, "keeping it down" and thereby comparatively impersonal or....in-scrutable; which is what a creative force, in its blest fatuity, likes to be....What shall we most call Mr. Conrad's method....but his attempt to clarify?....His volume sets in motion....a drama in which his own system and his combined eccentricities of recital represent the protagonist in face of powers leagued against it, and of which the denouement gives us the system fighting in triumph,....and laying the powers piled up at its feet....the one flaw....the fact that the predicament was not imposed rather than invoked, was not the effect of a challenge from without, but that of a mystic impulse from within.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 347-348

"The New Novel"

The Artist: Philosophy

TINTORET

The great source of his impressiveness is that his indefatigable hand never drew a line that was not, as one may say, a moral line.

SHAKES-
PEARE

Tintoret was almost a prophet. Before his greatest works you are conscious of a sudden evaporation of old doubts and dilemmas, and the eternal problem of the conflict between idealism and realism, dies the most natural of deaths.... Tintoret's great merit is his unequalled distinctness of vision....Tintoret's work, the impression that he felt pictorially; the great, beautiful, terrible spectacle of human life very much as Shakespeare felt it poetically....with a heart that never ceased to beat a passionate accompaniment to every stroke of his brush. The portrait of Tintoret in the Louvre....On the one side, the power, the passion, the illusion of his art; on the other, the moral fatigue of his spirit. When we wonder vainly what manner of man he was, and what were his purpose, his faith, his method, we may find forcible assurance there that they were, at any rate, his life....and a very intense one.

The Nation, March 6, 1873

"From Venice to Strasburg"

agents proper, those expressions of the action itself, and in whom the objectivity resides. The usually secure this identity of a type about the form of our characters, our projected characters, by knowing it inside, "knowing it from" and thereby comparatively immaterial or... in- substantial, which is what a creative force, in this sense, really, like to be... What shall we most call Mr. Conrad's method... but his attempt to clarity... The volume sets its motion... a drama in which his own system and his projected characters of each and represent the most violent in face of power, leaving against it, and of which the document gives us the exact listing in triumph... and leaving the picture piled up at its feet... the one line... and that the movement was not imposed rather than imposed, was not the effect of a challenge (movement), but that of a mystic impulse from within.

Notes on Novels, 1914, p. 101-102
"The New Novel"

The Artist: Philosophy

The great source of his individualism is that his individualism has never been a mere that, not, as one may say, a mere 1914.

There is almost a protest, before his greatest work you are confronted with a sudden evaporation of old doubts and differences, and the eternal problem of the conflict between idealism and realism, the most natural of doubts... This is the great merit of his work, the impression of a vision... That work is the impression that he felt intuitively, the great, beautiful, terrible spectacle of human life, you could say Shakespeare felt it positively... with a heart that never ceased to beat a passionate accompaniment to every stroke of his brush. The portrait of Thoreau in the lower... On the one side, the power, the passion, the lightning of his art; on the other, the most intimate of his spirit. When we forget what danger of man he was, and that was his purpose, his faith, his method, we may find forcible assurance there that they were, at any rate, his life... and a very intense one.

The Artist, March 1, 1917
"From Venice to Strasbourg"

THOREAU

SHAKESPEARE
 PAGE

While we may suspect that there is....something over-colored in Paul de Musset's account of the degree to which his brother was haunted by the religious sentiment - by the impulse to grope for some philosophy of life - we may feel that with the poet's sense of the divineness of love there went a conviction that ideal love implies a divine object.

French Poets and Novelists, 1878, p. 34
"Alfred de Musset"

THE
GREAT
QUESTION

If his manner is that of a searching realist, his temper is that of a devoutly attentive observer, and the result of this temper is to make him take a view of the great spectacle more general, more impartial, more unreservedly intelligent, than that of any novelist we know....The great question as to a poet or a novelist is, How does he feel about life? What in the last analysis, is his philosophy? When vigorous writers have reached maturity we are at liberty to look in their works for some expression of a total view of the world they have been so actively observing. This is the most interesting thing their work offers us.

French Poets and Novelists, 1878, p. 309
"Ivan Turgénieff"

THE
RULE
THAT
BIDS
US
LEARN

Life is in fact a battle. On this point optimists and pessimists agree. Evil is insolent and strong; beauty enchanting but rare; goodness very apt to be weak; folly very apt to be defiant; wickedness to carry the day, inbeciles to be in great places, people of sense in small, and mankind generally, unhappy. But the world as it stands is no illusion; no phantasm, no evil dream of a night; we wake up to it again for ever and ever: We can neither forget it nor deny it nor dispense with it. We can welcome experience as it comes, and give it what it demands, in exchange for something which it is idle to pause to call much or little so long as it contributes so swell the volume of consciousness. In this there hovers a visible rule, that bids us learn to will and seek to understand.

French Poets and Novelists, 1878, p. 318
"Ivan Turgénieff"

While we may suspect that there is... something
over-colored in Proust's account of the
barrier to which his brother was haunted by the
religious sentiment - by the desire to escape for
some philosophy of life - we may feel that with
the poet's sense of the divineness of love there
went a conviction that ideal love implies a
divine object.

French Poets and Novelists, 1872, p. 22
"L'Étre de l'homme"

If his manner is that of a searching realist, his
temper is that of a devoutly attentive observer,
and the result of this temper is to make him take
a view of the great spectacle more respectful, more
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reached naturally we are at liberty to look in
their works for some expression of a total view
of the world they have seen as objectively ob-
ject. This is the most interesting thing their
work offers us.

French Poets and Novelists, 1872, p. 22
"L'Étre de l'homme"

Life is in fact a battle. On this point poets
and novelists agree. But is it a battle and a struggle
between something but rare; goodness very rare; but
beauty; folly very rare; to be defeated; weakness
to carry the day, impossible to be in great places,
people of course in small, and mankind generally,
unhappy. But the world as it stands is no thing
at all; no phantom, no evil dream of a night; we
wake up to it again for ever and ever. We can
neither forget it nor deny it nor disagree with
it. We can welcome experience as it comes, and
give it what it demands, its exchange for some-
thing which it is able to give us as well as
little as long as it contributes as well as
volume of consciousness. In this there never is
visible rule, that bids us learn to will and seek
to understand.

French Poets and Novelists, 1872, p. 212
"L'Étre de l'homme"

THE
GREAT
QUESTION

THE
GREAT
QUESTION
THE
GREAT
QUESTION

A
HARD
WORLD

To our usual working mood the world is apt to seem, M. Turgénieff's hard world, and when, at moments, the strain and pressure deepen, the ironical element figures not a little in our form of address to those short-sighted friends who have whispered that it is an easy one.

French Poets and Novelists, 1878, p. 320
"Ivan Turgénieff"

The Artist: Philosophy

ARTIS-
TIC
IDEAL

As for those more accidental manifestations of a man, we may say in regard to them that the best thing a book can do for its readers is to give them the impression of a certain nobleness. That is what we find here, - the presence of a high artistic ideal, untouched by the vulgar or the trivial.

The International Review, April 1880, p. 371
"Letters of Eugène Delacroix"

Imaginative writers of the first order always give us an impression that they have a kind of philosophy.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 238
"Alphonse Daudet"

WORK
MORE
INTER-
ESTING
THAN
DOC-
TRINE

The first artists, in any line, are doubtless not those whose general ideas about their art are most often on their lips - those who most abound in precept, apology, and formula and can best tell us the reasons and the philosophy of things. We know the first usually by their energetic practice, the constancy with which they apply their principles, and the serenity with which they leave us to hunt for their secret in the illustration, the concrete example. None the less it often happens that a valid artist utters his mystery, flashes upon us for a moment the light by which he works, shows us the rule by which he holds it just that he should be measured. This accident is happiest, I think, when it is soonest over; the shortest explanations of the products of genius are the best, and there is many a creator of living figures whose friends, however full of faith in his inspiration, will do well to pray for him when he sallies forth into the dim wilderness of theory. The doctrine

to our usual working good the world is out to
us, it is impossible to have world, and what is
momentary, the attack and counter-attack, the
ironical element "figures not a little in our
form of address to those almost-altered friends
who have whispered that it is an easy one."
French poets and novelists, 1928, p. 280
"Even 'unpleasant'"

A
WORLD

The Artist: Philosophy

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trivial."
The International Review, April 1929, p. 271
"Letters of Lucien Delacour"

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Partial Portrait, 1928, p. 282
"Alphonse Daudet"

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do well to say for him when he is called forth
into the wilderness of theory. The doctrine

WORLD
MORE
INTER-
ESTING
THAN
DOGS-
TRINE

is apt to be so much less inspired than the work, the work is often so much more intelligent than the doctrine.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 243-244
"Guy de Maupassant"

STYLE OF LIFE

We may polish our periods till they shine again, but over the style of life our control of life is necessarily more limited.

Essays in London, 1893, p.130
"Gustave Flaubert"

MAN'S MYSTERY

Something that is every man's secret and mystery and of which no one has an account to render, the incalculable angle at which experience may strike, the vision, the impression of life that may impose itself.

Hubert Crackenthorpe, 1897, p. XVII.
"Last Studies, with an Appreciation
by Henry James"

A PROFESSIONAL MORALIST

He had seen the end of an age of imagination. He had seen all that could be done and shown in the way of mere illustration of the passions. The passions....were to constitute the almost exclusive subject of his study....He was to study them from the point of view of the idea of duty and conduct and he was, to this end, to spend his artistic life with them, and give a new turn to the theatre. He was in short, to become, on the basis of a determined observation of the manners of his time and country a professional moralist... We like to be moral, the (the French) like to moralise....The whole undertaking of such a writer is to study, and study thoroughly the bad ones. To enjoy his manner of dealing with such material we must grant him his full premises; that of the importunity of the phenomenon, the ubiquity of the general plight, the plight in which people are left by an insufficient control of their passions.

The New Review, March 1896, p. 294
"On the Death of Dumas the Younger"

is not to be so much less inspired than the work
the work is often so much more intelligent than
the doctrine.

Journal of the Royal Society, 1902, p. 100-101
"Joy de l'homme"

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Journal of the Royal Society, 1902, p. 100
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inconceivable world of which experience may give
the vision, the revelation of life that may
impose itself.

Journal of the Royal Society, 1902, p. 101
"Joy de l'homme", with an Appendix
by Henry James

He had seen the end of an era of imagination. He
had seen all that could be done and shown in the
way of mere illustration of the imagination. The
visions... were to be put to rest. He was to study them
live subject of his study... He was to study them
not the end of an era of imagination. He
confronted and he was to this end, to study them
rational life with them, and this was to be the
the theatre. He was in short, to become, in the
basis of a determined observation of the nature
of his time and society a new rational world...
We like to be moral, the (the) progress like to
moralize... The whole nature of such a world
is to study, and study thoroughly, that of a
to study his manner of feeling with each other
as that great his full nature: that of the
laboratory of the phenomenon, the study of
the natural light, the light in which things
are left by an insufficient control of their
passions.

The New Review, March 1902, p. 101
"The Death of the Young"

PROFESSOR
OF
LIFE

THE
ANOMALY
OF
GEORGE
SAND
STANDARD

Poor is the art.... that....is not far more real for this servant of the altar (the complete and genuine artist) than anything else, anything outside the church, can possibly be. To have been the tempered and directed hammer that makes the metal hard; if that be not good enough for such a ministrant, we may know him by whatever he has found better....we shall not know him by the great name. The immense anomaly of Mme. Sand is that she freely took the form, with most zest, of being quite another sort of hammer....She had, in spite of herself, an imagination almost of the highest order....She had in especial the gift of speech, speech supreme and inspired, to which we particularly owe the high value of the "case" she presents. For the case was definitely, a bold and direct experiment, not at all in "art", not at all in literature, but conspicuously and repeatedly in life; so that our profit of it is, before anything else, that it was conscious, articulate, vivid....recorded, reflected, imaged. The subject of the experiment became also, at first hand, the journalist, much of her work being simply splendid journalism....commissioned to bring it up to date. She interviewed nobody else, but she admirably interviewed herself; and this is exactly our good fortune.

North American Review, April 1902, Vol. 174, No. 4, p. 536-554

"George Sand: The New Life"

criticism or is nothing, and an intelligence is recorded more substantially in a single positive sign of such appreciation than in a volume of assiduous objections for objection's sake....the cheapest of all literary commodities....Silence is the perfection of disapproval.

Picture and Text, 1893, p. 13.

NO
ONE
OBLIGED
TO
LIKE
BY
BOSCH

Why feel, and feel genuinely, so much about "art," in order to feel so little about its privilege? Why proclaim it on the one hand the holy of holies, only to let your behavior confess it on the other a temple open to the winds? Why be angry that so few people care for the real thing, since this evasion of the many leaves a luxury of space? The answer to these too numerous questions is the final perception that the subject of our observations failed of happiness, failed of temperance, not through his excesses, but absolutely through his barriers. He passed his life in strange

THE
NICHOLS
OF
THE
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outside the church, and... (what) then...
been the... (what) then... (what) then...
the... (what) then... (what) then...
such a... (what) then... (what) then...
he has found better... (what) then...
the... (what) then... (what) then...
is that... (what) then... (what) then...
of... (what) then... (what) then...
in... (what) then... (what) then...
the... (what) then... (what) then...
gift of... (what) then... (what) then...
which... (what) then... (what) then...
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ly, a... (what) then... (what) then...
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conscious... (what) then... (what) then...
flected... (what) then... (what) then...
became... (what) then... (what) then...
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good fortune.

North American Review, April 1902, Vol. 174,
No. 4, p. 238-239
George Bernard Shaw: The New Life

3. Criticism: Definitions

HIGH STANDARD

We have a vision of the vanity of remonstrance and of the idleness of criticism. We cease to look for what we know people cannot give us.... and begin to look for what they can....What becomes of the true and the beautiful without a "high standard"?

The Nation, April 9, 1874, No. 458.
"Victor Hugo's Ninety-Three"

CRITICS A MINORITY

We are by no means sure that art is very intimately connected with a moral mission; and a picture that one dislikes, or a novel that one cannot read, or a play that one cannot sit out, is therefore to our sense a less melancholy phenomenon than to that of more rigid philosophers. We see no reason to believe that the mass of mankind will ever be more "artistic" than is strikingly convenient, and suspect that acute pleasure and pain on this line will remain the privilege of an initiated minority....A brilliant work of art will always seem artificial....a fact, it seems to us, not on the whole to be deplored.

The Atlantic Monthly, Dec. 1874, p. 754-757
"Drama"

APPRE- CIATION

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Picture and Text, 1893, p. 13.

NO ONE OBLIGED TO LIKE BY DOGMA

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BY
DOGM

oblivion of the circumstance that, however incumbent it may be on most of us to do our duty, there is, in spite of a thousand narrow dogmatisms, nothing in the world that any one is under the least obligation to like - not even (one braces one's self to risk the declaration) a particular kind of writing. Particular kinds of writing may sometimes, for their producers, have the good fortune to please; but these things are windfalls, pure luxuries, not resident even in the cleverest of us as natural rights.

Essays in London, 1893, p. 149.

"Gustave Flaubert"

EMOTION
AND
CRITI-
CISM

It has been interesting to perceive that we consider the work of art with passion, with something approaching to fury. Under its influence we sweep the whole keyboard of emotion, from frantic enjoyment to ineffable disgust. Resentment and reprobation happen to have been indeed in the case before us the notes most frequently sounded; but this is obviously an accident, not impairing the value of the illustration, the essence of which is that our critical temper remains exactly the naïf critical temper, the temper of the spectators in the gallery of the theatre who howl at the villain of the play.

Essays in London, 1891-1893, p. 232.

"Henrik Ibsen"

A
COMPLEX
ART

So far from being a chamber surrendering itself from the threshold to the ignorant young of either sex, criticism is positively and miraculously not the simplest and most immediate, but the most postponed and complicated of the arts, the last qualified for and arrived at, the one requiring behind it most maturity, most power to understand and compare.

The World's Best Literature, 1899,

Vol. 16, p. 9235.

"James Russell Lowell"

LITERA-
TURE
DEMORAL-
IZED
BY
THE
REVIEW

The high prosperity of fiction has marched, very directly, with another "sign of the times", the demoralization, the vulgarization of literature in general, the increasing familiarity of all such methods of communication, the making itself supremely felt, as it were, of the presence of the ladies and children, by whom I mean, in other words, the readers irreflective and uncritical.

REVIEW
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Vol. 16, p. 323.
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If the novel has found itself, socially speaking, at such a rate, the book par excellence, so on the other hand the book has in the same degree found itself a thing of small ceremony....The question of its future becomes one with that of the future of the total swarm. In speaking of the future of the novel we must of course, therefore, be taken as limiting the inquiry to those types that have for criticism, a present and a past. And it is only superficially that confusion seems here to reign. The fact that in England and in the United States every specimen that sees the light may look for a "review" testifies merely to the point to which in these countries, literary criticism has sunk. The review is in nine cases out of ten an effort of intelligence as undeveloped as the ineptitude over which it fumbles, and the critical spirit, which knows where it is concerned and where not, is not touched, is still less compromised, by the incident. There are too many reasons why newspapers must live. So as regards the tangible type....it very often gives us, by the reception it meets, a useful measure of the quality, of the delicacy, of many minds. There is to my sense no work of literary, or any other, art, that any human being is under the smallest possible obligation to "like"....the trap set by the artist occupies no different ground....Robert Louis Stevenson has admirably expressed the analogy....from the offer of her charms by the lady....so....how in the world can there not still be a future, however late in the day, for a contrivance possessed of this precious secret. The more we consider it, the more we feel that the prose picture can never be at the end of its tether until it lose the sense of what it can do. It can do simply everything, and that is its strength and its life. Its plasticity, its elasticity are infinite; there is no extension it may not take from the nature of its subject or the temper of its craftsman. **It** has the extraordinary advantage....that while giving an impression of the highest perfection and the rarest finish, it moves in a luxurious independence of rules and restrictions....It must, of course, hold our attention and reward it.

Universal Anthology, 1899, Vol.28, P.XVII.
 "The Future of the Novel"

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Universal Antology, 1899, Vol. 28, P. XVII
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ACUTE
MATURE
CRITICISM

The future of fiction is intimately bound up with the future of the society that produces and consumes it. In a society with a great and diffused literary sense the talent at play can only be a less negligible thing than in a society with a literary sense barely discernible. In a world in which criticism is acute and mature such talent will find itself trained, in order successfully to assert itself, to many more kinds of precautionary expertness than in a society in which the art I have named holds an inferior place or makes a sorry figure.

Universal Anthology, 1899, Vol.28,p.XIX.
"The Future of the Novel"

TWO
TYPES

Without proposing Flaubert as the type of the newspaper novelist, or as an easy alternative to golf or the bicycle, we should do him less than justice in failing to insist that a masterpiece like "Madam Bovary" may benefit even with the simple-minded by the way it has been done....It may be read ever so attentively, ever so freely, without a suspicion of how it is written, to say nothing of put together; it may equally be read under the excitement of these perceptions alone, one of the greatest known to the reader who is fully-open to them. Both readers will have been transported, which is all any can ask.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p.65-109.
"Gustave Flaubert"

THE
GATE

Criticism is the only gate of appreciation, just as appreciation is, in regard to a work of art, the only gate of enjoyment.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p.55

THE
KEY

Appreciation, attentive and reflective, inquisitive and conclusive is in this connection....the golden key to our pleasure....From this solicitude spring our questions, and not the least the one to which we give ourselves for the moment here - this moment of our being regaled as never yet with the fruits of the movement, in favour of the "expression of life" in terms as loose as may pretend to an effect of expression at all.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p. 327
"The New Novel"

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The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 55
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cis-Atlantic multitude - presents production uncontrolled, production untouched by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, unashamed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world.

The Lesson of Balzac, 1905, p. 57

MODERN CRITICISM

The case gives us the "new"....as an appetite for a closer notation, a sharper specification of the signs of life, of consciousness of the human scene....than the three or four generations before us had been at all moved to insist upon....for appreciation. We have....learned a little to insist....thus we got back something....We are unable to insist....on genius.

Notes on Novelists, 1914, p.320-321

"The New Novel"

Criticism: Kinds

RANDOM UTTER- ANCE

/Of Anna Dickinson's novel/ Mrs. Stowe's word "a brave, noble book". It is just these vague random utterances and all this counterfeit criticism that make the rational critic the more confident of his own duties.

The Nation, 1868, Vol.7, No.173, p.330

OLD FASHIONED

Mr. Hayward enjoys, it may not be impertinent, to observe, a high degree of celebrity in the London world as a talker and raconteur, and his essays bear the stamp of a man who, during half a century has been familiar with the most noteworthy people and the most interesting London society, and whose memory is an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and illustration.....

Mr. Hayward's criticism is of the old-fashioned English sort....not especially aesthetic or psychological; not going into fine shades or the more recently invented grounds of appreciation; but very wholesome, lively, vigorous, and well informed, and very rich in interesting allusion.

The Nation, Dec.26,1878, p. 402

"Hayward's Essays"

IMPRES- SION VS. JUDGMENT

He gives us new ground to wonder why the effort to fix a face and figure, to seize a literary character and transfer it to the canvas of the critic, should have fallen into such discredit among us, and have given way, to the mere

JUDGMENT
VS.
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Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 137-138
 "Robert Louis Stevenson"

TWO
 KINDS
 OF
 BIOGRAPH-
 ICAL
 CRITICISM

The greatest of literary quarrels will in short, on the general ground, once more come up - the quarrel beside which all others are mild and arrangeable, the eternal dispute between the public and the private, between curiosity and delicacy.

The Yellow Book, Jan. 1897, p. 20
 "She and He: Recent Documents"

/The difference between "truth" and information/

FEEL
 AND
 LEARN

The true thing that most matters to us is the true thing we have most use for, and there are surely many occasions on which the truest thing of all is the necessity of the mind....its simple necessity of feeling. Whether it feels in order to learn or learns in order to feel, the event is the same: the side on which it shall most feel will be the side to which it will most incline.

Ibid., p. 21

SKIP AND
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The Yellow Book, Jan. 1897, p. 22

"She and He: Recent Documents"

[on secrets for privacy and silence]

THE
BAFFLED
INQUIRER

Then the cunning of the inquirer, envenomed with resistance, will exceed in subtlety and ferocity anything we today conceive, and the pale forewarned victim, with every track covered, every paper burnt and every letter unanswered, will, in the tower of art, the invulnerable granite, stand without a sally, the siege of all the years.

Ibid., p. 23

Criticism in Caricature

JOURNAL-
ISM

Journalism is the criticism of the moment at the moment, and caricature is that criticism at once simplified and intensified by a plastic form.... Probably it needs an old society to produce ripe caricature.

Picture and Text, 1893, p. 117

AN
OLD
SOCIETY

A society has to be old before it becomes critical, and it has to become critical before it can take pleasure in the representation of its incongruities by an instrument as impertinent as the indefatigable crayon. Irony, scepticism, pessimism are, in any particular soil, plants of gradual growth.

Ibid., p. 118

DISRE-
SPECT

[Daumier, Garvani] the feeling of disrespect abides in all these things, the expression of the spirit for which humanity is definable primarily by its weaknesses. For Daumier these weaknesses are altogether ugly and grotesque, while for Garvani they are either basely graceful or touchingly miserable; but the vision of them in both cases is close and direct.

HILARITY

If on the other hand, we look through, a dozen volumes of the collection of Punch we get an equal impression of hilarity, but we by no means get an equal impression of irony. [In Punch "criticisms of life" is gentle and forbearing.

Ibid., p. 119

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Then the cunning of the indurter, enveloped with
resistance, will exceed in subtlety and ferocity
anything we today conceive, and the pale fore-
warned victim, with every track covered, every
paper burnt and every letter unanswered, will, in
the tower of art, the invulnerable granite, stand
without a ally, the siege of all the years.
Ibid., p. 23

THE
BATTLED
INQUIRER

Criticism in Caricature

Journalism is the criticism of the moment at the
moment, and caricature is that criticism at once
simplified and intensified by a plastic form....
Probably it needs an old society to produce ripe
caricature.

JOURNAL-
ISM

Picture and Text, 1893, p. 117

A society has to be old before it becomes criti-
cal, and it has to become critical before it can
take pleasure in the representation of its incon-
gruities by an instrument as impertinent as the
indigestible crayon. Irony, scepticism, pessimism
are, in any particular soil, plants of
gradual growth.

AN
OLD
SOCIETY

Ibid., p. 118

Dawson, Garvany, the feeling of disrespect a-
rides in all these things, the expression of the
spirit for which humanity is helpless primarily
by its weaknesses. For Dawson these weaknesses
are altogether ugly and grotesque, while for
Garvany they are either basely graceful or for-
tally miserable; but the vision of them in both
cases is close and direct.

DISRE-
SPECT

If on the other hand, we look through, a dozen
volumes of the collection of Punch we get an
equal impression of hilarity, but we by no means
get an equal impression of irony. In Punch
"criticisms of life" is gentle and forbearing.

HILARITY

Ibid., p. 119

THE SINISTER

The element of the sinister is so often in Daumier an accompaniment of the comic. He is peculiarly serious.

Picture and Text, 1893, p. 133

Criticism: Functions

THE STUDY OF CONNEC- TIONS

An achievement in art or in letters grows more interesting when we begin to perceive its connections; and, indeed, it may be said that the study of connections is the recognized function of intelligent criticism. It is a comparatively poor exercise of the attention (for the critic always, I mean) to judge a book all by itself, even if it happen to be a book as independent, as little the product of a school and a fashion, as "Le Mariage de Loti" or "Mon Frère Yves" or "Pêcheur d'Islande." Each of these works is interesting as illustrating the talent and character of the author, but they become still more interesting as we note their coincidences and relations with other works, for then they begin to illustrate other talents, and other characters as well: the plot thickens, the whole spectacle expands. We seem to be studying not simply the genius of an individual, but, in a living manifestation, that of a nation or of a conspicuous group; the nation or the group becomes a great figure operating on a great scale, and the drama of its literary production (to speak only of that) a kind of world-drama lighted by the universal sun, with Europe and America for the public, and the arena of races, the battle-field of their inevitable contrasts and competitions, for the stage.

Essays in London, 1888, p. 151-152

"Pierre Loti"

TRACK WITH PATIENCE

For is it not the very function of criticism and the sign of its intelligence to acquit itself honorably in embarrassing conditions and track the idea with patience just in proportion as it is elusive? The good method is always to sacrifice nothing.

Essays in London, 1888, p. 191

"Journal of the Brothers de Goncourt"

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APPRECIATE
BY
USE

To no one at any rate need it be denied to say that the best way to appreciate him is, abstaining from the clumsy process of appeal and the vulgar process of an advertisement, exclusively to use him, to feel him, to be privately glad of his message. In proportion as we swallow him whole and cherish him as a perfect example, his weaknesses fall into their places as the conditions about which in estimating a man who has been original, there is a want of tact in crying out; there is, of course, always the answer that the critic is to be suborned only by originalities that fertilize; the rejoinder to which, of equal necessity, must ever be that even to the critics of unborn generations poor Flaubert will doubtless yield a fund of amusement. To the end of time there will be something flippant, something perhaps even "clever" to be said about his immense ado about nothing. Those for some of whose moments, on the contrary this ado will be as stirring as music, will belong to the group that has dabbled in the same material and striven with the same striving. The interest he presents, in truth, can only be a real interest for fellowship, for initiation of the practical kind; and in that case it becomes a sentiment, a sort of mystical absorption or fruitful secret. The sweetest things in the world of art or the life of letters are the irresponsible sympathies that seem to rest on divination.... Then, since if we like people very much we end by liking their circumstances, the eternal chamber and the dry Benedictine years have a sufficiently palpable effect in the repousse bronze of his books.

Essays in London, 1893, p. 140-141
"Gustave Flaubert"

A
FALLACY

Not difficulties....those of penetration, exploration, interpretation, those in the word that says everything, appreciation....are the approved field of criticism, but the very forefront of the obvious and the palpable, when we may go around and around like holiday-makers on hobby-horses at the turning of a crank. Differences of estimate, in this relation come back, too clearly,....to differences of view of the character of genius in general....if not in truth....to that strangest of all fallacies, the idea of the separateness of a great man's parts. His genius places itself, under this fallacy, on one side of the line and the

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Essays in London, 1883, p. 140-141

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William Shakespeare, The Tempest, 1907,
p. XXVII, "Introduction"

THE
PRIME
OFFICE
OF
CRITICISM

The state of the novel in England at the present time is virtually very much the state of criticism itself....no equal outpouring of matter into the mould of literature, or what roughly passes for such, has been noted to live its life and maintain its flood, its level at least of quantity and mass, in such free and easy independence of critical attention....the low critical pitch is logically reflected in the poetic or, less pendentically speaking, the improvisational at large. The effect, if not the prime office, of criticism is to make our absorption and our enjoyment of the things that feed the mind as aware of itself as possible, since that awareness quickens the mental demand, which thus in turn wanders further and further for pasture. This action on the part of the mind practically amounts to reaching out for the reasons of its interest, as only by its so ascertaining them can the interest grow more various. This is the very education of our imaginative life; and thanks to it the general question of how to refine, and of why certain things refine more and most, on that happy consciousness, becomes for us of the last importance. Then we cease to be only instinctive....and through the door opened by that perception criticism enters, if we but give it time, as a flood, the great flood of awareness.... Stupidity may arrest any current and fatuity transcent any privilege....The flood of production has so....exceeded the activity of control that this....agent....has been forced backward out of the gate....Beyond number are the ways in which the democratic example, once gathering momentum sets its mark on societies and seasons that stand

"WITCHES an Age by Mrs. A. C. Jenkins"

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Notes on Novelists, 1914
"The New Novel"

Comparative Criticism

ENGLISH
AND
FRENCH

The Englishman finds ready-made answers. The young Frenchman, nothing but ready-made doubts.
The Atlantic Monthly, Jan. 25, 1872, p. 58
"Taine's, Notes on England"

The English genius for psychological observation has no correlative in France.
Ibid., p. 58.

AMERICAN

American literature may be immature, but it has, in prose and verse alike, a savor of its own, and we have often thought that this might be a theme for various interesting reflections. Howells reminds us how much our native-grown imaginative effort is a matter of detail, of fine shades, of pale colors, the making of small things do great service.... Civilization with us is monotonous, and in the way of contrast, of salient points, of chiaro-scuro, we have to take what we can get.

Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow among our poets, and Mr. Howells, and Bret Harte and Mr. Aldrich among the story-tellers (the latter writer, indeed, in verse as well as in prose) have all pre-eminently the instinct of style and form.

The Nation, Jan. 7, 1875, No. 497, p. 12-13

ENGLISH
AND
FRENCH

The general difference between the English and French novels is that the former are obviously addressed in a great measure to the young unmarried women, and that the latter directly count them out. The strength of each species, we think, lies on the whole in their adhering to this natural division. Mr. André Theuriet apparently thinks otherwise.... A French novel pitched in the English key is apt to forfeit both its characteristic charms, and to miss the homelier graces of our own school.

The Nation, Oct. 21, 1875, No. 538, p. 264
"Within an Ace by Mrs. A. C. Jenkins"

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IRISH
STEW

Nothing more striking in a clever French novel, as a general thing, than its superiority in artistic neatness and shapeliness to a clever English one... English - Irish stew: French - entrée.

The Nation, Jan. 13, 1876, No. 550

FRENCH
ENTRÉE

ENGLISH
CULTURE

English culture, then, insofar as it is a luxury, is a child of leisure; whereas leisure in America has not yet reached that interesting period at which the parental function begins to operate.

The Galaxy, Aug. 1877, No. 2, p. 152

"The Picture Season in London"

FRENCH
CRITICISM

In that country /France/ criticism is not only a profession, it is a power whereas, in other countries, critics are, if I am not mistaken, a little ashamed of their trade, in France they rather pride themselves upon it, take their stand upon it, and exercise it very frankly and aggressively. They are often able to give their judgments the importance of literary and artistic events. It is only fair to add, that, in general, they do their work much more skilfully than among ourselves. At all events they carry standards and trumpets and great guns; they belong to camps and schools; they have dogmas, codes, strongholds to defend.

The International Review, April, 1880,
p. 370-371.

"The Letters of Eugène Delacroix"

MANNERS
AND
LITERATURE

We know a man imperfectly until we know his society, and we but half know a society until we know its manners. This is especially true of a man of letters, for manners lie very close to literature.

Partial Portraits, 1887, p. 3

"Emerson"

ENGLISH
AND
FRENCH

This has been from the beginning the good fortune of our English providers of fiction, as compared with the French. They are inferior in audacity, in neatness, in acuteness, in intellectual vivacity, in the arrangement of material, in the art of characterising visible things. But they have been more at home in the moral world; as people say today they know their way about the conscience. This is the value of much of the work done by the feminine wing of the school - work which presents itself to French taste as deplorably thin and insipid. Much of it is

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exquisitely human and that after all is a merit.
Partial Portraits, 1883, p.124-125
"Anthony Trollope"

FRENCH
 AND
 ENGLISH

The French may bear the palm to-day in the representation of manners by the aid of fiction. Formerly, it was possible to oppose Balzac and Madame Sand to Dickens and Thackeray; but at present we have no one, either in England or in America, to oppose Alphonse Daudet.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 195
"Alphonse Daudet"

GALLIC
 GIFTS

There is a very Gallic element in some of Du Maurier's gifts - his fineness of perception, his remarkable power of specifying types, his taste, his grace, his lightness, a certain refinement of art.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 342
"George du Maurier"

ARNOLD
 SAINTE-
 BEUVE

Mr. Arnold as an English writer, is dear to the soul of the outsider..../because of/ the fact that he reminds the particular outsider who writes these lines just the least little bit of the great Sainte-Beuve....The measure of my enjoyment of a critic is the degree to which he resembles Sainte-Beuve....The resemblance exists in Mr. Arnold, with many disparities and differences: not only does he always speak of the author of Causeries with esteem and admiration, but he strikes the lover of Sainte-Beuve as having really taken lessons from him, as possessing a part of his great quality - closeness of contact to his subject. I do not in the least mean that Mr. Arnold is an imitator....He has a genius, a quality, all his own, and he has in some respects a largeness of the horizon which Sainte-Beuve never reached. The horizon of Sainte-Beuve was French: - but that of Mr. Arnold is....European, more than European inasmuch as it includes America..../Many readers/ will never cease to regret that he should have spent so much time and ingenuity in discussing the differences between Dissenters and Anglicans /In St. Paul and Protestantism and in Literature and Dogma/; should not rather have given those earnest hours to the interpretation of literature....There is something dry and dusty in the atmosphere of such discussion, which accords ill with the fresh tone of the man of letters, the artist. It must

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RENAN

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English Illustrated Magazine, Jan. 1884

p. 243

"Matthew Arnold"

ANGLO-SAXON
AND
FRENCH

No critic has ever explained on our behalf (Anglo-Saxons) the system by which we hurl ourselves on a writer today and leave the same writer alone in his glory tomorrow. It gives us the air of perpetually awaking from mistakes, but it renders obscure all our canons of judgment....At any rate, if we have in England and the United States only the two alternatives of the roar of the market and the silence of the tomb, the situation is apt to be different in France, where the quality that goes into a man's work and gives it an identity is the source of the attention excited. It happens that the interest in the play of the genius is greater there than the "boom" of the particular hit, the concern primarily for the author rather than the subject, instead of, as among ourselves, primarily for the subject rather than the author. Is this because the French have been acute enough to reflect that authors include subjects, but that subjects can unfortunately not be said to include authors?

The New Review, March, 1896, p. 288

"On the Death of Dumas the Younger"

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ANGLO-
 SAXON
 AND
 FRENCH

THE
STRAY
GUEST

In London....the wandering breath of criticism is the stray guest at the partythe shy young man whom nobody knows.
Harper's Weekly, Feb. 15, 1897,
p. 134-135.

FRENCH
AND
ENGLISH

The great difference - to speak broadly - between the French reading public and the English is that "literary success" is for the one the success of the author, and for the other the success of the book.

Literature, April 30, 1898, p. 511
"American Letter"

ENGLISH
AND
FRENCH

The authors of the English studies [English Men of Letters series] appear to labor under a terror of critical responsibility; the authors of the French [Les Grands Ecrivains Français], on the contrary, to hunger and thirst for it. The authors of the English, shirking and dodging, at every turn, any relation of their subject that may compel them to broach an idea, hug the safe and easy shore of small biographical fact and anecdote; the authors of the French are impatient till they can put out into the open and sound its depths and breathe its air....M. Jules LeMaitrehad....studied under Ernest Renan that art of imperturbable charmed inquiry, vertiginous speculation and inconclusive thought of which this beautiful genius was so happy a master. Whereas, however, the positive high beauty of Renan's temper was ever in itself a kind of conclusion, it was the fate of this most promising of his pupils to give us, finally, the impression of a critic trying rather vainly not only to make up a mind, but to make up a character.

The North American Review, Oct. 1899,
CLXIX, p. 491

"The Present Literary Situation in France"

A
FRENCH
CRITIC

M. Brunetière is two distinct things, which are much better kept so than united: an extremely erudite mind and an extremely irritated temper. He is full of information and chagrin, and it is one way to describe him - to say that his intelligence has not kept pace with his learning. It has gone into that large and lighted, but unduly heated chamber and closed the door behind it; and there perched at the narrowest of windows it

THE
STRAY
GUEST

In London....the wandering breath of
criticism is the stray guest at the party
....the only young man whom nobody knows.
Harper's Weekly, Feb. 18, 1897,
p. 134-135.

FRENCH
AND
ENGLISH

The great difference - to speak broadly - be-
tween the French reading public and the English
is that "literary success" is for the one the
success of the author, and for the other the
success of the book.
Literature, April 30, 1898, p. 511
"American Letter"

ENGLISH
AND
FRENCH

The authors of the English studies English Men
of Letters series appear to labor under a ter-
ror of critical responsibility; the authors of
the French Les Grands Ecrivains Français, on
the contrary, to hunger and thirst for it. The
authors of the English, shirking and dodging, at
every turn, any relation of their subject that
may compel them to broach an idea, and the safe
and easy shore of small biographical fact and
anecdote; the authors of the French are impatient
till they can put out into the open and sound its
depths and breathe its air....M. Jules Lemaitre
....studied under Ernest Renan that art of
impenetrable carved inquiry, vertiginous specu-
lation and inconclusive thought of which this
beautiful genius was so happy a master. Whereas,
however, the positive high beauty of Renan's
temper was ever in itself a kind of conclusion,
it was the fate of this most promising of his
pupils to give us, finally, the impression of a
critic trying rather vainly not only to make up
a mind, but to make up a character.
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CLIX, p. 491
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has looked through a glass darkly - with fatal frustration. He produces the impression of a second-rate opinion, of perception arrested and confused. It does him no injustice to say that he represents that least luminous of all things, official criticism. The only office of the critical understanding that does not stultify it is to give itself, to the last drop of its blood. If M. Brunetière has made this surrender, it can only be said that he had not originally much to give.

The North American Review, Oct. 1899, CLXIX.
p. 493

"The Present Literary Situation in France"

THE
CRITIC
IN
FRANCE

What can it be else than a joy to an artist to encounter so concrete an example of the understanding, in the presence of a work of art, to consider /Flaubert's Madame Bovary/.... /M. de Vogue/ The man of genius is always a wonder, but the man of M. de Vogue's particular combination of resources may, perhaps, still more, on occasion, cause the observer to lose himself in meditation.... He shows at times what the observer would, perhaps, himself fain have been. At all events, in especial, the man of the world of his partie; he knows many things and has a clear and frequent eloquence, and a wonderfully easy hand. The hand, in France, never fails, and may be seen at the century's end nervously reaching out from the abyss of an intellectual experience that almost seems at moments to threaten to operate as a shaft sunk too straight. A great curiosity still survives this experience. French critical literature is even now a monument to it, and if the time ever was when the preponderance of inquiry was on our side of the Atlantic and of the Channel, contemporary periodical literature in the opposite quarter has quite reversed the relation. We at present, Americans and English together, push our intellectual feelers with a vivacity by no means proportionate to our own exposure. We seem unlikely to create any successful diversion to being ourselves understood.

The North American Review, Oct. 1899,
CLXIX, p. 494-495.

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4. The Critic

THE
OBSERVER

In every human inbroglio, be it of a comic or a tragic nature, it is good to think of an observer standing aloof, the critic, the idle commentator of it all, taking notes, as we may say in the interest of truth. The exercise of this function is the chief ground of our interest in Juan. The North American Review, Oct. 1868

"The Spanish Gypsy, a poem by George Eliot"

NO
CRITIC
LAYS
DOWN
THE
LAW

The day of dogmatic criticism is over, and with it the ancient infallibility, and tyranny. No critic lays down the law, because no reader receives the law ready-made. The critic is simply a reader like all the others - a reader who prints his impressions. All he claims is, that they are honest; and when they are unfavorable he esteems it quite as simple a matter as when they are the reverse. Public opinion and public taste are silently distilled from a thousand private affirmations and convictions. No writer pretends that he tells the whole truth; he knows that the whole truth is a synthesis of the great body of small partial truths. But if the whole truth is to be pure and incontrovertible, it is needful that these contributions to it be thoroughly firm and uncompromising. The critic reminds himself, then, that he must be before all things clear and emphatic. If he has properly mastered his profession, he will care only in a minor degree whether his relation to a particular work is one of praise or of censure. He will care chiefly whether he has detached from such any ideas and principles appreciable and available to the cultivated public judgment. By his success in this effort he measures his usefulness, and by his usefulness he measures his self-respect.

The Nation, Oct. 22, 1868, Vol. 7, No. 173,
p. 330

SAINTE-
BEUVE'S
HORROR
OF
DOGMA

Now Sainte-Beuve [compared with Taine] is to our sense the better apostle of the two. In purpose the least doctrinal of critics; it was by his very horror of dogmas, moulds and formulas, that he so effectively contributed to the science of literary interpretation....he never pretended to have devised a method which should be a key to

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The Atlantic, April 1872, p. 469-472
 "Taine's History of English Literature"

MONTEGUT

His philosophy as a critic and as a commentator is rather of the pessimistic sort; it is at least a philosophy in which resignation, appreciation, and a kind of mellow stoicism, finding its point d'appui in culture for culture's sake, stand instead of more boisterous forms of hope and faith.

An aesthetic casuist. He has neither the weight and mass of M. Taine, nor the bustling malice - the critical scratch, as one may call it - of Sainte-Beuve....The book reads like the record of an intellectual holiday. The sense of the artist, the joy in material forms, and the conscience of the moralist, the care for spiritual meanings.

The Nation, July 23, 1874, No. 473
 "Souvenirs de Bourgogne par Emile Montégut"

REVISION
 BY
 SAINTE-
 BEUVE

The acutest critic the world has seen spent much of the latter part of his life in revising his published writings, amending them, minutely annotating, and generally re-editing them. He thought that anything that was worth doing at all was worth doing well. He had a passion for exactitude, and he wished, as it were, to make a certain toilet for his productions, on their appearance before posterity. This is the sentiment of a man who feels that he had done good work. He prepared, therefore, during his last years, a series of "authorized editions" of all his principal performances..../going backward/ He did not live to collect his first critical articles, his groping experiments in the line in which he subsequently became a master. It is a vast pity that, since they were to be exhumed, he himself should not have presided at the ceremony. He would have supplied them with a number of entertaining notes, and given many valuable glimpses of the history of the formation of his opinions.

The Nation, Feb. 18, 1875, No. 503, p.117-8
 "Sainte-Beuve's First Articles"

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MONTÉGUT

REVISION
BY
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A
PSYCHOL-
OGIST

Stendhal invented a method of observation which, in M. Taine's opinion renewed the whole science of literary and social criticism. Stendhal wasnot a literary critic, he was a practical psychologist.

The Nation, May 6, 1875, No. 514, p.318-319

A
LIMP

A literary critic who does not enjoy Thackeray has a limp in his gait.

The Nation, April 6, 1876, No. 562, p. 233

POOR
CRITICISM

/Sainte-Beuve writes/ "There is no longer such a thing as an isolated question of taste....As soon as you penetrate a little under the veil of society, as in nature, you see nothing but wars, struggles, destructions and recompositions." This Lucretian view of criticism isn't a cheerful one; but once we attain it, it seems preferable even with its high sadness, to the worship of idols... I take it as the expression of a wholesome impatience of that dull and unintelligent vision of things which so often passes in literature as adequate and decorous, and which, in fact, is poor sentiment quite as truly as it is poor criticism. Sainte-Beuve was a man of imagination and, as our ancestors used to say, of sensibility as a critic he had lively sympathies....

But he was not a sentimentalist; he was incapable of preferring a contemplation of the surfaces to a knowledge of the internal spring.

North American Review, Jan. 1880, Vol. 130
"Sainte-Beuve"

SAINTE-
BEUVE
A
LIBERAL

Of course when one makes the remark that a man's work is in a peculiar degree the record of a mind, the history of a series of convictions and feelings, the reflection of a group of idiosyncracies, one does not of necessity by that fact, praise it to the skies. Everything depends upon the value of the mind in question. It so happened that Sainte-Beuve's was a wonderful one.... a mind so rich and fine and flexible, that this personal accent which sounds everywhere in his writings, acquired a superior savor and an exquisite rarity. He had indeed a remarkable combination of qualities....He was always a man of his time; he played his part in the romantic movement. "Joseph Delorme" and the novel "Volupté" are creations eminently characteristic

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The Nation, April 6, 1876, No. 302, p. 323

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of that fermentation of opinion, that newer young genius which produced the great modern works of French literature. Sainte-Beuve....was essentially of the generation of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, of Balzac and George Sand. But he was much more on his guard than most of his companions. He was a conservative as well as a liberal; he was never a violent radical. He had a great tenderness for tradition, for the old models, for classic ideas....it must be remembered that the critics and commentators can not, in the nature of things, afford to run the risks and make the bold experiments of the poets and producers....His great justification, however, it seems to me, is, that the cause that Sainte-Beuve defended was the largest of all, for it was simply the cause of liberty, in which we are all so much interested....It was doubtless not always a question of defending his own character, but it was almost always a question of defending his position as a free observer and appreciator.... The literary atmosphere of France has always been full of watchwords and catchwords, the emblems and tokens of irreconcilable factions, and of what may be called vested literary interests. Sainte-Beuve's instinct, from the beginning of his career, was to mistrust any way of looking at things which should connect the observer with a party pledged to take the point of view most likely to minister to its prosperity. Sainte-Beuve cared nothing for the propriety of partiesHe cared only to look freely - to look all round.

North American Review, Jan. 1880, p. 50-68
"Sainte-Beuve"

ARNOLD

Arnold first appeared as....the general critic, the commentator of English life, the observer and expostulator, the pleader with the dissenters, the genial satirist.

The English Illustrated Magazine, Jan. 1884
"Matthew Arnold"

KINDS OF CRITICS

There are people who don't enjoy till they know why they enjoy, and critics so oddly constituted that their sensation amuses them still more than even the work that produces that sensation. These critics so often reviled for being "subjective", ought to join hands around M. Du Maurier and dance in a ring, so beautiful a chance does he

THE SUBJECTIVE

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THE
CURIOSITY-
MONGERS

"Tell me", insist the curiosity-mongers, "how he feels, how he looks, how he confesses himself, betrays himself, what kind and quantity of life is distilled through his alembic and what colour and shape the world, as he presents it, to us, reflects from his particular soul."

Harper's Weekly, April 14, 1894, p.341-342
"George Du Maurier"

JOHN
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CHAPMAN

I cannot deal with Mr. Chapman's discriminations further than to say that many of them....strike me both as going straight and as going deep. The New England spirit in prose and verse was, on a certain side, wanting in life - and this is one of the sides that Mr. Chapman has happily expressed. His study, nevertheless, is the result of a really critical process - a literary portrait out of which the subject shines with the rare beauty and originality that belongs to it. Does Mr. Chapman, on this showing, however, contain the adumbration of the literary critic for whom I a short time spoke of the country as yearning even to its core - quite as with the apprehension that without him it may totter to its fall? I should perhaps be rather more prepared with an answer had I found the author, throughout the remaining essays in the volume.... equally firm on his feet,....But he is liable to extreme acuteness....and cannot be too pressing-ly urged to proceed.

Literature, June 11, 1898, p. 676
"American Letter"

PROFITABLE
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Woe to the mere official critic, the critic who has never felt the man. You go on liking "The Antiquary" because it is Scott. You go on liking "David Copperfield"because it is Dickens. So you go on liking "Denis Duval" because it is Thackeray - which in this last case is the logic of the charm I allude to.

English Hours, 1901, p. 290

"Winchelsea, Rye and Denis Duval"

b. The Endowment of the Critic: Taste

BARBARIANS

Those jolly barbarians of taste who read novels only for what they call the "story".

The Nation, Feb. 22, 1866

"Henry Sedley's Marian Rooke"

DEMOCRACY
AND
TASTE

A great multiplicity of exhibitions is, I take it, a growth of our own day....a result of that democratization of all tastes and fashions which marks our glorious period.

The Galaxy, Aug. 1877, No. 2, p.149-161

"The Picture Season in London"

TASTE
A
CAUSE

One's taste is an effect, more than a cause of one's preferences; it is indeed the result of a series of particular tastes. With Sainte-Beuve, as with everyone else, it grew more and more flexible with time; it adapted itself, and opened new doors and windows.

The North American Review, Jan. 1880, p.56

"Sainte-Beuve"

The Endowment of the Critic:

Curiosity or Interest

PROFITABLE
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Curiosity as to the way exquisite things are produced in literature is an attitude as to which the profit is mainly in the healthy exercise of the faculty; for the questions it presses most eagerly are the most unanswerable. They are not....the questions the man of genius himself

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The North American Review, Jan. 1880, p. 58
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Alphonse Daudet, Port Tarascon, 1891,
p. I-XIX.

"Translator's Preface"

THREE
MARKS
OF
CRITICAL
POWER

Knowledge, curiosity, acuteness, a critical faculty remarkable in itself and very highly trained, the direct observation of life and the study of history, strikes the reader of "Robert Elsmere" - rich and representative as it is - as so many strong savors in a fine moral ripeness, a genial, a much-seeing wisdom.

Essays in London, 1891, p.257

"Mrs. Humphrey Ward"

CURIOSITY
AND
THE
ART
OF
THE
CRITIC

It is a truly remarkable show, for as to where nous en sommes, as the phrase goes, in the art of criticism and the movement of curiosity, as to our accumulations of experience and our pliancy of intelligence, our maturity of judgment and our distinction of tone, our quick perception of quality and (peculiar glory of our race) our fine feeling for shades, he has been the means of our acquiring the most copious information.

"Essays in London", 1891-1893, p. 231

"Henrik Ibsen"

WHY?
HOW?

The critic worth his salt is indiscreetly curious and wants ever to know why and how.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65

"Gustave Flaubert"

The Endowment of the Critic:

Attention or Observation

THE
EDGE
GROWS

I found that the edge of one's observation, unlike that of other trenchant instruments, grows again if one leaves it alone.

The Galaxy, May, 1877, p. 662

"The London Theatres"

WE
NEGLECT
OBSERVATION

We have doubtless often enough the courage of our opinions (when it befalls that we have opinions), but we have not so constantly that of our perceptions. There is a whole side of

most confidently meets.
Alphonse Daudet, Fort Tressan, 1891,
 p. 1-XIX
 "Translator's Preface"

Knowledge, curiosity, acuteness, a critical
 faculty remarkable in itself and very highly
 trained, the direct observation of life and the
 study of history, strikes the reader of "Robert
 Blum" - rich and representative as it is -
 as so many strong savors in a fine moral ripe-
 ness, a genial, a much-seeing wisdom.
Essays in London, 1891, p. 237
 "Mrs. Humphrey Ward"

THREE
 MARKS
 OF
 CRITICAL
 POWER

It is a truly remarkable show, for as to where
 now or some, as the phrase goes, in the art
 of criticism and the movement of criticism, as to
 our accumulations of experience and our pliancy
 of intelligence, our capacity of judgment and our
 distinction of tone, our quick perception of
 quality and (peculiar glory of our race) our
 fine feeling for shades, he has been the means of
 our acquiring the most copious information.
"Essays in London, 1891-1893, p. 281
 "Fanny Tolan"

CURIOUSITY
 AND
 THE
 ART
 OF
 THE
 CRITIC

The critic worth his salt is indifferently curious
 and wants ever to know why and how.
Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65
 "Gustave Flaubert"

WHY?
 HOW?

The Endowment of the Critic:
 Attention or Observation

I found that the edge of one's observation, un-
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The Galaxy, May, 1897, p. 682
 "The London Theatre"

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our perceptive apparatus that we in fact neglect, and there are probably many among us who would erect this tendency into a duty.

Partial Portraits, 1888, p. 249

"Guy de Maupassant"

WE
HAVE
LOST
THE
FACULTY

The appeal is truly to that faculty of attention out of which we are educating ourselves as hard as we possibly can; educating ourselves with such complacency, with such boisterous high spirits, that we may already be said to have practically lost it - with the consequence that any work of art or of criticism making demand on it is by that fact essentially discredited.

Endowment of the Critic: Penetration

We stake our hopes thus on indirectness, which may contain possibilities; we take that very truth for our counsel of despair, try to look at it as helpful for the criticism of the future. That of the past has been too often infantile; one has asked oneself how it could on such lines get at him. The figured tapestry, the long arras that hides him, is always there, with its immensity of surface and its proportionate underside. May it not then be but a question, for the fullness of time, of the finer weapon, the sharper point, the stronger arm, the more extended lunge?

William Shakespeare, The Tempest, 1907,

Vol. 16, p. XXXI

"Introduction by Henry James (University Press)

Endowment of the Critic: Judgment

Determinations of rank are a delicate matter, and it is sufficient priority for an author that one likes him immensely. Daudet is bright, vivid, tender: he has an intense artistic life. And then he is so free. For the spirit that moves slowly, going carefully from point to point, not

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William Shakespeare, The Tempest, 180V,
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slowly, going carefully from point to point, not

sure whether this or the other will "do", the sight of such freedom is delightful.

Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 238-239
"Alphonse Daudet"

THE
ONLY
RULE

By the critic who likes to meet such a bristling adventurer as Mr. Kipling, I mean, of course, the critic for whom the happy accident of character, whatever form it may take, is more of a bribe to interest, than the promise of a character cherished in theory....the appearance of justifying some foregone conclusion to what a writer or a book "ought" in the Ruskinian sense, to be, the critic, in a word, who has a priori no rule for a literary production but that it shall have genuine life. Such a critic (he gets much more out of his opportunities, I think than the other sort) likes a writer exactly in proportion as he is a challenge, an appeal to interpretation, intelligence, ingenuity, to what is elastic in the critical mind....in proportion, indeed, as he may be a negation of things familiar and taken for granted. He feels in this case how much more play and sensation there is for himself.

Mine Own People and Soldiers Three by
Rudyard Kipling, 1891, p. VII-XXVI.

"Critical Introduction"

A
LOST
CRITIC

A critic is lost, as a critic, from the moment his feeling about the worse parts of the matter he is investigating does not differ materially from his feeling about the better. That is an attitude even less enlightened than being unconscious of the blemishes.

The New Review, March 1896, p. 298

"On the Death of Dumas the Younger"

The Functions of the Critic

CRITICS
MAKE
CRITICISM

Just as it is not criticism that makes critics, but critics who make criticism, so the national type is the result, not of what we take from it but of what we give to it, not of our impoverishment, but of our enrichment.

Literature, April 28, 1898, p. 483-484

"American Letter"

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Partial Portraits, 1883, p. 232-233
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CRITIC
MAKES
CRITICISM

THE
GARDEN
OF
THE
CRITIC

The critic must appreciate, discriminate, hold his course and he can, in a word, scarce help being put out by the colossal when the colossal breaks into his little garden, so neat on its traditional lines, in the manner of an escaped elephant from the nearest circus. He learns soon enough, probably to allow for the elephant; but the question never quite wholly sinks to rest - the garden never feels altogether safe.

The Cornhill Magazine, Nov. 1901, p. 577-598
"Edmond Rostand"

Every experiment in aesthetics is interesting - I mean, of course, to the critic - that is made in good faith /made, likewise with talent/.

The Cornhill Magazine, Nov. 1901, p. 590
"Edmond Rostand"

Entrancing, in fact, to the critic is just the faith, however, different from the critic's own, that runs away with a man.

The Cornhill Magazine, Nov. 1901, p. 590
"Edmond Rostand"

A
CRITIC
BETRAYED

A critic betrayed at artless moments into a plea for composition may find himself as blankly met as if his plea were for trigonometry. /Reasons/... The novel is so preponderantly cultivated by women, in other words by a sex ever gracefully, comfortably, enviably unconscious (it would be too much to call them even suspicious) of the requirements of form.

Notes on Novelists, 1902, p. 65-109
"Gustave Flaubert"

THE
"CASE"

The great feast days of all for the restless critic are those much interpaced occasions of his really meeting a "case" as he soon learns to callany supremely contributive or determinant party to the critical question....Always looking, always hoping, for his happiest chance, the inquirer into the reasons of things - by which I mean the reasons of books - so often misses it, so often wastes his steps and withdraws his confidence that he inevitably works out for himself some handy principle of recognition....He ends, through much expenditure of patience, by seeing when, how, why the case announces and presents itself, and he perhaps even feels that failure and felicity have worked together to produce in

WHEN?
HOW?
WHY?

THE
GARDEN
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The Cornhill Magazine, Nov. 1901, p. 377-388
"Edward Rosland"

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WHEN?
HOW?
WHY?

him a sense for it that may at last be trusted as an instinct....He may perhaps not always be able to give us the grounds of his certainty, but he is at least never without knowing it in the presence of one of the full-blown products that are the joy of the analyst. He recognizes, as well, how the state of being full-blown comes above all from the achievement of consistency, of the last consistency which springs from the full enjoyment of freedom.

The Quarterly Review, April, 1904,
p. 383-419

"Gabriele D'Annunzio"

GENERAL IDEAS

M. Émile Faguet....gives us one of those literary portraits the tradition of which, so far at least as they are the fruit of method; has continued scantily to flourish among ourselves. /The ground of mastered critical method and air of cool deliberation and conclusion/ M. Faguet's intelligence....sweeps the ground clear of the anecdotal, the question-begging reference to odds and ends of the personal and the superficial in a single short chapter, and, having got so promptly over this second line of defense, attacks at once the issue of his author's general ideas.

Notes on Novelists, 1913, p. 143-157

"Honoré de Balzac"

CONSIDER- ATION

The cry of the novel, when sincere....is to be read again....that is the act of considerationThe effect of consideration....is to light for us in a work of art the hundred questions of how and why and whether.

Notes on Novelists, p. 344, 1914

"The New Novel"

d. Artists and Critics

ARTISTS DISTRUST CRITICS

As writers who really know how to write, however, will always belong rather to the class of spectators than to that of painters, it may be conceded that the profit of their criticism will accrue rather to those who look at pictures than to those who make them.

$$V_{12} = 0.5 \text{ m}^3$$

"LOVE ON WHEELS BUILT"

Painters always have a great distrust of those who write about pictures. They have a strong sense of the difference between the literary point of view and the pictorial, and they inveterately suspect critics of confounding them.

North American Review, April 1868,
p. 716-727
"Contemporary French Painters"

ART
A
NECESSITY

The whole artistic fraternity....have a standing, and in many ways a very just quarrel with criticism; but perhaps many of them would admit that, on the whole, so long as they appeal to a public laden with many cares and a great variety of interest, it gratifies them as much as it displeases them. Art is one of the necessities of life; but even the critics themselves would probably not assert that criticism is any more than an agreeable luxury....something like printed talk. If it be said that they claim too much in calling it 'agreeable' to the criticized it may be added on their behalf that they probably mean agreeable in the long run.

The Nation, Feb. 13, 1879, p. 119
"Whistler"

THE
POWER
OF
CRITICISM

He gave me the impression of thinking of criticism as most serious workers think of it - that it is the amusement, the exercise, the subsistence of the critic (and, so far as this goes, of immense use); but that though it may often concern other readers, it does not much concern the artist himself. In comparison with all those things which the production of a considered work forces the artist little by little to say to himself, the remarks of the critic are vague and of the moment; and yet owing to the large publicity of the proceeding, they have a power to irritate or discourage which is quite out of proportion of their use to the person criticised.

Novels and Stories of Ivan Turgénieff,
1903, p. XII
"Introduction"

Painters always have a great distrust of those who write about pictures. They have a strong sense of the difference between the literary point of view and the pictorial, and they invariably suspect critics of condemning them.

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Novels and Stories of Ivan Turgenev,
1903, p. XII
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Criticism in America: Opportunities

THE
GREAT
AMERICAN
PUBLIC

Whatever the "literature" already is, whatever it may be destined yet to be, the public to which it addresses itself is of proportions that no other single public has approached, least of all those of the periods and societies to which we owe the comparatively small library of books that we rank as the most precious thing in our heritage....It is clear enough that such a public must be, for the observer, an immense part of the whole question of the concrete notion and quality of books, must present it in conditions hitherto almost unobserved and of nature probably to give an interest to a kind so new as to suggest for the critic....even the critic least sure of where the chase will bring him out....a delicious rest from the oppressive a priori. There can be no real sport for him... save in proportion as he gets rid of that; and he can hardly fail to get rid of it just in the degree in which the conditions are vivid to his mind....their scale /condition/ in the great common-schooled and newspapered democracy, is the largest and their pressure the greatest we see....From these characteristics no intelligent forecast of the community in question by the printed and circulated page will suffer its attention too widely to wander. But that, in its order, depends on new light....on the new light struck out by the material itself, the distinguishable symptoms of which are the release from the cramped posture of foregone conclusions and narrow rules. There will be no amusement if we are positively prepared to be stupid. It is impossible not to entertain with patience and curiosity the presumption that life so colossal must break into expression at points of proportionate frequency. These places, these moments will be the chances.

Literature, March 26, 1898, p. 356-358
"The Question of the Opportunities"

Criticism in America: Opportunities

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"The Question of the Opportunities"
Literature, March 28, 1898, p. 356-358

THE
OPPORTUNITY
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THE
REAL
CRITIC

Homogeneous I call the huge American public.... for it is precisely in the great mill of the language, our predominant and triumphant Englishthat the elements are ground into unity.... It is a situation....presenting to the critic some of the strain and stress - these of suspense, of life, movement, change, the multiplications of possibilities, surprises, disappointments (emotions, whatever they may be of the truth-hunter) - that the critic likes most to encounter. What forms, what colors, what sounds may the language take on or throw off in accommodating itself to such a growth of experience; what life may it - and most of all may the literature that shall so copiously testify for it - reflect and embody?The answer to these inquiries is simply the march of the critic's drama and the bliss, when not the misery, of that spectator....Opportunity for the Real Critic in America....Nothing, in the United States appeals so to the attention at any moment as the symptom, in any quarter of the world of letters, of the possible growth of a real influence in criticism. That alertness causes me to lay a prompt hand upon the "Literary Statesman and Others" by Norman Hapgood.

The opportunity for a critic of authority in the field I speak of strikes me as, at the present hour, on the whole, so much one of the most dazzling in the world that there is no precaution in favor of his advent that it is not positively criminal to neglect. The signs of his presence are as yet so incommensurate with the need of him that the spectacle is, among the peoples, almost a thing by itself,....And let no one, looking at our literature with an interrogative eye, say that his work is not cut out for him; if it be a question of subject he has surely the largest he need desire. Such a public is in itself a subject....the greatest mass of consumers, I conjecture, that, since the beginning of time, have been left in their consumption so gregariously, as it were, alone. Mr. Hapgood may have the staff of a shepherd; his interests are various and honorable; he is serious moreover....too serious....and informed and urbane; but he strikes me, as yet, rather

NORMAN
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NORMAN

E. Conclusion

1. The

Henry

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Literature, May 21, 1898, p. 593-594
"American Letter"

in art as the expression of personality. He accepted the evolutionary theory of progress, and believed in the freedom of the individual, but his strong sense of difference and his distaste for mediocrity made him sympathetic toward aristocracy and opposed to democratization through the principle of equality. The primitive had no appeal for him; he valued civilization. His cosmopolitanism looked forward to a community of culture among the gifted of the earth, but the world was shattered his confidence in the realization of that ideal. The state and the church as institutions seem to have had little direct bearing upon the course of his life. He wrote about neither politics nor religion. In regard to his philosophy of life he was even more reticent than he was in regard to his theories about writing. As he believed that in writing examples wrought are far more valuable than theories expounded, so he, having found his vocation, worked patiently and, as much as lay in his power, lived graciously.

What he once wrote, in his early manhood, may serve to express something of his view of life: "A man's supreme use in the world is to master his intellectual instrument and play it to perfection."

(1) Without stressing too much the completeness

(1) Henry James, French Poets and Novelists, p. 32.

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E. Conclusion: The Critical Ideas of Henry James

1. The Place of Henry James among Critics

Henry James was a man of taste rather than of erudition. His criticism was aesthetic rather than learned. He was interested in art as the expression of personality. He accepted the evolutionary theory of progress, and believed in the freedom of the individual, but his strong sense of differences and his distaste for mediocrity made him sympathetic toward aristocracy and opposed to democratization through the principle of equality. The primitive had no appeal for him; he valued civilization. His cosmopolitanism looked forward to a community of culture among the gifted of the earth, but the world war shattered his confidence in the realization of that ideal. The state and the church as institutions seem to have had little direct bearing upon the course of his life. He wrote about neither politics nor religion. In regard to his philosophy of life he was even more reticent than he was in regard to his theories about writing. As he believed that in writing examples wrought are far more valuable than theories expounded, so he, having found his vocation, worked patiently and, as much as lay in his power, lived graciously.

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(1) Henry James, French Poets and Novelists, p. 39.

of the metaphor, one notes that every man has a use in the world that the value of a man depends upon his intelligence, that his responsibility is a mastery of his own resources. Why would a man play his instrument to perfection for himself alone? The use of instruments played perfectly suggests a grouping of players held together by some common purpose, like a great orchestra, and directed by a master musician, a master of intellectual harmonies.

The critical work of James shows that he was responsive to the literary influences of his own times. Throughout the nineteenth century France, to some degree indebted to German philosophy, was a leader in literary criticism. The romantic movement, with its emphasis upon the value of the individual, had been in literature a revolt against the dogmatic formalism of the eighteenth century. Individualism in criticism demanded freedom for the writer. Presently began the reaction of realism against the sentimental excesses of romanticism. Another protest against the exuberances of the romanticists was the aesthetic movement for perfection of form, known by the watchword "art for art's sake!" Scientific thought, too, influenced criticism through its biological hypotheses regarding heredity and environment. The three determinants in the development of a man, declared Taine, are race, place, and era. His idea was that just as a chemical formula, other things being equal, always will, when applied, produce the same result, so in a similar way, under a given set of conditions, a certain type of person

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is sure to develop, and from a study of the circumstances in which a man has grown up, much light is thrown upon the causes of his characteristic behavior. When the subject under discussion is a gifted artist, such a form of inquiry will, in the opinion of Taine, approach the ideal of scientific criticism. Taine's theory, patterned after the procedures of scientific and historical investigations, was widely accepted. This influence of science and the influence of the romantic movement, together with its variants and counteractions, were the chief forces that dominated French criticism when James took up his residence in Paris, and it is not difficult to follow in his work his response to the French ideas that he accepted as principles of practice.

Whether the office of the critic is that of judge or that of interpreter is a question often raised. The critic as judge measures the subject of his study by comparing it with accepted standards, examining the matter in the light of its relation to other productions. His purpose is to compare, to classify, to determine rank, to declare a decision. The critic as interpreter observes the subject to discover its essential nature; he analyzes its origin and functions, and proffers his personal impression of its quality. The one is called a judicial critic; the other is called an individualist. The second method is followed by James.

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Among English writers of the nineteenth century a distinguished judicial critic was George Saintsbury, the man whom Andrew Lang, in his contribution to "The Science of Criticism", named as one of the two who might perhaps be expected to enjoy the office of critic. The other was Henry James. Saintsbury was an eminent scholar, the historian of French literature, of English literature, and of Literary Criticism. Walter Pater was an individualist, Matthew Arnold and Edmund Gosse were sometimes judicial and sometimes individualist. All of these critics, contemporary with Henry James, had received the careful classical training that was essential to the education of every university-bred Englishman. Henry James had had no such founding in the philosophy and literature of the ancients. His discipline was derived from the great French realists, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, and Flaubert. Their tradition, indeed, decreed lucidity, brilliance of finish, structural soundness, and delicacy of perception, but the realists had emerged from among the romanticists, who, earlier, had declared themselves emancipated from the restrictions of the classic tradition. Nevertheless, James shows an academic quality of thought in his insistence upon form. His sense of unity and balance and moderation is classic; in behalf of these attributes in a work of art he becomes judicial. The philological approach to criticism was alien to the taste of James. A master of diction himself, he was keenly

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interested in linguistics, for he found in language a means of expression, a plastic medium of infinite possibilities. Another aspect of his interest in language is shown in his translations from the French. But philology, with its scrutiny of detail, its preoccupation with various "readings" and textual emendations, was an affair outside of his critical range.

Nor had James either the preparation or the desire to use extensively the historical method of criticism. He never wrote a series of historical essays such as Matthew Arnold or Edmund Gosse produced. Usually the attention of James rests upon writers of his own times. He chooses to study individuals rather than to consider the slow development of a race or a social and literary movement. Sainte-Beuve, accepting the principles of Taine's reasoning, was able, through his understanding of psychology, his fineness of literary tact, and his insight, to build so convincing a report of a man's growth, as well as so sympathetic a presentation of his character and his performance, that the result was full of the sense of life. In his discerning studies of personality, both the definiteness of procedure and the human quality of Sainte-Beuve's adaptation of the historical method early impressed Henry James. Especially in the study "Hawthorne" the reader recognizes that James is presenting his subject in the manner of Sainte-Beuve, his admired master.

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work. In another method James follows Sainte-Beuve. Each finds for his subject a central theme, a dominating characteristic, and develops his study around that master quality or trait, thus giving to his work a solidity and unity of impression. For example, in his study of Lowell, James makes the point that Lowell was in all his activities essentially a man of letters. Again, in examining The Vicar of Wakefield his emphasis is upon "amenity."

The purpose of criticism was best served, according to James, when the critic interpreted a work of art in terms of the ideas and skills of the artist, using these as the measure of his quality. Personality was the object of his attention: sometimes he refers to the subject of his analysis as a "special case," much as if he himself were engaged, like Charcot, in scientific psychological observations; but more often he likes to think of the critic as the painter of a portrait: a portrait is made by an artist, who, through mastery of his medium, through observation, through insight, gives a visible form to his impression of the individuality of his subject.

In brief, then, the place of Henry James among critics is with those who are interested in art as the expression of personality. His criticism is, in the main, psychological, aesthetic, and individualistic; he is objective in his method of presentation and shows neither partizanship nor dogmatism; his

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work is the product of sensitive intelligence. He is important because of his distinctive contributions to criticism. In his life he held among writers a place of authority and international renown. Another sign of his greatness is that his influence has not lapsed. Even now writers respect him and find him a master under whose guidance they are glad to study. Intellectually he was endowed with power; aesthetically he was of a high seriousness.

This study of Henry James and the art of the critic was undertaken in the belief that, because of its past interest, and in the light of recently published fresh material upon it, the subject merits attention. Although the exceptional gifts of the distinguished author and the characteristic qualities of his criticism have already served, not infrequently, as the theme of fruitful consideration on the ground that its plan is to discuss the ideas Henry James held about the art of criticism, and to indicate his place as a critic.

At the outset of the inquiry the following questions were raised: 1) To what extent and with what results has Henry James practiced the art of the critic? 2) What conditions contributed to the development of the critical sense of Henry James? 3) What has Henry James written about the art of the critic? 4) What theory of criticism did Henry James hold? This dissertation undertakes to answer these questions with acceptable completeness.

During the fifty years of his creative life Henry James wrote letters, critical studies, fiction, biography, sketches of travel, and plays. His careful schedule of daily work was surprisingly productive. In everything he wrote so pervasive is the tone of his critical temper, which is that of the observer.

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of the analyst, of the pondering and discerning interpreter, that nothing less than the whole body of his writings is adequate to show him fully as a critic. These writings have been examined for passages bearing directly upon the theory and practice of criticism.

From the beginning of his life good fortune gave him many privileges. Through the formative years of his career, by reason of his natural gifts, by the circumstances of his unusual education, and by the friendly relations he enjoyed with influential literary people, there was much to foster in James the critical sense. The shy sensitive boy early became an eager observer. The lad who was shifted from school to school, developing with little or no sense of institutional control, became strongly individualistic. The impressionable youth, transplanted into European culture, became cosmopolitan. The young man who had not the skill to be a painter, nor the wish to be a lawyer, nor the physical vigor to be a soldier, had the gift for writing and a delight in books that irresistibly summoned him to devote his life to letters. Friends and his own ability early opened a place for him when he began to write. First in Boston and New York, then in Paris, and afterward for many years in London, he became distinguished for his writing. He held a place of social and literary importance and became internationally well-known.

Henry James preferred to practise the art of the critic rather than to discuss the theory of criticism. The subjects of

his critical study were chiefly the writers of his own day, especially those among the acknowledged French masters of fiction. Although he was acutely aware of the rules and theory of criticism and a close student of the methods of others, he seldom wrote about his own ways of work. The examples of his consideration of the art of criticism are: "The Art of Fiction," (1884) "Criticism," (1891) and the critical prefaces to the New York edition of his novels and tales (1907). "The Art of Fiction", to be found in Partial Portraits, is an ironic reply to certain of his critics and a declaration of his belief in the right of the artist to freedom in the choice of subject and form. "Criticism", included among Essays in London, is a protest against vapid talk about criticism by those who hold to the opinion that all periodical reviews of books are good criticism. The critical prefaces have been published in a separate volume as The Art of the Novel, introduced and edited by R.P.Blackmur.

An examination of each of these studies follows. The plan of analysis is (a) a report of the occasion that called forth the paper: (b) a review of the scope of the discussion: (c) a report upon the critical method used by James in his presentation: (d) a detailed consideration of the portions of the study directly concerned with aesthetic theory and principles of criticism. The papers are dealt with as examples of criticism and as expressions of critical opinion bearing upon the art of the critic.

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By 1884 Henry James had written several of his most famous tales. Psychological analysis was his especial interest. The conventional happy ending was not a part of his technique. He was distinguished for his artistic form. Certain reviewers had commented somewhat acidly upon these characteristics of his work. "The Art of Fiction" was in part a reply to such critics and wholly a declaration of the freedom of the novelist in his chosen field of art. Among the letters of Henry James are several that help one to understand the background of "The Art of Fiction", such as the influence of his association with Daudet, de Goncourt, and Zola, his scorn for current English fiction, and his delight in the masterly delineation of character.

The occasion for the writing of "The Art of Fiction" was, the appearance in The Pall Mall Gazette of a review of a lecture on the same subject, and the lecture itself. In both James found his form of fiction criticised. The reviewer objected to tales that dealt with psychological analysis instead of lively adventure. To this James replied by defending the use in fiction of any theme, providing that it was presented with truth. The entire essay is an exposition of his convictions concerning the novel as a form of art, and the province of the critic in the field of art. James develops four aspects of the subject: a) he answers his critics; b) he discusses the function of the critic; c) he censures prejudiced and ignorant critics; d) he offers advice to the young novelist.

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Because art grows under discussion, the critic and the artist are reciprocally valuable to each other. The artist should be free to choose both his subject and his method of development. The critic should report upon the form and quality of what the artist has accomplished. Questions of art are questions of execution. Questions of morality are quite another affair. The quality of purpose in art lies in the quality of the mind of the artist. A fine intelligence alone imparts to work the substance of beauty and truth. The ignorant and the prejudiced are poor critics. To the young novelist James offers the conclusions of his own experience. A novelist must present interesting work. He must have freedom, taste, and the capacity to interpret impressions vividly and truly. Reality is the supreme virtue of the novel. A sense of reality depends upon receptivity to impressions of life. To convey the sense of an artistic purpose is not a question of mastering a formula; it is a question of degree, an affair of delicacy. As for philosophy, it is better to evade labels, and work to capture the essence of life itself. The novice is to aim for the prize of completeness, to make his work perfect.

Conclusion: "The Art of Fiction" provides valuable illustrations of the practice and theory of fiction. It is an example of the ironic criticism of one's critics, of analysis of the art of the novel, of the statement of aesthetic theory, and of instruction to the beginner who plans to write fiction.

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The essay "Criticism" belongs to the period of his life when James turned from the writing of fiction to the writing of plays. It appeared first, jointly with two others, in the New Review as "The Science of Criticism". The other two contributors were Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse. The theme is literary criticism. The tone is ironic. The discussion is impersonal. The style owes much of its brilliance to vivid metaphors. The central idea of "Criticism" is the contrast between the work of the off-hand reviewer and that of the real critic. The plan develops four points: (1) Periodical reviewing is at present profuse, stereotyped, vulgar, crude, and stupid; (2) Such a substitute for literary criticism may effect the complete extermination of literature; (3) The remedy lies in an exercise of discrimination comparable to that of the French, who appreciate, as the English have yet to learn how to value, the convenience of a critical literature; (4) The discriminating critic, important alike to the creative writer and to the reading public, is in his own right an artist who, like the novelist and the portrait painter, works close to life.

Both in "Criticism" and in "The Art of Fiction" James assumes that the artist is distinguished by intelligence, that he is absorbed in an arduous struggle for perfection. He is sure that the best art springs from the liveliest experience. Impressions are for the critic and for the artist fundamental to creative art. In both papers James expresses indifference to

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the importance of being classified as belonging to any specified school of artists. In "Criticism" he makes the point that the critic has the two-fold task of appreciating the work of art and of understanding the artist.

James, in neither of these studies, analyzes the elements of criticism nor defines his standard of measure. In "Criticism" he calls the critic an interpreter, a touchstone, letting metaphor suggest his office rather than attempting to define the delicate and difficult function.

The critical prefaces were written for the New York definitive edition of James's novels and tales. They are unique in that they are the most complete expression we have of his mature ideas about writing. They are important because they treat of the art of the novel and the art of criticism from the long experience of a master in both types of writing. They are significant in that they exemplify the psychological approach to analytical criticism.

Upon the innate propensity of man to wonder James founds his aesthetic philosophy. Wonder is the sum of sensitiveness to life. The inner springs of wonder are intelligence and imagination. Taste is the accumulated wealth of intellectual and imaginative satisfactions, the force that directs attention. Intelligence, imagination, and taste stimulate interest and control attention. Attention is the ground of appreciation.

The artist is a gifted person, endowed with sensitivity, intelligence, imagination, taste, and the inner urge to express

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Art is premeditated expression. Its power lies in a vivid sense of life; its glory lies in excellence of form. Beauty in art is composition. Its sources are the close, the deep, the curious.

Ugliness is the absence and negation of beauty. The quality of a work of art rests in the quality of the creating artist. Quality belongs to aesthetics; morality belongs to ethics. The romantic and the real are terms used to express opposite poles of psychological experience.

Criticism is appreciation. It originates in wonder; the awakened imagination secures the interest and holds the attention. These elements, with taste, constitute intelligent awareness. Appreciation is the process of discerning and interpreting values.

The critic is an artist moved to premeditated expression of the aesthetic qualities he has noted in a work of art. His concern is two-fold: (a) the origin of the artist's idea; (b) the form of his composition. The great critic is finely aware of both the outer and the inner history of a work of art. In them he finds full scope for wonder at the close, the deep, the curious.

Supplemental to the study of the three contributions made by James to the theory of criticism has been prepared a body of selected passages further illustrating his critical ideas.

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The theory of criticism held by James is that art is expression, and that criticism is enjoyment of quality. Intelligent responsiveness to life and mastery of form mark both the artist and the critic. He was strongly influenced by Sainte-Beuve and other French critics. His method was individualistic rather than judicial. Psychological analysis and aesthetic appreciation were the foci of his inquiry. His importance in the history of criticism is due to his intellectual power, his skill, and his insight.

This material has been classified under four headings: Art, The Artist, Criticism, The Critic. Each passage is keyed with capitals in the margin. In each section the passages are arranged in chronological order. These devices give facility to the perusal of the examples selected to illustrate the interesting thread of critical commentary that runs throughout the writings of James.

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VI. DIGEST

This dissertation deals with what Henry James wrote about the art of the critic. Those passages in his works that bear directly upon the nature and functions of literary criticism are here assembled and examined. The work of other investigators is reviewed; the justification for a new study is stated. The discussions proceed in five major divisions: 1.) The influences that shaped the critical sense of Henry James; 2.) Selected illustrations of his critical methods and opinions; 3.) The three chief expressions of his views on the art of the critic, found in "The Art of Fiction," "Criticism," and the critical prefaces to the New York edition of his novels and tales. 4.) A classified body of other passages related to the art of criticism, contributed to periodicals during his productive half-century, many of which have hitherto remained uncollected. 5.) The Conclusion sums up his critical ideas under two heads: the place of Henry James among critics; deductions in regard to his critical ideas. 6.) It is pointed out in this thesis that James' interest in psychology and aesthetic form largely dominated his criticism. 7.) Among other matters, it is also shown that, in spite of James' disagreement with French morals, he was influenced in his earlier criticism by Sainte-Beuve and by the group of French Romantic and Realistic Naturalists he had met in Paris. 8.) In his later years James' increasing cosmopolitanism broadened his critical views and he came to emphasize quality in literature and in the artist, whatever the artist's school or cast of thought.

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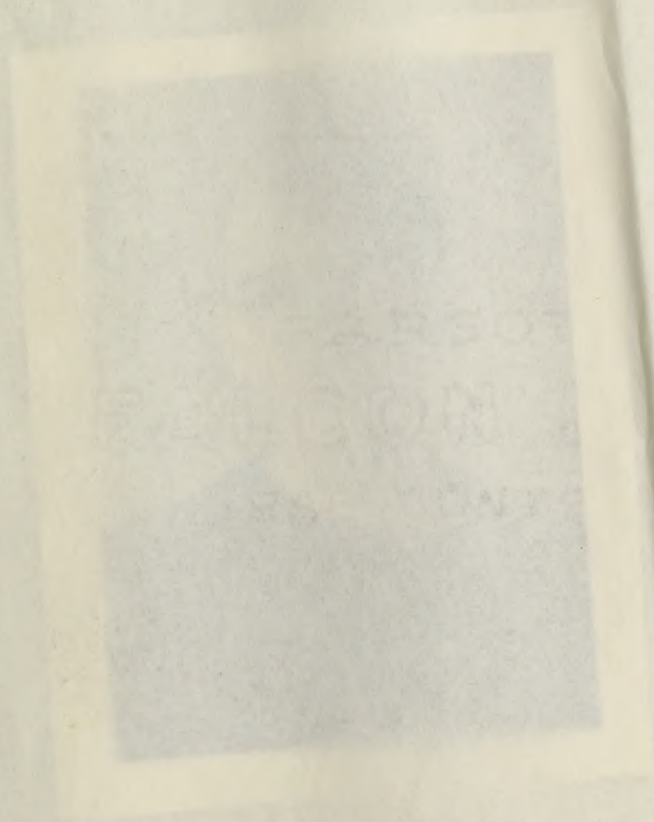
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VIII. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The daughter of Joel Benedict Penfield and Cynthia Adelaide (Taft) Penfield, I was born January 28, 1873, in Oswego, New York, and christened Lida Scovil Penfield. Educated privately, I entered Boston University, College of Liberal Arts, with the class of 1894. Having received from Boston University the degrees A.B. and A.M., I began, in 1896, to teach English, as assistant to Arlo Bates, in Miss Hersey's School for Girls, Chestnut Street, Boston. From 1896 to 1914 I was either a teacher of girls or general secretary with the Young Women's Christian Association. My terms of social service were, Cleveland, Ohio, 1904-1908, and Scranton, Pennsylvania, 1911-1914. From Scranton I came to teach in the State Normal School, Oswego, New York. Beginning as an assistant in the department of English I have served in the same school since 1914. During the summer session in 1917, and again in 1918, I taught English at the School of Education, Cleveland, Ohio, and at the School of Education, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. In 1932 I became head of the department of English at Oswego. I have enjoyed valuable training from able teachers at Boston University, Radcliffe College, at Columbia University, at Syracuse University, at the University of Edinburgh, and at Cornell University. I am especially indebted to Professor

Thomas R. Mather, Professor Austin Warren, and Assistant
Professor Doris Holmes for advice and encouragement.



Thomas H. Parker, Professor of English, and Assistant
Professor of English, and Assistant Professor of English.



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Thomas R. Mather, Professor Austin Warren, and Assistant
Professor Doris Holmes for advice and encouragement.

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